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The Best of NATIONAL LAMPOON No. 1

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—Roget's Thesaurus

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FORWARD

by Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen

When I was first approached by the editors of the *National Lampoon* to prepare some introductory material for an upcoming compendium of selections from past issues of their periodical, I was, I must confess, somewhat taken aback. In the first place, the publication seemed to me to be as evanescent and unwelcome as an unintentional eructation in a public place, and to embody what I consider the antithesis of Republicanism. In fact, I feel that any responsible reader can easily discern the hammer and sickle hidden beneath the cap and bells, and the Commie lie behind the comedy, and I think it should come as no surprise that the patient men in the Kremlin in Moscow, Russia—those past masters of the low blow and the knife in the back—should resort to the hand buzzer and the whoopee cushion when it suits their ends.

Nevertheless, I acquiesced, feeling that I had a duty to perform in lending to this sophomoric collection a little much-needed balance, and frankly, I welcomed the heaven-sent opportunity to familiarize the readership of this volume, however limited, with the plight of the true silent majority, the real grass-roots of this great country: the millions of Americans of all races and creeds who, like myself, are legally dead.

We are bombarded incessantly these days with inflammatory oratory advertising the needs of various minority groups. We are subjected unceasingly to irresponsible rhetoric pressing the demands of atheistic youth and other elements of the radical fringe. But what of our deceased citizens? Deprived of their constitutional protection in superficial inquests and perfunctory autopsy hearings and packed in ghetto-like cemeteries, often in little better than a hole in the ground, the lifeless represent the largest group of downtrodden individuals in our nation's history.

Should a citizen be denied the vote because of the pallor of his skin? Do an individual's legal rights end when his burial rites begin? Must an American's heart be beating to be in the right place? Does a man have to stand up in order to be counted?

There are no muggings in mausoleums, no orgies in ossuaries, no sit-ins in cemeteries. Our plots are grassy, not Communist; our concern is with embalming, not bombing; our dirt is in the ground, not in the pages of a book or on the cinema screen.

And yet, in a time when the members of the noisy, live minority are granted every privilege by permissive courts and timid lawmakers, the needs and aspirations of the departed are ignored. And although we count among our number great patriots like Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln; great men of science like Franklin and Edison; and great men of letters like Emerson and Longfellow, are there demands for Necro-American Studies programs at our universities or demonstrations for seminars in dead culture? Do men of fashion sport shrouds or let their fingernails grow to show their awareness of their dead heritage? Are funds earmarked for low-metabolism housing projects in our cities? Are cemeteries included in school-redistricting plans? Are there any calls for hearsing?

No, there are none of these. Instead, we are subjected to degrading stereotypes: we smell bad; our limbs fall off; we have worms. Expressions like "stiff" and "crowbait," "deadbeat" and "dead drunk" roll from the lips of even the most educated. The deceased literature of Poe is taught in all our schools, and when we are portrayed at all, it is as the clumsy mummy, the lurching Frankenstein, the chain-rattling ghost.

And to add insult to grievous injury, each year society sends to the dead community its worst troublemakers: hardened criminals, underworld figures, anarchistic Black Panthers, drug addicts, drunken drivers, and even rabble-rousing students.

But probably the greatest wrong of all is done in public life, an area with which I feel I may claim some experience, where distinguished officials at all levels of government are arbitrarily removed from office at their demise, regardless of their seniority or service. Thus at a single stroke, the posthumous community is robbed of fair representation and the Republic is denied the vast reservoir of experienced, dedicated public servants capable of bringing to the conduct of the affairs of state the cautious, measured, and restrained approach of true conservatism.

If you feel, as so many millions of decedent Americans do, that it's time to break new ground, I urge you to find out what you can do to get dead people on the ballot, send delegates pledged to lifeless candidates to party conventions, and elect candidates with good voting records on dead issues, by writing to the National Headquarters, R.I.P. Party, Cherry Lane & Row F, Arlington, Virginia.

I thank you.

Sen. Everett M. Dirksen

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MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE'S

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. WHITE III

PORNOCOPIA

. . . SOME SELECTIONS FROM THE SUPREME COURT'S SUMMER READING LIST

The Elegant English Epistolary Eroticism

. . . in the manner of John Cleland

Mr. N . . . chanc'd to offer a bout of dalliance and disport. My blush serv'd but to inflame the young gentleman's ardours, and a heart-fetch'd sigh at the size of his remarkable fouling piece banish'd all reserve. Canting up my petticoats and unlacing my stays, I fell supine on the settee, my exquisite treasures at his disposal. Thus embolden'd, he took in hand the prodigious engine and, abandoning restraint, remm'd the rubid cleft where grows the wanton moss that crowns the brow of modesty, but to naught avail. Thrice again the frightful machine assail'd the region of delight which, with maidenhead's sweet mant'ling, celebrates the triumph of roses o'er the lily, but that delicious cloven spot, the fairest mark for his well-mettl'd member, quell'd and abash'd the gallant intruder. Mustering his ferbour, once more didst Cupid's capt'n 'tempt to brunt the fierce prow of his formidable vessel past the shoals of luxuriant umberage which garland'd my rutt'd charms and into that uncloy'd cove where humid emblaz'd on visitation, yet was, e'en repulst. Tho' toss'd 'twixt profusion and compliance, my hand crept shy to the sturdy lad's ripen'd tuss and roam'd the sprout'd tufts, whilst he my hillocks wander'd, then fondl'd his nobly stock'd conduits, and'd the proud steed, where'pon near swoon'd of extasy's bright tumult as the sturdy stallion, his exhaultations fir'd, gallop'd o'er ev'ry hedge and thicket, spending the jetty sprig, won the sally, and gain'd a lodgement. Encircl'd in the pleasuregirst, ingorg'd by dissolution's tender agony, each 'fusive stroke stirr'd my in'most tendrils, devolv'd my dewy furrow of its secrets, which I, flush with straddl'd frolik, was far from disrelishing, 'til, somewhat appeas'd, his quiv'ling extremity, twin'd by unquench'd appetite, durst 'frock the fury of unflagg'd inspersions, yet homeward play'd my rake the plenteous protraction, redoubl'd his endeavours that joy's thrust might soon drink deep at rapture's well, then didst, at last, sheath, to the churl'd hilt, his massy weapon, and so suffer'd me to bliss.

I am,
Madam,
Yours, etc., etc., etc.

The Fin-de-Siècle British Birching Book

. . . in the manner of Anonymous

"And what might your name be, my child?" inquired Lord Randy Stoker, removing a tin of violet pastilles from the pocket of his tangerine-velvet waistcoat and placing one in his sensuous mouth while his flashing eyes coolly probed the buxom lass that sat trembling before him.

"My name's Miss Prissy Trapp, sir," she replied in a faint voice and working-class accent, lowered her eyes and curtsied. "I'm the new maid."

"Welcome to Felonwart, my remote country manor house. I can assure you that your stay here will be most . . . amusing. Come into the drawing room and place yourself at the disposal of my guests."

The drawing room was that of a typical country manor house, save for the fact that the walls were padded, the windows barred, a curious array of whips and riding equipage were displayed above the fireplace, an immodest fresco graced the north wall, a number of cages hung suspended from the ceiling and, in the center of the room, towering above a bloodstained altar, loomed a moonstone-studded effigy of Kā, the nineteen-armed Babylonian Goddess of Lust.

"As you may have gathered, my tastes run somewhat toward the *outré*," Lord Stoker commented, helping himself to another violet pastille, and continued, his voice dark with menace, "a proclivity that does not limit itself to decor."

Upon seeing Prissy, a tall, gaunt man, wearing but a pair of soiled galoshes, threw himself at her feet and commenced wildly kissing her feather duster.

"Allow me to introduce Professor Schadenfreude," interposed Lord Stoker as the bewildered miss blushed crimson under the Austrian's singular attentions. "His studies in aberrant behavior have taken man's sexual urges out of the Dark Ages."

"And back to the Stone Age," added Lady Wick-Burner, crawling across the carpet to gnaw on the heel of Prissy's left shoe.

"Oh . . . Oh . . . Please . . . I beseech you . . . Leave off . . . Have pity . . . Oh . . . No more . . ." pleaded the misused maid.

Delighted by the young girl's supplications, the Duke of Pudenda discontinued reading from a slim volume of unseemly sonnets he had recently published privately in a limited edition of four copies, all of which were bound in tinted wildebeest.

"Remove her chemise!" demanded Reverend John Thomas.

Upon hearing this, Prissy, her face a mask of abasement, attempted to flee but was thwarted by two Nubian eunuchs who, despite the unfortunate's pathetic struggles, firmly secured her wrists with braided horsehair tails.

"All in good time," cautioned the Sultana of Zosh. "First, allow the hapless servant to gaze upon the instrument of her chastisement." She drew back the drapes to reveal a weird machine composed of a steam engine, pistons, manacles, a glass godemiche, rubber tubing, a gilded harpsichord, a whalebone corset, asparagus tips and a vat of scented lard.

The Sultana smiled wanly and murmured, "We call it . . . 'The Blind Chicken!' "

"What does it do?" cried Prissy.

Silhouetted against the dying sunlight, the great circle of Kā's nineteen

continued

continued

arms appeared to be a ceaseless juggernaut of shame and degradation as Lord Stoker leaned over to whisper, "You'll discover that only too soon," and stuck his purple tongue in her ear.

The Early French Algolagnic Novel

. . . in the manner of the Marquis de Sade

The Comte was in the formal gardens whipping his linoleum when he was joined by the Bishop. Ceasing his exertions, he greeted the prelate, and said:

"You are undoubtedly curious why I am whipping my linoleum. And yet, on closer examination, nothing could be more natural . . . or might I say 'unnatural' as they are the same thing. Man, it goes without saying, is intrinsically evil, bearing in mind, of course, that good and evil, vice and virtue, exist only within the confines of society. It is the laws which cause crime, for, without law, there is no crime. Nature capriciously destroys the fools who forsake their instinctual lust and hunger in the name of virtue, as Nature does us all. Man is an animal with a soul that exists only through sensations. Although man must not limit his actions, there is no free will, therefore he is not responsible for his actions. Quite obviously, the more disgusting the act, the greater the pleasure, and since pleasure, or might I say 'pain' as pleasure is but pain diminished, remains the chief aim of all human existence, it should be enjoyed at any cost, particularly at the expense of other people, that is to say, not only is there joy in whipping my linoleum, but there is also joy in reflecting upon those who are not allowed to whip their linoleum. Hence, cruelty is nothing more than man's life force uncorrupted by civilization. As we are pawns to misery, so must we dispense misery to pawns. Since pain is the absolute, it is essential that I, as a philosopher, pursue this absolute. So it seems that the question, my dear Bishop, is not 'Why do I whip my linoleum?' but rather, 'Why doesn't everyone whip his linoleum?' "

The Recent French Algolagnic Novel*

. . . in the manner of Pauline Reage

The moon was partially obscured by a cloud.

One afternoon, a limousine had picked up E at the Buttes-Chaumont Gardens, the Bois de Vincennes, the Bassin de la Villette, or perhaps the Boulevard Haussmann, and had taken her to a chateau in southern France. The driver had departed without saying a word.

Attendants prepared E for the party that evening. She was dressed in a bird costume resembling a boat-tailed grackle. I am certain that she was forbidden to speak.

In another version, the limousine picks up E at the Bureau des Objets Trouvés.

E was placed on the lawn and instructed to remain there until summoned. Behind her was a row of cypress trees. Under the third tree lay a pale blue envelope. From the envelope she withdrew a photograph of three persons on an ottoman. One is blindfolded. It is difficult to determine what they are engaged in.

Her costume was perfect in every detail. The only discrepancy that might prompt the casual observer to conclude that E could be something other than an enormous boat-tailed grackle was a pair of black patent leather shoes which she is required to wear as a symbol of her absolute subjugation.

Although forbidden to speak, I believe that E was allowed to whistle.

The bird costume restricted movement and it often took E over an hour to reach places only a few feet away.

When she glances back to the third tree, she notices that the pale blue envelope and the photograph are missing.

That evening, three men, X, Y, and Z, retire from the party to chat beneath the porte-cochere. Y is her lover.

Fragments of conversation are audible from where E is standing on the lawn.

"Have you spoken to G lately?"

"It's odd you should ask. Why only last week . . ."

The three men turn toward her. X and Z appear familiar, as if she had seen them in a photograph.

"Look, there's a boat-tailed grackle," remarks Z. "An uncommonly large one, I might add."

Moments pass. The men do not move. E observes the moon clearly reflected in her black patent leather shoes. Surely her lover will recognize her, take her in his arms, and debase her in the fashion which she has grown to regard so dearly. She flaps her wings and whistles frantically.

Finally, Y speaks.

"One seldom sees them so far north this late in the season."

Expurgation by Latin

. . . in the manner of Boccaccio

Now there once lived near Genoa a wealthy merchant named Gelfardo, who was infatuated with Bonella, a miller's daughter unsurpassed in beauty, grace, and charm.

As it so happened, Bonella, spurning Gelfardo's advances, was wont to seek diversion with a certain abbot, but he, much to her displeasure, had given to *concilium loqui* swans.

One afternoon, while strolling in the forest, Gelfardo came upon the comely damsel picking flowers. With a lascivious wink, he asked the lady if she might care to unfasten her bodice and *supplicia eorum qui in furto aut latrocinio aut aliqua noxia sint comprehensi gratiora dis immortalibus esse arbitrantur* for an hour or so.

She coyly agreed to the merchant's bold overtures but on two conditions. The first was that he pay her 200 gold ducats; the second, that after he had *supplicia eorum qui in furto aut latrocinio aut aliqua noxia sint comprehensi gratiora dis immortalibus esse arbitrantur*, then she, in turn, could *sed cum eius generis copia deficit etiam ad innocentium supplicia descendunt.*

Suspecting nothing, Gelfardo agreed, gave her 200 gold ducats, and made ready to *tantis excitati praemiis et sua sponte multi in disciplinam conveniunt.*

As the couple began *haec poena apud eos est gravissima*, who should pass by but the abbot. Upon seeing the *consuerunt nec ullae tributa*, he took three potatoes and a long loaf of bread from his sack and *quibus ita est interdictum, hi nunc impiorum ac scelerum*

Moral: Cuckolds often make merry but it is rare [illegible]d that *omni Gallia eurum hominum qui aliquo sunt numero atque [illegible]ae genera sunt duo; nam plebes paene servorum habetur loco, quae nihil audet per se, nulli adhibetur consilio.*

Expurgation by Asterisks (circa 1925)

. . . in the manner of the Lost Generation

"So this is Paris," mused Lt. Rick Stafford as he climbed the winding stairs that led to the garret of Nana Bijou, the torch singer whose address a doughboy had given him on the front with the words, "Tell her you're a friend of Bob's." He died two days later in a mustard gas attack at Aubers Ridge. Rick had written the letter to his parents. It was difficult to know what to say.

Rick knocked on the door. A woman

*Ed. Note—Rumored to be the work of A— M——, noted Marxist author and art critic.

answered who would have been young if not for her eyes.

"Hello," he said awkwardly. "I'm . . . a friend of Bob's."

"Bob?" She shook her head. "I don't remember zee names, lieutenant. But I can never forget zee faces, terrible haunted faces zat are stalked by Death. Come in, *mon cher*, and have a glass of absinthe."

The room was small. Faded theatrical posters covered the walls. In the corner stood a *lit à deux places*.

"Have you killed many Boche?" she asked.

"No. I'm an ambulance driver."

He began to talk. The words spilled out. He told her about his childhood, about his dream of returning to the States and becoming an architect, about the war.

Finally, there was nothing more to say. He stared out the window that overlooked the rooftops of St.-Germain. It had begun to snow. The pigeons had already made tracks around the chimneys.

He turned to her and asked, "Where do you work?"

"In a cheap *café*." She smiled. "What does zat, or anything else, matter?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her gently. "Nothing matters," he replied, "but we must keep up appearances." He began to unbutton her blouse.

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Afterwards, they smoked cigarettes.

The Best Seller

. . . in the manner of Jacqueline Susann, Henry Sutton, and a host of others

Lean, tan, blue-eyed Noel Walgreen, idol of millions, sank back into the satin sheets of his round, lavish bed, stared up at the mirrored ceiling that featured his flawless body, and mused over the stunning women he had enjoyed during the last month. He could never forget:

Tracy—By the time she got her name up in lights, they spelled it S-L-U-T!

Lynn—The stormy starlet whose biggest picture was shot with a Polaroid camera!

Mara—Her husband found romance in the arms of another woman . . . and so did she!

Naomi—The only good impression she made on Hollywood was in Grauman's wet cement!

Ellen—Star of stage, screen and psycho ward!

Adele—The gossip columnist who could hold the front page . . . but not the man she loved!

Suzan—Even the Greeks didn't have a word for what she was!

Vicky—She lived every day as though it was the last . . . and every night as though it was the first!

Melanie—The sex kitten who turned into a hellcat!

Dawn—The hoofer who would one-step her way into a guy's heart . . . and two-time her way out!

Irene—Her movies got good reviews from everyone but the vice squad!

Nicole—When her agent promised to make her the "toast of the town," she didn't know the town was Tijuana!

Joan—The sultry songstress who knew every 4-letter word . . . except "love"!

Louise—Fans could find her autograph in any motel register!

Consuelo—The Latin bombshell who went off . . . with another guy!

Pam—The kind of girl men put on a pedestal just so they can look up her dress!

And, of course, Wendy, his wife, raven-tressed film goddess whose icy beauty had made her the "Queen of Tinseltown." Ten years ago, when he was just a kid back from Korea, he had met her, when she was just a waitress slinging hash at a truck stop in Elbow River, Montana. They were married two days later. Those first years had been happy ones. But that was before they had become stars. Somehow . . . somewhere . . . something had been lost in the heady climb to the top. They had become puppets, mere pawns manipulated by shadowy, faceless magnates to further cartels of illusion, caught up in a savage web of greed, lust and power. Eyes that once sparkled with joy now reflected only the tawdry glitter of flickering limelight. Their souls had drowned in kidney-shaped swimming pools.

The bedroom door swung open and Wendy walked in, nude, her ripe, full breasts glistening with cocoa butter. She was smoking marijuana or "gage," as the hopheads called it.

"I can't go on like this any longer, Wendy, watching you destroy yourself," he said.

"No man in the world is ever going to hurt me again. Not even you, Noel," she commented.

"I made the mistake of thinking we felt the same about each other," he observed.

"You're playing with dynamite! It just may blow up in your face!" she exclaimed.

"Do you know what you want?" he inquired.

"I did once," she answered.

"How could I have been so blind," he concluded and pulled her down onto the bed. His hungry lips sought hers. Together, they scaled the peaks of ecstasy.

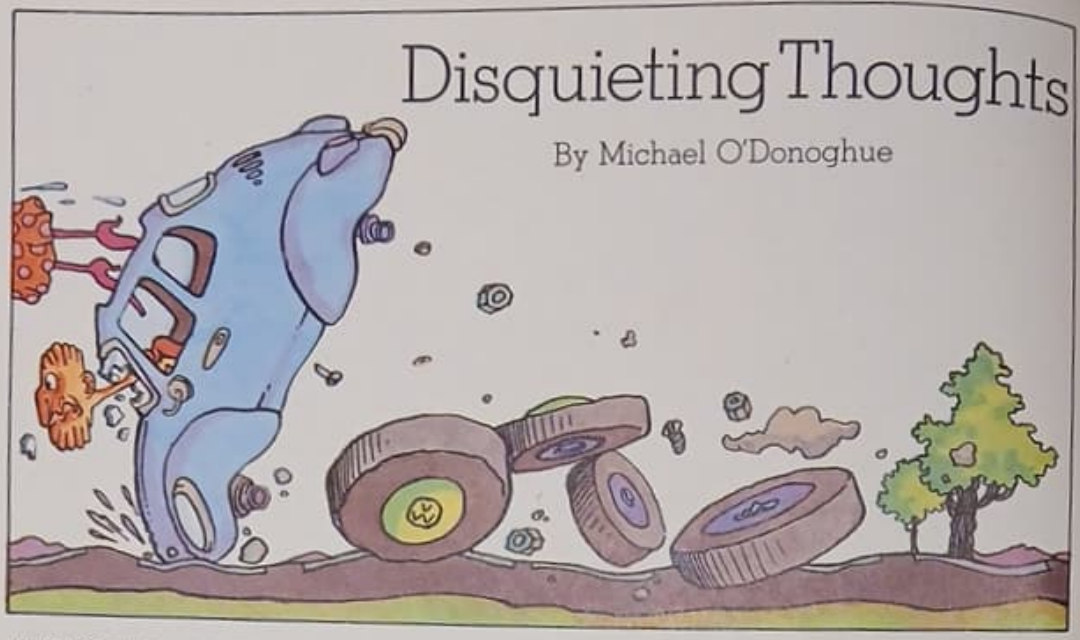
When it was over, he caressed her face gently with his hands and whispered, "I love you."

Moments passed. The only sound was the haunting tinkle of their 12-tiered chandelier. Then she swallowed a handful of amphetamines or "goofballs," as the jet-set calls them, paused, and replied, "That and a dime will buy you a cup of coffee." □

". . . Next I'd like to sing about the arbitrary directive by prison officials that permits only 2 showers a week . . ."

Disquieting Thoughts

By Michael O'Donoghue



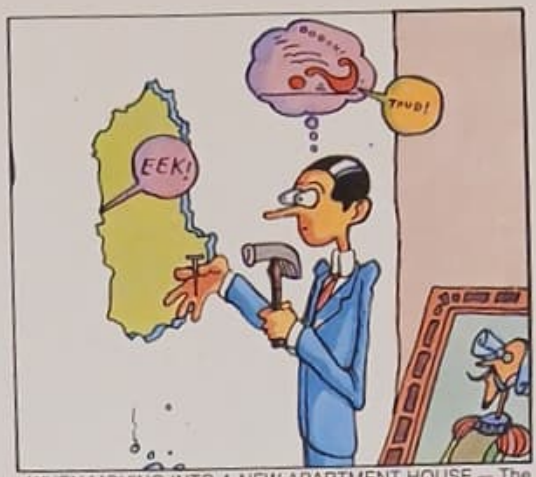
WHEN DRIVING A VOLKSWAGEN — Here you are, whizzing along a busy freeway at 60 mph in an automobile built by a country we fought and defeated a scant 25 years ago. BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR KNEES! The scars of war heal slowly, which raises some disturbing questions: Was the family of the mechanic who installs the delicate steering mechanism wiped out in the bombing of Dresden? If so, did he perhaps "forget" a bolt or two, knowing the car was meant for an American market? Or was the wife of someone on the assembly line raped and strangled by Audie Murphy? If so, what parts is he responsible for? . . . The brakes, maybe? Needless to say, the above works equally for Karmann-Ghia, Porsche, Mercedes and, by simply substituting "loved ones cremated at Nagasaki," Toyota, Datsun, et cetera. A true paranoid can even make it work for Rolls-Royces!

WHEN FLYING — You know what a goof-off you are at your job . . . how you often foul up, kid around, daydream, and generally make a mess of things. You sometimes wonder how, if everybody were like you, anything would ever get done. Well, in reality, everybody *is* like you . . . even the flight controller who's tracking your plane at this very moment. Or, rather, who *should* be tracking your plane but the guy who usually does it hasn't come in yet because he's got a terrific migraine headache so another guy is filling in who's kind of new on the job and isn't too familiar with the board but that really doesn't matter since he's not looking at it anyway because he's thinking about a run-in he had with his father-in-law and besides he just dropped a hot cigarette ash on his pants which means he'll have to buy a new suit or get these rewoven which is a hassle and expensive as if he didn't have enough bills what with the broken dishwasher and the cat has to go to the vet because it threw up all over the couch and . . .

WHEN ATTENDING A PLAY — Waiting for the curtain to go up, you glance over your program, the houselights dim and . . . well, are the houselights really dimming *or are you going blind*? You won't be sure until the stagelights go up. It seems a bit ridiculous to ask the person next to you if the lights actually dimmed, so you'll just have to sit tight and sweat it out. And what if you went blind *at the exact moment* the houselights dimmed? How would you know? Would you finally decide that no company is so avant-garde as to give the first half hour of *The Gazebo* in total darkness? Or would you wait until the intermission, just to make certain? . . .

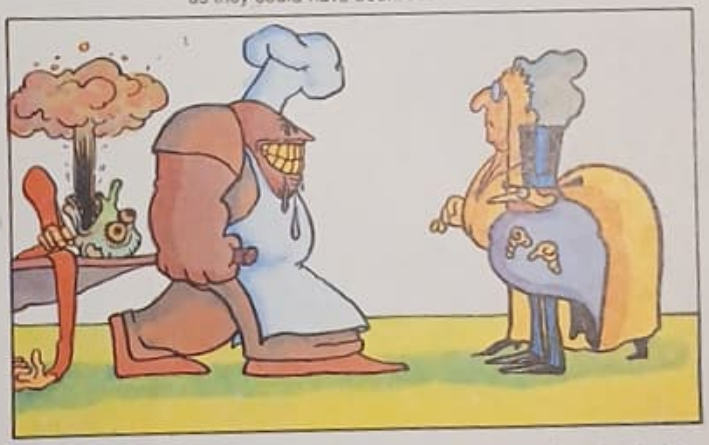
ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BRAMLEY

WHEN RIDING THE ELEVATOR — Corruption is everywhere! Everybody's on the take! Nothing oils the machinery like buttering up a greasy palm! And we've all had a hand in paying off somebody: a cop, a judge, a clerk, a housing inspector . . . somebody. But what about the elevator inspectors? Do they live in 30-room Tudor mansions and drive limousines and send their kids to Groton, all on a salary of $6,500 per? How do they do it? . . . By overlooking a few frayed wires or corroded cables, perhaps? If this sounds silly, just consider that everyone has his price and that of elevator inspectors is probably lower than most.

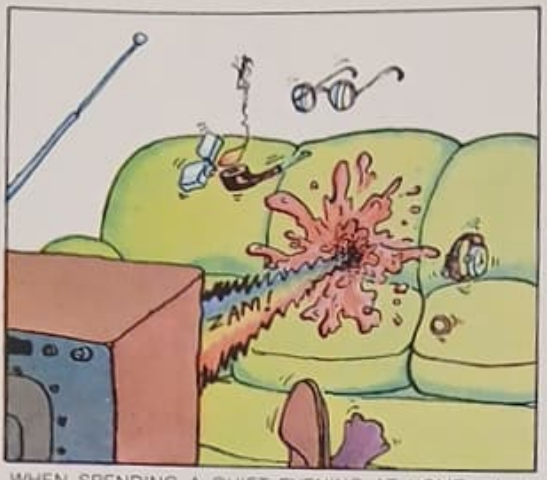


WHEN MOVING INTO A NEW APARTMENT HOUSE — The Mafia is presently turning "black" money into "white" money; that is to say, they're taking money from illicit practices such as dope peddling and the rackets, and investing it in legitimate businesses such as *construction!* Chances are the very building you're moving into was overseen by Vinnie "Two-Fingers" Antonelli himself! In light of the Mafia's traditional respect for human life, imagine the quality of the materials that went into your building. Picture what the fireproofing between the walls must be, for example. Picture the foundation, made from a low-grade cement used mostly to keep bodies on river bottoms and impervious to everything except sudden temperature changes and rain. Actually, considering what goes into these buildings, it's amazing they stand up as long as they do! Building codes? Well, since "Two-Fingers" is a personal friend of the mayor, one might assume the codes weren't as strict as they could have been. . . .

WHEN STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK — Most parks have a statue or two, benches, flowers, a cannon, an Honor Roll of W.W.I and W.W.II dead, a few winos, *and lots and lots of pigeons!* Living in the city, one sees thousands of pigeons each day . . . but have you ever seen a baby pigeon? No? Ask around and you'll soon realize that no one has ever seen a baby pigeon. No one! *Not even once!* Then, consider this: Perhaps the pigeons you see are the babies. The fully-matured pigeons are HUGE with wingspans up to 11 feet, eating whole Buttercorns in a single bite, carrying off Puerto Rican babies in their claws. . . .



WHEN DINING OUT — Here you are at a fancy restaurant, about to dig into some haute cuisine. Sure, the food's expensive, but you pull down 20-thou a year and don't mind springing for a big tab. Not just anybody could afford to dine in a fancy restaurant like this . . . certainly not the kitchen help who barely earn enough to feed themselves on oatmeal and Spam in their shabby cold-water flats. Is it possible these have-nots might feel some slight resentment toward a big spender such as yourself? If so, how might they vent their bitterness? Surely, the rascals wouldn't do anything *disgusting* to your food and then have a big laugh behind your back! It's unlikely, but you might do well to carefully examine your chocolate mousse or *oysters a l'andalouse* before taking that first bite. . . .



WHEN SPENDING A QUIET EVENING AT HOME — Just ask yourself this important question: "Is my color television set properly shielded?" You don't really know, do you? After all, it's not like you're one of those "repair-TV-sets-&-earn-extra-cash-in-your-spare-time" types. And if you were one of those "repair-TV-sets-&-earn-extra-cash-in-your-spare-time" types, even *they* don't own Geiger counters. And if you could determine that your set was properly shielded, what about your neighbor's set? Is deadly radiation seeping into your "castle"? Is your home bombarded daily with weird ions that are making you sterile, killing your dog and turning your children into sideshow freaks? Probably not! You can dismiss the above as rank alarmism because Ralph Nader had all those defective sets recalled and properly shielded. But what if your neighbor *deliberately removed his shield* just to get back at you! Have you ever had a fight with your neighbor? And how would you ever know? Well, you might get suspicious when your feet began to glow in the dark, but by then, of course, it would be too late. . .

WHEN DRIVING — Do you realize that (according to the Allstate Insurance Company): "One of the next 50 drivers coming your way is drunk. Not drinking—drunk." And what about those kids hopped up on goof-balls in stolen cars? You know how many accidents they're supposed to cause! And then there are drivers asleep at the wheel, drivers whose minds are on getting their kid brother a haircut, drivers who harbor an unconscious death wish, epileptic drivers, insecure drivers who speed to bolster their masculinity, legally blind drivers who keep renewing their licenses through outdated motor vehicle laws, or whatever. . . Combine this with all those millions of defective automobiles that Detroit issues each year and the odds against your avoiding a head-on collision with one of the next 50 cars coming your way is about equal to the odds against breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

WHEN SEEING YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN — A little something that may have slipped your mind is that doctors only need to get 70% of the questions right to pass! Wouldn't it be interesting to know if your doctor was an A+ or a C— student? Did he flunk "Heart" or "Liver"? Or did he pull straight A's . . . *by cheating!* Here's a useful rule of thumb to help you judge your doctor's qualifications: "If he were any good, he'd be a specialist!"

WHEN EATING APPLESAUCE OR DRINKING CIDER — It goes without saying that they don't use the very best apples to make applesauce or cider. . .

A Purity Press Publication 75¢

What Every Teen-Ager Should Know

Nancy Reagan's Guide to Dating Dos and Don'ts

"A sane, sound book for modern young people embarking on the sometimes murky sea of premarital dating."—Rev. Billy Graham

"Teen-age questions answered with a frankness and honesty refreshing in these sniggering times."—Ann Landers

"A guiding beacon for today's turned-on, anything-for-kicks generation."
—Pat Boone

Introduction

Hi. If you are "twixt twelve and twenty" and a would-be dater, this book is for you. In it, I am going to deal honestly, and sometimes quite frankly, with the joys and pitfalls of teen-age dating in the hope that it may prevent your first corsage from shriveling up into a bouquet of nettles.

A dating manual for this day and age? one of your "sophisticated" chums may scoff. *Why, all that jazz about moral decency and lofty ideals is a lot of bunk and hooey!* Is it? Well, take a good look, fellows and girls, at the dangers that surround you in today's "anything goes" world. Everywhere a teen turns, he is assaulted by an avalanche of filth that lurks in many forms—pornographic movies, obscene novels, indecent plays, lurid magazines, prurient snapshots, seductive television commercials, suggestive song lyrics, immodest dances, salacious paintings, lewd advertisements, coarse poems, smutty radio shows, depraved newspapers, indelicate lithographs, perverse sculptures, shady stories, gross cookbooks, tawdry cocktail napkins, ribald postcards, libertine bumper stickers, provocative buttons, meretricious gestures, licentious operas, pandering food labels, and shameless zoos.

It's enough to make me sick to my stomach. Actually, after a drive through L.A., I often *get* sick to my stomach and have to spend a whole afternoon in the little girls' room. As a matter of fact, I think I'm already a little woozy, and I haven't even gotten to the first chapter yet.

Where does this nauseating tidal wave of smut and garbage come from? Well, you won't find out from the "Sex O'Clock News," but it is no secret that certain foreign powers would like nothing better than to see our country paralyzed and prostrated by a degenerate Supreme Court that sanctions petting sprees and free love as "freedom of choice" and "harmless kicks." While America rots from within, all the Russkies would have to do is rumble through Washington in tanks with those long, nasty things on top and pick up the pieces. Her youth "brainwashed" by so-called "liberated" codes of behavior, a mightly nation would be vanquished, laid low by deep kissing and petting parties.

But young people all love dates, and there is no finer preparation for marriage than a wholesome, well-rounded social life. I have received thousands of letters from concerned teens all over the country, begging for advice on this important (and fun!) part of adulthood, and I hope this book will serve as a useful and informative answer.

Hi.

Nancy Reagan

Chapter I

So You're Growing Up?

Dating is like dynamite. Used wisely, it can move mountains and change the course of mighty rivers. Used foolishly, it can blow your legs off. Scientists have calculated, for example, that if a man could harness even a fraction of the kinetic energy wasted in a single session of Post Office or Spin the Bottle, he could light up the entire city of Wilmington, Delaware, and have enough left over to discover and mass produce a cheap, effective cure for cancer of the larynx. Thus, it is so important to understand and harness the explosive power of the forces developing in your body.

Have you noticed that your body is playing little tricks on you lately? If you are a boy, you may have noticed your legs, face, arms, and chest are becoming covered with thick, black pubic hairs and your voice may be beginning to sound like a phonograph needle ruining your favorite stack of platters. If you are a girl, you may have noticed a painful swelling up here and some more funny business going on down there.

These dramatic changes can mean only one thing: cholera. If you are not among the lucky ones, then it simply means you are becoming a young man or a young woman, depending on how much flouride they dumped in your parents' drinking water. I know that such changes can often be difficult for growing teens, but try to weather the storm and "grin and bear it." There is always impotence and menopause.

During these trying teen-age years, a girl begins to "menstruate" (*men* stroo ate), and a boy begins to have "erections" (ee *wreck* shuns), normally only when called to the blackboard by his teacher. There is absolutely nothing abnormal about this, and, aside from voluntary sterilization, no known cure.

Not only is the miracle of growing up taking place inside your body, but it may be going on outside it as well. There are many names for this remarkable stage of development—"acne," "pimples," "blackheads," "whiteheads," "redcaps," "boils," "blemishes," "cankers," "zits," "pustules," "efflorescence," "breaking out," "pockmarks," "carbuncles," "suppurations," "polyps," "goobies," and "St. Anthony's Fire," to mention just a few. Perhaps one of your clever friends will notice the badge of young adulthood and jokingly dub you with an appropriate descriptive nickname, like "Crater Face," "Swiss Cheese," or "Vomithead." But perk up! Such bothersome side effects are all in Mother Nature's master plan, and they may very possibly disappear in time, leaving a healthy, glowing complexion on those portions of your face and neck not permanently disfigured by layers of horny scar tissue. You *can* treat your "boo-boos" right away, however, with frequent applications of hot, soapy water, mild astringent, or, in unusually severe cases, a woodburning kit.

Chapter II

Calling All Girls

It is time to clear up one myth about menstruation or "the curse" as many, including myself, prefer to call it. Many girls worry because their "periods" don't come as regular as clockwork, on the first or fifteenth of the month with the rest of the bills. This is nothing more than a silly wives' tale. The "cramps" you may feel, often no more noticeable than a rhythmic sledgehammer blow to the abdomen, only mean that the two little almond-flavored organs deep in your tummy are finally getting around to preparing a little home in case a baby wants to move in. This continuing cycle varies widely in different girls and may range anywhere from fifty-three to three days, depending on whether the little almonds want their owner to bloat up like a deriginble or simply bleed to death.

This interesting process, often called "nature's egg-timer," was originally based on the lunar month of twenty-eight days. But with so many changes in our modern calendar to make way for silly things like Labor Day and Martin Luther King's birthday, the cycle is often keyed to other natural rhythms, like sunspots, quirky reversals of the earth's magnetic poles, or fluctuations in the stock market. (During these special days, it is wise to avoid anything that might interfere with this delicate phenomenon, such as swimming, ham radio transmitters, and remote-controlled streetlights.) My *own* cycle is based on the appearance of Haley's Comet, so although I am under the weather only infrequently, I am stocking up on you-know-whats now, because when my next one comes in 1985, it's bound to be a *whopper*!

One more word about your period. When it finally comes, you may find it a good idea to use a "sanitary napkin" to help stanch the massive loss of precious, irreplaceable

fluids from your vitals. If so, beware of fast-talking sales pitches claiming the Tampax-type tampon is preferable to the Kotex-type external napkin. The former may be somewhat more convenient, but it can lead both to unwanted feelings and risking your stock in the marriage market. As for the slight icky odor that occasionally results from the safer, saner napkin, a *schpritz* of feminine deodorant Gisele, or liquid benzene should make your strolls upwind of kennels and dog shows free from any possible danger of embarrassment.

Chapter III

Fellows Take Note

As for you boys, don't feel left out. If you glance down between your legs, where your vagina should be, you will see an odd-looking pink sac containing two little ugly things. Go ahead, take a look right now, but *keep your hands on the book* (more about *that* later). Quite a surprise, wasn't it? Well, the funny pink sac is called your "scrotum"

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(*skro* tum), and the two little ugly things are called "testes" (*tes* stees) and are why you can never know the ultimate, inexpressible joy of motherhood.

Believe it or not, your scrotum will respond to sudden changes in temperature, quickly raising or lowering your testes to maintain them at a constant heat level, something seen nowhere else in nature except by those few who have mastered the proper techniques of marshmallow-toasting. If you don't believe me, try rubbing an ice cube against your scrotum and see what happens. Now, quickly try a lighted match. Now another ice cube. Another match. Faster. Cube. Match. Cube. Ma—*aha*! Didn't your mother ever tell you not to play with matches? All joking aside, this is simply another example of the wonders you can find in and around your own body, stuff that has often led to many important scientific discoveries. For example, when my husband, Ronald, was in the Boy Scouts, he used this same natural principle for a homemade thermometer and won a merit badge in meteorology.

Chapter IV

The Nightmare of Wet Dreams

Nocturnal emissions, or "wet dreams" as they are often called, were once dreaded and traumatic experiences for young boys of the Victorian era. But today there can be little doubt that these perfectly normal, disgusting catastrophes are merely your body's way of "priming the pump" for the coming responsibilities of manhood and marriage, and a signal to your mother or laundry that you are ready for dating.

Should you have a nocturnal emission, do not worry. A few easy preparations for this can be made in advance. Each night, before your mom tucks you in, make sure she supplies you with two bath towels, an automobile sponge, a mop, a pail of hospital-strength disinfectant, a five-gallon can of industrial cleanser, a hammer, a chisel, and a two-handed paint scraper.

Chapter V

Playing with Yourself Is Playing with Fire!

Clint and Babs were returning from their church youth meeting. At her door, Babs turned and shook Clint's hand good-night. It had been a lovely date, and, thinking over the evening as he undressed back home, Clint noticed a strange feeling suddenly coming over him. In bed, Clint was still restless, puzzled by this new, overpowering sensation. Suddenly, as Clint thought of Babs's unusually warm farewell, memories of an impure picture he had once found hidden in a Gideon Bible popped up unexpectedly. As did something else. Drowsily allowing his right hand to stray under the covers, Clint sleepily took the situation in hand and, before he realized what he had done, committed an act of self-pollution. The next morning, while driving to school to be sworn in as Student Council President, Clint was struck and killed by a speeding bus.

Such stories are common in the daily papers. Every day thousands of young men and women pay tragically for a single, thoughtless surrender to temptation. But even more victims of the "solitary sin" go unrecognized, their fates mistakenly diagnosed as "poor study habits," "tennis elbow," or a "slight case of the sniffles." The list is endless. But the untold misery brought by willful masturbation cannot be reckoned by mere statistics. One has only to look at our prisons, mental hospitals, and riot-torn campuses for the real cost.

Chilling, isn't it?

I'm no chump, you are probably saying as you read this, *but how can I, as an up-to-date teen, learn to guard against this treacherous and degrading habit?* First, a sound diet including eight glasses of pure water a day. Second, good health habits, such as brushing your teeth and having a thorough bowel movement after each meal. Third, avoid sweets and between-meal snacks. Regular exercise will also help sap excess energy in a helpful, constructive manner. Some popular sports you may enjoy are bicycling, swimming, skating, curling, basketball, golfing, polo, sledding, badminton, jai alai, quoits, table tennis, and snooker. Hint: if trouble still persists, it may be wise to make it a rule to slip on a pair of baseball gloves, heavy wool socks, or oven mittens before retiring. If these precautions fail, your dad will be happy to help handcuff your hands behind your back before you turn in.

As for you gals, don't get smug. Many young women regularly harm themselves with acts of self-pollution *even while sound asleep*, often dreaming of bizarre degradations involving beatniks, Negros, or worse. Because of this, it is advisable not to tempt the devil. Have your mother "keep on ice" such objects as pencils, candles, bananas, frankfurters, hairbrushes, and softball bats.

Now that I have the scoop on self-abuse, you say, *I'm going to practice these easy safeguards and pass the low-down on to my pals.*

And I can think of three people who will back you up on that: Clint's mother, father, and Babs.

"Playing with Yourself Is Playing with Fire!"

Chapter VI

Your First Date: Calling Her Up

Calling up a girl for a date for the first time can often mean a bout with those "telephone jitters." How to avoid them? It's easier than you think! Like anything you do, there's a *right* way and a *wrong* way. I'll pause a moment while you let that sink in. The most important thing to remember is *don't beat around the bush*. The forthright, direct approach is the best way to ask for a date, as any girl will tell you. Let's start with the wrong way first: Carl has two tickets to a popular movie approved by his local church group, and he wants to take Norma as his guest. Let's see what happens. . . .

Norma: Hello?
Carl: Hello.
Norma: Hello? Hello? Is somebody there?
Carl: Hello?
Norma: Look, who *is* this? If this is some kind of a joke, my father—
Carl: Uh, Norma, this is Carl from your Civics class, and I was wondering if—
Norma: Carl? I don't think I know any "Carl."
Carl: Well, I'm the one with the thick glasses who sits way back by the windows? Today when I spoke to you in the hall—
Norma: Listen, maybe you have the wrong Bancroft. There's a *Carla* Bancroft in our class. The homely one with those things all over her face?
Carl: Well, actually, that's *me*, *Carl* Bancroft. Anyway, you were with Moose Pojanski from the football team at the time? I mean, you were talking to him, mostly, but—
Norma: Oh, sure, sure, I remember. Okay, shoot.
Carl: Well, I was wondering, if you weren't doing anything Saturday night, perhaps you'd consider—
Norma: Saturday? Oh, gee, that's tough. That's the night I always wash my hair.
Carl: Uh, well, maybe Sunday? I could exchange—
Norma: And I always dry it on Sunday nights.
Carl: Uh, then how about Mon—
Norma: Then I have to set it. It's a real job, y'know?
Carl: Well, I suppose I could get tickets for Tues—
Norma: *Click*.
Carl: Hello? Norma? Gee, the line went dead.

Needless to say, Carl did not get to date Norma that Saturday. Now let's eavesdrop on a boy who knows how to use those telephone courtesies that spell "date bait," as he invites a girl for a horseback ride. . . .

Norma: Hello?
Moose: 'Lo, Norma? 'S Moose.
Norma: Oh, Christ, for a minute I thought it was Carl again.
Moose: Huh? Whoozat?
Norma: Some flit says he's in one of my classes.
Moose: Oh. How 'bout Saturday? Wanna?
Norma: Sure, but one thing.
Moose: Wha?
Norma: Don't forget the you-know-whats.
Moose: Huh? Oh, yah. Heh heh. Yah.
Norma: Listen, it isn't funny. I thought I missed it last month and I nearly freaked. If you want to go bareback, you can call up Carl.
Moose: Huh?
Norma: Some flit says he's in one of my classes.

See how easy it was? Moose knew that old saying about catching more dates with honey than you can with vinegar, and Norma knew the one about an ounce of prevention being worth a trip to Puerto Rico!

Chapter VII

What to Wear

Dating is like electricity. Used wisely, it can operate your dad's power tools, fry eggs, and run trolley cars. Used foolishly, it can electrocute every member of your family including your goldfish. Being a teen with taste means, then, that you don't try to "short circuit" your future happiness with provocative clothes that will "overload" your date with the temptation to tamper with your "fuse box."

If you are a girl, steer clear of clinging sweaters, layers of heavy makeup, sheath skirts with revealing kick pleats, and Capri pants so tight that the boys can read the date of a dime in your back pocket. Gals in the know favor the casual good looks of cardigan sweaters, simple pleated calf-length skirts bolstered by layers and layers of crisp and crinkly crinoline. And please, ladies, *sensible* shoes! There are now on the market several brands of attractive pumps made of sturdy materials that spell fashion flair both on the dance floor and along those invigorating woodland trails. Since you are still growing, try to have a little pity on Dad's wallet and buy them at least two and a half sizes bigger to give your poor toes plenty of wiggle room! But avoid patent leather. Nothing is a surer invitation to disaster than shiny shoe-tops are to a sharp-eyed, peeping Tom with a rudimentary knowledge of light refraction.

Proper foundation garments will help give your dating wardrobe that added "plus." Ruggedly made brassieres (preferably with a time lock), garter belts, hosiery, and dress shields give a girl added confidence on a date and help correct poor posture. Hint: if you are going on an unchaperoned date, an additional girdle or two can be a welcome "something extra" when the full moon rises and that "all-American" suddenly becomes "all hands"!

Boys, too, know that a neat and clean appearance goes a long way toward winning the respect and admiration of his date. Tight chinos, pointed shoes, and elaborate pompadours (perhaps hiding the "point" underneath!) impress no one. You can't tell a book by its cover, but if a candy wrapper says "nuts" on the outside, you can be sure there's one on the inside. Boys are also cautioned to especially avoid tight dungarees that can cut circulation to vital parts of the body. Last year alone, a respected clothing physician reports over fifteen thousand men suffered the loss of their genital organs, either by chronic shriveling or simple "drop-off." Don't let this happen to you.

Crew cuts, "butches," and flattops with well-trimmed sideburns are the rage with gals everywhere, boys, and few ladies can resist the buckle and swash that a pair of Hush Puppies or saddle shoes can bring to a fellow's feet. For more formal occasions, Dad may let you borrow a pair of his he-man and hefty brogues with those cunning little perforations topping off the toes in decorative patterns and swirls. And while we're at it, let's not overlook your underthings. Loose, comfortable boxer shorts are the best

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bet, but if your date will include some strenuous exercise, ask your mother to take you to the shopping center or sporting-goods store in your neighborhood the next time she goes and fit you out with a reliable brand of athletic supporter. Unless you're Frank Sinatra, it doesn't pay to be a "swinger!"

Chapter VIII

Meeting Your Folks

Dating a boy is like being taken out on a trial spin. If he's a careful driver, the trip can be a fine jaunt. If he's a careless motorist, you may find yourself back at your door with four flats and a shot suspension. This is why your parents take an interest in who you date. Your mom and dad have made a considerable investment in you and may have spent $10,000–$15,000 on you for food, clothing, partial rent, medical bills, education, and insurance alone, not to mention mad money and court fees. You owe it to your parents to let them take an interest in who may be handling their investment in their absence, and introducing your dates to them is a good way to begin. It is a delicate undertaking, for it is time for that giggle on the telephone to become a flesh-and-blood person, but simple politeness is the only "must." It is simply a matter of "getting to know you," as this example shows. . . .

The doorbell rings. Sue answers the door and greets Ben, her date for the evening.

Ben: Good evening, Sue.

Sue: Good evening, Ben. Won't you come in and let me introduce you to my mother and father?

Ben: Of course, Sue.

Sue: Mother, I'd like you to meet Ben. Ben, this is my mother.

Ben: How do you do, Mrs. Waspwell. It is a pleasure to meet you.

Mother: How do you do, Ben. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Sue: Ben, this is my father. Father, I'd like you to meet Ben.

Ben: How do you do Mr. Waspwell. It is a pleasure to meet you.

Father: How do you do, Ben. It is a pleasure to meet you. By the way, Ben, isn't your father the president of the country club?

Ben: Oh no, sir. My father is Jewish.

Father: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Mr. Waspwell.

Mother: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Mrs. Waspwell.

Sue: Good night, Ben.

Ben: Good night, Sue.

See how easy that was?

Chapter IX

Have Morals, Will Date

Now that your parents have met your date, it's time to go! But where? To an all-night beach blast? An unchaperoned pajama party? Perhaps to a double-clutch twist contest, a form of "dancing" that the late Igor Stravinsky once described as "simply petting set to music"?

Of course not.

I am reminded of the story of a boy who was looking at a list of "don'ts" posted on the swimming-pool bulletin board.

Think they forgot anything? asked a sympathetic buddy.

Yeah, answered the boy, *"don't breathe!"*

Things aren't as grim as all that. There are many healthful and wholesome activities in which young daters may participate *and* keep their moral decency intact. Most communities have young-people's centers, and many church groups organize frequent hayrides, craft fairs, and special exhibits. But if your community lacks these, there are still 1,001 things to do that can give any guy or gal that special "lift."

Looking for something to do on a date? Take a gander at these activities available to young "thrill-seekers": folk dancing, travelogues, displays, youth rallies, guided tours of local industry, collecting pop bottles for worthy charities, sight-seeing hardware stores, reading to blind children, learning how to use a road map, unusual fêtes, playing Sorry, discovering points of interest, laying linoleum, building and operating your own weather station, identifying wild flowers, rummage sales, pets, repairing appliances, learning new words, washing the family car, remembering things, telling jokes, having shoes stretched, and making fudge.

Sound inviting? Dive right in, the dating's fine!

Chapter X

Making Conversation

Making "small talk" on a date can be one of the biggest problems for inexperienced daters. Conversation, like ten-

"You Don't Have to Pet to Be Popular"

nis, is best when the ball keeps bouncing back and forth. The surest way to keep the ball in play is to find out what you and your date have in common. Perhaps both of you are interested in sports, or you have complementary hobbies, or your fathers both make the same amount of money.

Once you establish something to talk about, you'll be amazed at how the conversation can flow effortlessly from one topic to the next. Ted and Marlene show you how. . . .

Ted: It's a grand night, isn't it?

Marlene: Wonderful, Ted. Did you ever see such a moon?

Ted: Isn't that what they call a "harvest moon"?

Marlene: A "hunter's moon"? Don't do that, Ted.

Ted: Do you hunt? I had an uncle who once was a fine hunter.

Marlene: My aunt once painted a wonderful hunting scene. Stop that, Ted.

Ted: I didn't know you were interested in painting. Do you paint?

Marlene: No, but I enjoy sketching and swimming. Get that hand out of there, Ted.

Ted: Why, I bet you're a terrific swimmer. I know you're tops in skeet shooting.

Marlene: I mean it, Ted! But I'm not as good with a gun as my father.

Ted: Oh, does he skeet shoot, too?

Marlene: No, Ted, he was a marine at Okinawa, and now he's a sergeant on the police force.

Ted: It's a grand night, isn't it?

Marlene: Wonderful, Ted. Did you ever see such a moon?

Chapter XI

You Don't Have to Pet to Be Popular

To pet or not to pet, that is the question! Many young girls, eager to be "in" with the crowd, think that they have to act free and easy with every lounge lizard and couch commando to show that they are grown up, that they are "cool." I'm reminded of a story that happened to the daughter of an old friend of mine. . . .

Pam, a naïve young girl eager to be "in" with the crowd, accepted a date with Stan, a boy whose reputation as a heavy petter was the talk of the cafeteria. When Stan pulled up in front of her home, Pam noticed that instead of coming in to meet her parents, he just sat in the car tightening his chinos and combing his pompadour while he honked his horn for her to hurry. Against her parents' advice and her own misgivings, Pam raced to Stan's car and drove off, the auto's shot suspension practically ruining the driveway. The evening was pleasant enough at first, but when 9:30 rolled around and it was time to head for home, Stan began to act differently. He began feeding Pam a line, telling her that "everybody petted" and those who didn't were hypocrites, or "prudes." He told her that he was "madly in love with her" and that she was a "slick chick." He talked about famous scientists who recommended petting on the first date, like Freud, Darwin, and Rollo May. Wanting desperately to be in the swim, Pam finally agreed and willingly submitted to an act of heavy petting in the back seat of Stan's automobile. When Pam's parents saw that it was almost 10:30 and Pam had not yet returned, they immediately notified the State Police. An hour later the police found Stan and Pam, but it was too late. Apparently they had been so busy heavy petting that the doomed couple had failed to even notice a speeding bus.

Sound familiar? It should. Official government figures show that an act of heavy petting is committed in the back seat of an automobile somewhere in the United States every fifty seconds, and the Highway Department reports the *exact same incidence* for motor-vehicle fatalities. To pet or not to pet?

The choice is yours.

Chapter XII

How to Say "No"

A girl once told me that when she stepped out for an evening with her sweetheart, her parents always gave her her own bottle of mouthwash so she could "freshen up" after necking with her fiancé. These "parents" obviously had a geranium in the cranium! Any parent who permits a daughter the opportunity to pass out free samples is in danger of having the entire store looted. What such parents are actually saying to the boy is, *Dear necker, if you can't be good, be careful. I know you are here to crack the safe. It won't be necessary. Here's the combination. Take what you want, but please tidy up after.*

Some flirts claim that, to click with the gang, you have to keep in circulation. One has only to look at a book that's been in circulation to see the results: dog-eared around the edges, stained with fingerprints and jelly, a weakened spine and half the insides missing, nasty cracks written along the margins.

Get the message?

A wise girl knows that saying "no" to petting is as important to her reputation as refraining from vaulting fenceposts, riding Western saddle, or engaging in excessive shinnying. "Many are cold," goes the saying, "but few are frozen." A boy in the know quickly realizes that there's more to an iceberg than the one-fifth on the surface that meets the eye and says to himself, *Finding out about the four-fifths of this doll that's below the surface is worth more to me than a thousand French handshakes!*

Of course, it's not always easy separating the sheep from the wolves, and the mildest-mannered boy can turn out to be the most unscrupulous kiss-collector if you let him. Should he try any monkeyshines, there are several workable methods. The commonest is simply to look your date squarely in the eye and, with a sweet but hurt expression, whisper, "Dave, I'm very disappointed in you." If words do not convince, it may be a good idea to carry along a persuader of a more forceful character. Among the most popular are police whistles, tear-gas pens, and blank pistols. Finally, if none of these are available but you do happen to have a cold drink in your hand, turn back to Chapter III and study again the effect of quick temperature changes on those ugly pink things.

That's the whole story, daters, and I wish you a grand evening. And don't worry about making mistakes if you studied this book carefully. I guarantee you won't "miss the boat."

But you will miss the bus. □

A GUTS MAGAZINE TRUE COMBAT BONUS

The Dink Patrol and the Love Slaves of Xuyan Tan Phu

He sprayed the crazed killer-kids, knocking them over like dominoes... All that stood between him and certain death was his M16 and a handful of bubble gum...

By Mike O'Donoghue (US Army Ret.)

A twig snapped. Reacting with all the speed and precision of a coiled spring, I spun around and let loose with a burst from my M16. It caught the dink in the neck. She stood there, her face a curious mixture of shock and surprise. Then, as a last vicious act, like a marlin that still snaps after it's in the boat, she threw her doll at me . . . and crumbled. But I hit the dirt before she did. The seconds ticked by like years . . . 8 . . . 9 . . . 10 . . . 11 . . . 12 . . . Nothing happened. The doll must have been a dud. I got up slowly, dusted myself off and remarked, to no one in particular, "Scratch another slant-eye!"

We were out on dink patrol. As part of a Special Forces S&K (Search and Kill) team, the Hueys had dropped us at a clearing in the U Minh forest near the southern tip of the Mekong Delta. We had orders to investigate Xuyan Tan Phu, a town G-2 had reason to believe was a Class I Viet Cong outpost in control of the dread Ta Doi (Dragon) Division. This report was based on information obtained from a VC prisoner minutes before they'd chucked him from a chopper hovering 800 feet over Yu'Chiang. He had also confessed to kidnapping the Lindbergh baby and promised us a secret cure for cancer if we let him live.

The company commander gave us the dope on the mission before we shoved off. When he was done, he paused briefly and added, "You're going into 'no-man's-land,' that is to say, a village run by savage women and children. Anybody who wants to pull out can do so right now and no one will think the less of him!" We stared at him with unblinking eyes. Nobody moved. Nobody spoke a word. He put on his helmet and, flashing a look of grim determination, hollered, "Let's get this show on the road!" His name was Captain Lockport. He was tough, he was flashy, he threw away the rule book. And every man-jack of us would follow the crazy sonofabitch into hell without batting an eyelash.

Moving through the dense underbrush, the relentless Vietnamese sun broiling my back, the leech-infested mud tearing at my boots, my mind went back over the three years I had spent in this squalid country. I recalled the countless times the shifty, unprincipled natives had taken me for a chump. I was 9,000 miles away from home, laying my life on the line to protect their freedom, and the slimy little yellow bastards screwed me every chance they got. There was the street urchin who burned me for a sawbuck on a dope deal. Once I was stopped by a kid who said, "Hey, dogface! You want make rub-rub with my mama? She plenty good! She virgin!" "What the hell!" I thought to myself and followed him down the narrow, twisting alleys of Saigon until he finally indicated a doorway. I threw open the door. Inside sat a girl, not more than 15, wearing only a pair of sheer, lace panties, which she slipped off as soon as I entered. Pale moonlight splashed through a window and bathed her nakedness She was beautiful, as wogs go. I took her in my arms. Her face was alive with passion and desire. Her warmth was reaching me. I lifted her until our lips met. She clung to me, her firm, ripe breasts heaving with the ecstacy of the moment, her moist lips making promises and delivering. "Take me!" she pleaded. "Take me now!" I threw her to the floor, flung off my clothes and fell on her. Rapture had its way. The next morning, after shoving a fistful of piasters into her grateful hands that still trembled from excitement, I left, never to return. All in all, it cost me a little under three dollars. A few days later, I began to itch. The crummy broad had given me the crabs.

The eerie cry of a chicken jolted me back to reality. We had reached the town. I went in first, alone, cautiously advancing down the road with my rifle at the ready. The joint looked deserted. Maybe the Commies had seen us coming and decided to take a powder. But then a zipper-eye came out from a hut. Then another. And another. Within scant seconds, the road was swarming with them. The mob had encircled me. I was cut off.

There I was, surrounded by women and children. Raw hate gleamed in their eyes like cold steel. "Yankee go home!" was written all over their cruel, Mongol faces. They started to come at me, hands outstretched, clutching, grasping, clawing. Without warning, one of them screamed, "You give chew gum, Joe!" My blood froze. My heart hammered against my rib cage like a pneumatic drill. Knowing that one slip would be my last, I swung my automatic weapon up to gut level and barked, "Freeze, Jocko! One more peep outta you and—" But he kept coming, demanding Hershey bars and powdered milk. Holding my ground, I squeezed off a warning shot that caught him squarely in the right temple. He dropped in his tracks.

As if triggered by a secret signal, the villagers immediately ducked for cover, playing the old Asian game of attack and retreat. A few, in an obvious diversionary tactic, threw themselves at my feet, begging, "No shoot . . . please . . . we give up, boss!" But they weren't getting off that easy. They asked for a fight and now they were going to get it. "Eat lead, heathen gooks!" I shouted and swung into action, sending a hail of hot slugs slashing into the quivering Orientals that knelt before me. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a coward.

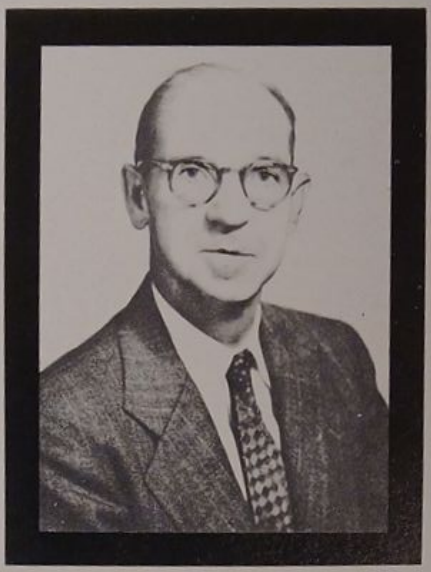
By now my buddies had joined in, raking the Reds with a withering barrage of flying steel, hacking them apart with everything we had, from a blistering rain of small-arms fire to a howling mortar barrage. Not one shot was re-

(continued)

CAT-CALLS

EZRA TAFT BENSON HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK 1956

DEDICATION



Rupert L. Peen
(1871-1956)
Senior Civics

To you, Mr. Peen, the Ezra Taft Benson Bobcats of 1956 respectfully dedicate this edition of *Cat-Calls*. Your lifelong devotion to Senior Civics was always reflected in your interesting discussions on how our government works and how it could be improved. You introduced each civics class to the world of ideas, and there are few of us who will ever forget your lectures on the little-known benefits of the World Socialist League and the slide shows of happy Russian peasants you always brought back from your summer trips abroad.

But your loyalty to the Bobcat Brown and Green went beyond the classroom, Mr. Peen. We remembered how you cheered and cheered at every football game, never forgetting to ask the quarterback for a small memento of victory for your collection . . . a spiked kicking shoe, a damp, mud-caked Bobcat jersey. We remember, too, your warm, wonderful grin and twinkling eyes as you stood watching us in our after game showers.

We are truly sorry, too, for the unkind jokes we made about your cough and those nicknames like "Hacker" and "Old Croupy." We had no idea at the time you had cancer of the trachea.

The Bobcats of 1956 are saddened by your passing away, and wish to extend our continued good wishes and respect, wherever you may be.

To the Class of '56

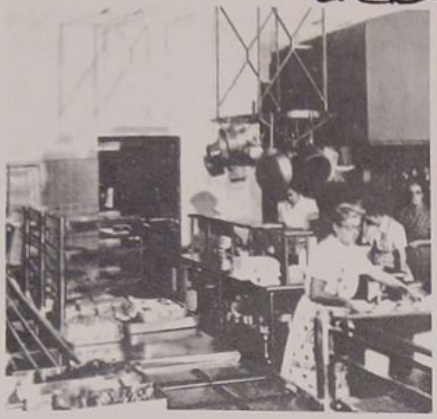
Dear Seniors,

A famous man once said, "A chain is only as strong as its weakest link." This means that Life, like Football, is based on team effort. Your club, school or country, is a team, and your team can be weakened by even a single unreliable or disloyal teammate. As your team goes forth into the promise of the future, be ever vigilant for those "weak links" who spread discontent, habitually "rock the boat" or generally act in a suspicious manner. Keeping your eyes peeled for these individuals is not always easy, but, as Thomas Edison said, "Vigilance is 2 per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration." It is sad but true that these individuals may appear anywhere, even in the classroom, and often their subversive ideas are not uncovered until after they have passed from the scene.

On the Team of Life some will be quarterbacks, some will be cheerleaders, and some will only warm the bench; but whatever our positions on that greatest of teams, let us all dedicate ourselves to keeping it on the winning side of the scoreboard.

Sincerely yours,
Ralph C. Krintzler
Principal

ADMINISTRATION

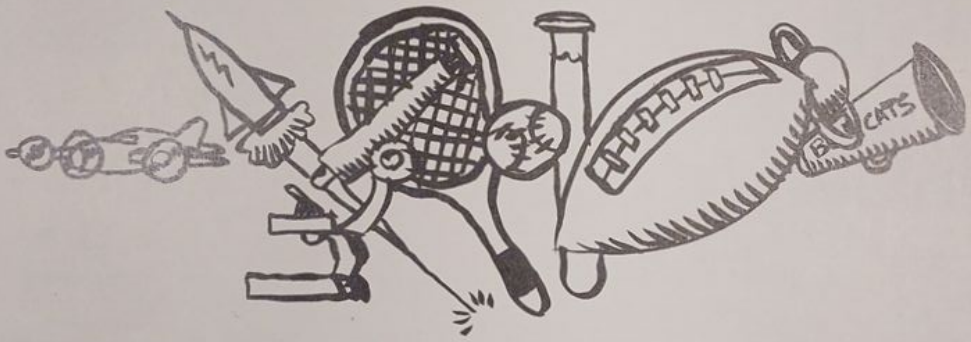


Food Services

Left to right: Mrs. E. Sobel, Mrs. B. Latvia, Mrs. J. Kresnik, Mrs. D. Strogoff

Office Staff

Left to right: Mrs. Ethel Loach, Mrs. Marjorie Klishner, Mrs. Edith Mulch



Science Department

Mr. Bernard Bunsen

Athletic Department

Mr. Fred Thamme

BYE-BYE BOBCATS

CARL CZOUROWSKI
"Moose"

Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball, Varsity Baseball, Varsity Track, Varsity Wrestling, Varsity Weight Lifting, All-County Football Cup, McLoon Athletics Award, Remedial English Club.

Spotlight on sports!.."plowed" . . . fuel-injected 'vette . . . "Wanna knuckle sandwich?" . . . gross-out . . . a future Marine . . . hates homos.

MARY-ELIZABETH FLOUNCE
"Winkie"

Pep Club, Senior Twirlers, Prom Committee, Bobcat Boosters, Senior Prom Queen, Catnips, Social Editor of *Cat-Calls,* Treasurer of Student Council, Charm Club, Honor Volleyball, Honor Bowling, Honor Softball, Senior Cheering, Drama Club, Spanish Club, Caterwaulers, Bobkittens, Whiskerettes, Girls' Leaders Club, National Honor Society, Bobcadettes.

Personality plus . . . pert 'n' perky . . . a busy bee . . . gift of gab . . . tall and slim . . . nice to everyone . . . a born leader . . . neat dresser . . . nice to everyone . . . winning laugh . . . the stage is her destiny—or maybe marriage . . ."Oh, fudge!"

BRUCE FOX
"Buzz"

President of Student Council, Co-Captain Varsity Football, President National Honor Society, Class Valedictorian, President of Senior Class, Editor of *Cat-Calls,* Vice-President of Senior Class, Rotary Scholarship, Citizenship Award, Benson Basketball Award, Chairman Senior Prom Committee, Boys' Leadership Club, Treasurer of Senior Class, Student Executive Council, V.F.W. Patriotism Award, President of Drama Club, Junior Red Cross, Varsity Track, Varsity Basketball, Sports Council, Secretary of Senior Class, Senior Prom King, Tri-Y, Editor of *Cat-Tales,* Neatness Citation.

Firm handshake and a winning smile . . ."Hi!" . . . friendly and outgoing . . . a leader of men . . . nice guy to all . . . well-liked . . . sincere . . ."terrific!" . . . Mr. Popularity . . . going places . . . a future pharmacist!

WALLACE HOOPER
"Gus-Gus"

2d tuba in Caterwaulers, gossip column in *Cat-Tales,* Spanish Club.

Class clown . . . wisecracks . . . bow ties . . . a regular Milton Berle . . . spitball champ . . . fruit boots . . . a laugh and a half . . ."Drink your soup before it clots!"

SHIRLEY KRESNIK
"Tiny"

Honor Volleyball, Home Economics Club, Spanish Club, Bobcat Boosters, Tidiness Committee.

Pleasingly plump . . . newcomer from St. Helena High . . . lots of school spirit . . . digs Rory Calhoun, stuffed animals . . . mad about malteds . . . many pen pals . . . freckles . . . circle pin . . . loads of laughs . . . loves pizza with the works . . . a fun kid . . ."Gee, that looks yummy!"

LLOYD MELTZER
"Einstein"

Stamp Club, Radio Club, Math Club, State Science Fair Honorable Mention, Biology Club, Science Club, J.V. Badminton.

Uses big words . . . a real whiz at math . . . four eyes . . ."the Brain". . . cries in gym . . . "Help, Moose is after me!"

ROCCO VASELINO
"J.D."

Indùstrial Arts, Accordion Club.

Lady-killer . . . ace mechanic . . . snow job . . . chopped and channeled Merc . . . laying rubber . . . midnight mover . . . tooling past the Dairy Queen . . . smooth operator . . . white sidewalls . . . cha-cha champ.

MARCIA PERULKA
"Sarge"

Honor Volleyball, Honor Basketball, Honor Field Hockey, Honor Softball, Honor Archery, Honor Water Polo, Honor Ping-Pong, Honor Wrestling, Rifle Club.

A real go-getter . . . Don't step on her white bucks . . . flamered Harley-Davidson . . . "Wanna make something of it, mac?". . . a future practical nurse.

VERONICA WEBER
"Jugs"

Bobcat Boosters, Catnips, Spanish Club.

Flirt . . . nice figure . . . submarine races . . ."padiddle" . . . built for speed . . ."Not here!" . . . 2d base on first date . . . vacations in Puerto Rico . . . "Help, Moose is after me!"

RONALD SCHNISSEL
"Zits"

Hall Monitor, Study Hall Proctor, School Yard Police, Chairman Student Discipline Committee, Good Citizenship Council, Attendance Officer, Student Court Prosecutor, Cafeteria Squad, Tidiness Officer, Lavatory Patrol, Rifle Club.

Popular with the faculty . . . quiet . . . tennis shoes . . . keeps to himself . . ."Help, Moose is after me!"

LEONARD WUMKE
"Yo-Yo"

Winner of Class Day Lottery.

A good listener.

CHARLOTTE ULBO
"Charlotte"

Typing Club II.

Neat and well-groomed . . . a smile for all.

Activities
Kats and Kittens at Play

BOBCADETTES

The Ezra Taft Benson Bobcadettes have cheered our Bobcats to a respectable 2-6 season, three games of which, while not actual victories, were either extremely close or practically ties.

Left to right: B. Hopkins, L. Langdorf, C. Robonson, V. Cummings.

SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club meets weekly to gain a better understanding of our less fortunate neighbors to the south. Spanish plays, art and souvenirs are keenly discussed, and collections of milk money are annually pledged to the Latin American Poor People's Fund.

Left to right: R. Duhart, V. Ferrara, S. Jamus, M. Kurtlander, G. Prussak, K. Stern, A. Valle, D. Maloney, D. Russell, J. Subetto, L. Towbis, H. Vital, M. Moller, T. Lynch, W. Kiltenis, D. Cooper, I. Geist, J. Durak, B. Charles, R. Bojack, F. Ainsworth, J. Grayson, A. Kaiser, D. Reidy, S. Marshall, H. Sidney, J. Frei, G. Dwight, A. Clare, M. Brown, F. Asgard, V. Jamowitz, W. Malbacher, D. Saar, W. Strome, I. Valli, R. Sedley, E. Redd, S. Solomon, E. Jocell, H. Horn, B. Gluckman, M. Gardner, H. Engel, P. Montilla, V. Price, D. Spear, I. Korngold, G. Hamilton, L. Glover, C. Carr, N. Brown.

CIVIL DEFENSE CLUB

The Civil Defense Club performs a valuable service to the school by giving monthly demonstrations of the newest methods of protecting oneself against the direct hit of a Russian sneak attack.

Left to right: D. Hanson, B. Reynolds, R. Stacy.

RADIO CLUB

Bobcat electronic engineers-to-be are engrossed in their futuristic research.

Left to right: L. Truman, R. Delaney, M. Gross

BOBCAT DRAMATIC CLUB

The Bobcat Dramatic Club's entertaining production of *School Daze* was a real treat enjoyed by students and parents alike. In this scene, Patty Pettigrew has just discovered that someone has stolen the entire Pep Club Treasury.

CHESS CLUB

Left to right: L. Schmidt

THE CLASS HISTORY

Most Likely to Succeed

Best Dancers

Most Flirtatious

Least Likely to Succeed

Dear Diary,

The year started off with a bang when the fall bake sale took in over $85 for our Washington trip (of course, we donated some of that to Red Feather). Heading the fund raising drive was Shirley "Tiny" Kresnik, a welcome addition to old E.T.B.H.S., who did a terrific job of organizing everything (although a few of us were afraid she might eat up the profits!).

Then football season was upon us. While the team had a fairly undistinguished season on the playing field, rumor has it that after the final game, our own Jugs Weber set a new record in the locker room (one "loving" cup, coming up!).

December was marked by Sarge taking second prize in the Oswego County Oratory Contest. I'm sure no one who heard her stirring speech on "Peaceful Coexistence – Moscow's Triumph and America's Shame," will ever forget it.

I tried to keep track of how many times Moose punched out Yo-Yo and Einstein, but I lost count after 70. Nothing gets Moose more steamed than "peculiar behavior" (and that includes those kooky Walter Benton poetry books, Einstein!).

January was marred by Zits slashing his wrists after Gus-Gus made a crack about how his complexion resembled "a bowl of Quaker Oats." However, Mr. Krintzler arranged for his lessons to be sent to the hospital and Zits was able to keep up until his recovery.

May found us chugging our way to Washington, D.C., where we visited the Lincoln Memorial and were photographed in front of the Capitol. Most interesting was an FBI tour that showed how the Russkies were attempting to stab this nation in the back and rob us of our priceless heritage. The real fun, needless to say, was back at the hotel where we all got plastered. Really looped. COMPLETELY STINKO! We threw water-filled Coke bottles from the windows, Moose and Sarge beat up a few fruits, and, according to rumor, Jugs broke her old record.

The senior prom decorating committee transformed the gym into a magic wonderland, stringing crepe paper from the basketball hoops, putting dry ice in the punch and renting an actual fountain. All the gals looked keen in their strapless evening gowns (or "gownless evening straps" – hardeharhar!) set off with an attractive wrist corsage. Music was provided by Tony Timex and his Sax Fiends with Buzz and Winki reigning as King and Queen. Later, J.D. spiked the punch and we all got really loaded. Bombed out of our minds! ABSOLUTELY BLOTTO! Everybody had a swell time except for Zits, who started barfing just because Gus-Gus called him "Pizza-face."

Well, Diary, I have to go now because there's so much to do, what with finals, graduation and all. I'd like to close by reassuring our parents, who scrimped and sacrificed so we might have a decent education, that we won't let them down. Some of us have already begun shouldering our responsibilities. Moose has accepted a position as an automobile body repairman and Gus-Gus starts next month as a credit manager trainee for a whole chain of dry cleaning stores. A few guys are even going on to college to become engineers.

That's all for now!

Yours truly,
The Class of 1956

P.S. If anybody wants to know what to get Zits for a graduation present, something neat he can really use, how about a *50-pound tube of Acnomel!* Or, better yet, SOME WOOD PUTTY!

Class Clowns

Worst Dancers

THE CLASS PROPHECY
10 Years Later

Let's gaze into our crystal ball and see what the future holds for the '56 Bobcats:

Tiny has just won the International Canasta Championships (hiding a few black 3's up your sleeve?).

Moose has taken over Johnny Antonelli's slot with the New York Giants ("Antlers in the Treetops" or . . .).

Buzz has gone all the way on *The $100,000 Challenge* (the category, natch, is "Famous Dirty Birds"!).

Jugs has sold her memoirs to *Confidential* entitled, "I Was a Bobcat Booster for the FBI!" (Too racy for *Collier's*, we suppose!)

J.D. is tooling around in a shiny, raked and flamed, two-toned 1966 Kaiser (10 points for a pregnant nun!).

Einstein has discovered an anti-polio pill and appears regularly on *Medic.* (Smooth move, Ex-Lax!)

Gus-Gus is a top Hollywood comic, currently costarring with Donald O'Connor in *Francis, the Talking Mule, Meets the Teen-age Werewolf,* (and — you guessed it ! — Yo-Yo plays Francis!).

Winkie is the new filter-tipped Old Gold Dancing Cigarette Pack (a bunny hopping cancer stick?).

Sarge has received raves for her performance as a lumberjack on *Playhouse 90* (nice play, Shakespeare!).

And *Zits* has written a smash calypso song that's Number 1 on *Your American Hit Parade* (and we thought the only steel bands you knew about were those ugly braces on your teeth!).

CLASS CHEER (Dedicated to Principal Ralph Krintzler)

Forward, we go, all in step,
Up Life's path with vim and pep;
Counting off 1-9-5-6;
Keeping up with all the tricks.

Youth and vigor, that's our game.
Other classes aren't the same.
Under banners brown and green
Ready to back up our team.

Action, that's the password here.
Let's go ape and give a cheer;
Pierce the air with "Sis! Boom! Bah!"
Here's to Benson's Bobcats — Rah!

AUTOGRAPHS

to Winkey
when your dead
The DeJer will say
Here lies the shell
the nut passed away.
Your's til the Kitchensinks
Leonard Harold Winke

Dearest Mary Elizabeth, Dated Forever
Friendship is a golden chain -
Please consider me a link
LOVE!
Marcia Perouka

2 sweet
2 me
2 be
4 got -
10

Dear Winki,
As you go sliding down
the bannister of life, remember
me as a splinter in your
ca-reer!
Sincerely,
Rocco Vaselina
June, 1956

Dear Winki
ONWARD Little Bedbugs
marching down the sheet
When you get to the bottom
TICKLE Winki's FEET carol Thomas
"BOOK"

Dear winkie first comes love
then comes marriage
then comes pushing a baby carriage
forever till powder puffs
Veronica W.
6. 23. 56

Winki,
May you sail on the
Ship "expectations"
and dock at the pier
called "Success"
"Buzz"

24 De Junio de 1956
Apreciable Señorita Paloma,
¡Buena Suerte y no se olvide
de nosotras!
La saluda afectuosamente,
S.S.; Q.E.S.U.
Señorita
Margaret
Miller

Mary,
Roses are green,
violets are pink
that is after the
15th drink
Lots of luck
Boose
Gouyowski!

Mary,
Georgia grows peaches
Florida grows them too,
But it took a damp like
Ezra Taft Benson High School
To grow a peach like you
Best Wishes
Lloyd

Best Wishes
Charlotte Ulbo

To Mary,
When Cupid shoots his
arrow I hope he misses you!
Yours till Philip Morris
rides a camel to
find Old Gold
and makes a
lucky strike.
Shirley Kosmala

FOR MARY-ELIZABETH,
"PERSEVERENCE AND DETERMINATION
IN ALL THINGS."
RALPH C. KRINTZLER
PRINCIPAL.

Winki—
REMEMBER THE BOY FROM THE COUNTRY.
REMEMBER THE BOY FROM THE TOWN.
REMEMBER THE BOY WHO SPOILED YOUR BOOK
BY WRITING UP-SIDE DOWN!
BEST WISHES, WALLY HOOPER

→ FOR DIRTY PEOPLE ONLY → USE LIFEBUOY! (HA-HA)

To Mary
Elizabeth
by hook or
by crook I'll
be last in this
book. Good luck
in the future.
Jimmy B. Amstead

FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA'S DAIRYLAND COMES THE GREATEST SUPERHERO OF THEM ALL!
INTRODUCING--
Tarzan of the Cows
COLLECTOR'S EDITION SPECIAL ORIGINS ISSUE
KENOSHA KOMICS
15¢ No.1
MOOOO!
SO LONG, SUCKER! YOU'VE BOUGHT YOURSELF A ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE GLUE FACTORY!
BLAM!
BLAM
BLAM!
RAT-A-TAT-A TAT-TAT-TAT!
FEATURING THE GROUNDHOG MEN AND THE LOST GRAVEL PIT OF WAUPACA COUNTY!
WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER

SWELL! KEEN! TERRIFIC! REAL!

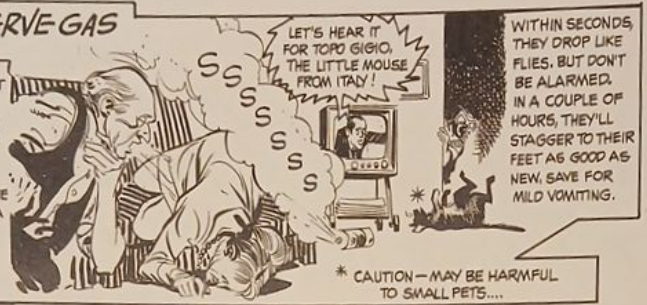
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR JUST... $7.98!

PRESENTING— DIRECT FROM THE TERROR-TORN HAMLETS AND FEAR-SEARED JUNGLES OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA! A NEW KIND OF *AUTHENTIC* COMBAT TOY.

THE 5 IN 1 SPECIAL FORCES ASSAULT OUTFIT!

1 PLAY NERVE-GAS

IT'S SUNDAY NIGHT AND, NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE OLD FOLKS ARE TOO ENTRANCED BY THE ***SULLIVAN SHOW*** TO NOTICE YOU SNAKE UP TO THE DOORWAY AND LOB A CANNISTER OF MODIFIED TYPE-V ***NERVE GAS*** INTO THE ROOM...



WITHIN SECONDS, THEY DROP LIKE FLIES. BUT DON'T BE ALARMED. IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, THEY'LL STAGGER TO THEIR FEET AS GOOD AS NEW, SAVE FOR MILD VOMITING.

* CAUTION—MAY BE HARMFUL TO SMALL PETS....

2 TOY CLAYMORE MINES

MOM IS IN ENEMY TERRITORY. UNAWARE THAT ONE FALSE MOVE WILL TRIGGER THE ACTION-PACKED ***LAND-MINE*** YOU'VE CONCEALED BENEATH THE CARPET, SHE BLITHELY GOES ABOUT HER HOUSEWORK, UNTIL...

NO NEED TO CALL A DOCTOR, HOWEVER, BECAUSE MOM'S WOUNDS ARE ONLY ***SUPERFICIAL***, REQUIRING NOTHING MORE THAN A DAB OF MERCURO-CHROME, A FEW BANDAGES AND, AT MOST, A TOURNIQUET.

3 GERM WARFARE SET

SO AUNT EDITH'S BUGGING YOU TO CLEAN YOUR NAILS, CHECKING IF YOUR HOMEWORK'S DONE, AND WATCHING RERUNS OF ***SUPERMARKET SWEEPS*** WHEN YOU WANT TO WATCH ***JOHNNY RACER***. JUST WAIT UNTIL SHE TAKES A SIP OF HER FREEZE-DRIED SANKA, NOT REALIZING THAT YOU'VE SLIPPED A PINCH OF COLORLESS, ODORLESS ***GERM WARFARE*** POWDER INTO THE BREW...

MOMENTS LATER, SHE'S WRITHING ABOUT THE LINOLEUM, HALF CRAZED WITH PAIN. AND JUST FORGET ABOUT TAKING ANY MORE FLAK FROM AUNTIE FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS BECAUSE SHE'LL BE TOO BUSY SPITTING UP BLOOD!

4 JUNIOR INTERROGATION KIT

COMES COMPLETE WITH A REAL FIELD GENERATOR AND CLIP-ON ELECTRODES, JUST LIKE THE ONES OUR BOYS USE ON ***CON SON ISLAND***.

ALTHOUGH THE COMICS CODE WON'T LET US SHOW WHERE YOU ATTACH THEM, WE CAN PROMISE YOU THIS— LITTLE BROTHER WON'T HAVE ANY SECRETS FROM YOU!

5 JUNIOR PROPAGANDA KIT

TELLS YOU HOW TO TEAR DOWN MORALE, SPREAD LIES, DISTORT TRUTH, FORGE DOCUMENTS, FAKE PHOTOGRAPHS, ALTER CHECKS ***AND MUCH MORE!*** FOR EXAMPLE, LET IT "SLIP" TO DAD THAT MOM'S BEEN SEEING A LOT OF "UNCLE FRANK," RUN UP A FEW SUSPICIOUS LONG-DISTANCE PHONECALLS TO SAN DIEGO AND, JUST TO "ICE THE CAKE," LEAVE A MOTEL RECEIPT AROUND WHERE DAD WILL FIND IT. THEN SIT BACK AND WATCH THE FUN...

AMAZING-OFFER!

YOU GET ALL 5 FOR JUST $7.98! AND, AS AN ***X-TRA BONUS***, IF YOU ORDER IMMEDIATELY, YOU'LL RECEIVE ***ABSOLUTELY FREE, 10 FEET OF COMMUNICATIONS WIRE*** TO SECURELY BIND THE HANDS OF PRISONERS (BEARING IN MIND, OF COURSE, THAT ***REAL*** GREEN BERETS DON'T TAKE PRISONERS...) SUPPLY IS LIMITED SO FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL ***NOW!***

DON'T DELAY! ACT TODAY

SUPPLY LIMITED

FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL NOW!

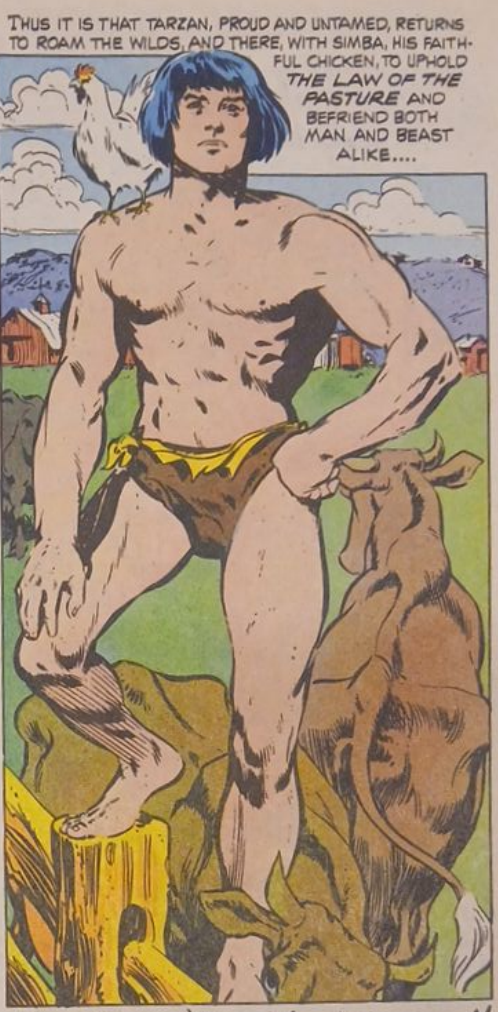
PENTAGON PRODUCTS,
DEPT. 333,
WASHINGTON, D.C., 00019

PLEASE ***RUSH*** ME MY 5-IN-1 ***SPECIAL FORCES ASSAULT OUTFIT*** AND MY ***FREE 10 FEET OF COMMUNICATIONS WIRE*** IN PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER. I WILL PAY THE POSTMAN ON DELIVERY ONLY $7.98 PLUS POSTAGE.

NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....
(PLEASE PRINT)

BOVINE BOYHOOD OR Children Should Be Seen and Not Herd !!!!
DEEP IN THE BROODING FOOTHILLS OF SOUTHERN WISCONSIN, A SPEEDING TWO-TONED DE SOTO, WITH JOHN GREYSTOKE AT THE WHEEL AND ALICE, HIS ENTRANCING WIFE AT HIS SIDE, SUDDENLY SKIDS OUT OF CONTROL...
EEEERRCHH
....AND PLUNGES INTO A TREACHEROUS IRRIGATION DITCH...
BLAASH!
UNNOTICED, AN INFANT CRAWLS FROM THE TWISTED WRECKAGE....
WELL, I'LL BE DOGGED! LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT!
....ONLY TO VANISH INTO THE DENSE UNDERBRUSH....
S'PECT YER RIGHT!
BLAZING HEADLINES HERALD THE MYSTERY....
The Evansville Sun-Clarion
CAR CRASH KILLS
2, BABY MISSING
Massive Search Underway
The Offtrack Sites
BUT TIME PASSES...
UNTIL, FINALLY....
DOWN MEMORY LANE
Notable Evansville News Items of the Past
10 Years Ago Today—Rain cancels Gladiolus Festival.
15 Years Ago Today—Lecturer and world traveler Douglas S. Whitaker speaks to the Eastern Star on "Tunisia, Land of Enchantment." His talk is accompanied by color slides.
20 Years Ago Today—A speeding two-toned De Soto suddenly skids out of control and plunges into a treacherous irrigation ditch, killing two Missing baby never found.
50 Years Ago Today—Orchard Street gets a new coat of paint.
'Alibiing'

NEEDLESS TO SAY, HOWEVER, JOHN GREYSTOKE JR. WAS FOUND....
....BY A HERD OF COWS.....
WHO RAISED HIM AND TAUGHT HIM EVERYTHING THEY KNEW, INCLUDING THE LAW OF THE PASTURE....
Law of the Pasture
1. Watch out for electric fences
2. Never eat burdocks
3. Don't step in the
☆!#
BEYOND BASIC "COW," HE LEARNED ALL THE LANGUAGES OF THE BARNYARD, SPEAKING FLUENT "DOG" AND "CHICKEN," SOME "HORSE," A LITTLE "SHEEP" AND A SMATTERING OF "TURKEY"....
BAA!
NEIGH!
CHEEP!
BARK!
GOBBLE-GOBBLE!
THEN, ON A DOOM-LADEN AFTERNOON LATE ONE NOVEMBER, A DETROIT SPORTSMAN SPOTS TARZAN'S MOTHER...
I'LL JUS' GET A BEAD ON THAT RARE SHORT-HORNED, DAPPLED MOOSE AND...
VA-VLOOM!
WHEN THE HUNTER REALIZES HIS ERROR, HE ATTEMPTS TO CONSOLE THE GRIEF-STRICKEN LAD, BUT NOTHING HE SAYS SEEMS TO DO ANY GOOD...
MOO! MOO! MOO! MOO! MOO!
THERE'S NO USE CRYIN' OVER SPILT MILK, SON!



The Ayrshire (pronounced "air-sheer") hails from Ayr county in southwestern Scotland where they originated in the late 18th century. Noted for their symmetrical udders and long, upturned horns, this hardy breed varies in color, ranging from red and white to red, mahogany, or brown with white spots. Occasionally, one may even chance upon an almost pure white specimen.

First imported into the United States in 1822, there are currently over 175,000 registered Ayrshires in this country. Although of medium size (female — 1,150 pounds; male — 1,800 pounds), Ayrshires still rank high among dairy cattle as beef producers but, with the continuing emphasis on volume and low-fat content of milk, many farmers are passing over the Ayrshire in favor of the holstein-friesian.

THE GROUNDHOG MEN AND THE LOST GRAVEL PIT OF WAUPACA COUNTY

NOW WE'LL ONLY HAVE TO SLICE THAT PIE THREE WAYS!
SCANT SECONDS LATER....
CRIPES! IT SEZ HERE THE LAND'S OWNED BY A MR. AND MRS. KLECKLEY!
I'VE GOT A SCHEME! WE'LL PUT ON THESE GROUND-HOG DUDS AND SCARE 'EM OFF!
RACINE COSTUME CO.
THE FOLLOWING DAY....
OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA...
RUN FER YER LIFE, HELEN! HERE COME THE BIGGEST DANGED GROUNDHOGS I EVER SET EYES ON!
OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA-BOOGA-OOGA!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM! NOW LET'S GIT THE DUMP TRUCK AND MAKE OFF WITH THE SWAG!
BUT NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN THE BADGER STATE...
CHEEP! CHEEP, CHEEP! CHEE-
CHEEP! CHEEP CHEEP! CHEEP. CHEEP
CHEEP! CHEEP, CHEEP! CHEEP CHEEP CHEE-
CHEEP! CHEEP CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP CHEEP!
CHEEP! CHEEP CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP CHEEP CHEE-
CHEEP?
CHEEP!
CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP
WHAT THAT YOU SAY, SIMBA? THREE MEN POSE AS GROUND-HOG TO SCARE AWAY MR. AND MRS. KLECKLEY AND STEAL THEIR GRAVEL? TARZAN SOON PUT STOP TO THIS!

MOVING WITH UNCANNY SPEED, TARZAN RACES UP THE NEAREST TELEPHONE POLE...
HAND OVER HAND, WITH SINEWS FLASHING IN THE SUNLIGHT, HE KNIFES THROUGH THE LUSH FARMLAND....
...UP ROUTE 9 TO THE TWIN FORKS, BEARS LEFT PAST THE GRANGE TO SPRING BLUFF ROAD, LEFT ON SPRING BLUFF ROAD FOR ABOUT THREE MILES TO THE OLD DIRT ROAD JUST AFTER THE ROYAL CROWN COLA SIGN, RIGHT ON THE OLD DIRT ROAD UNTIL IT DEAD ENDS ON ROUTE 31, LEFT ON ROUTE 31 TO THE BIG FALLS CUT-OFF, FOLLOWS THE CUT-OFF UNDER THE BRIDGE AND ACROSS THE TRACKS, THEN TAKES A SHARP RIGHT AND....
THROW DOWN YOUR FIRESTICKS! I TARZAN OF COWS!
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
I SAID-
HOW'S THAT?
COME AGAIN?
BUT BEFORE HE CAN ANSWER, THE TOP GUNSEL BARKS A COMMAND...
POLISH HIM OFF!
YOU ASKED FER THIS, CHUMP, AND NOW YER GONNA GIT IT!
BLAM
PA-KOW!
WHAT'S IT TO BE FOR TARZAN? THE GRIM REAPER OR THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER?
AMIDST A HAIL OF LEAD, THE MIGHTY MIDWESTERNER SWINGS INTO ACTION....
BWEEE
VIP!
VIP!
P-WANG
T-ZING!
LANDING SQUARE... A HAYSTACK...

HE GIVES THE CRY OF THE BULL GUERNSEY...
MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!
ALL OVER WAUPACA COUNTY....
TARZAN NEEDS OUR HELP!
WHAT TH...?
WITHIN MERE MOMENTS, A DISTANT RUMBLING....
GALUMPA GALUMPA GALUMPA..
....ERUPTS INTO ALL THE RAW, SAVAGE FURY OF THE CHARGE OF THE COWS!
GALUMPA!
GALUMPA!
GALUMPA!
SLUSH!
CARP!
MOO!
FRAK!
MOO
THOF!
MOO!
BWONK!
SOON....
HAVE A HEART, COPPER! LEMME GIT THIS STUFF OFF MY SHOE!
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
@*!!◎?%?#
◎*#?!%*!!
HOW KIN WE EVER THANK YOU?
YOU LET TARZAN GRAZE ON NORTH FORTY?
SURE THING!
POLICE

MEET ANOTHER NEWCOMER TO THE KENOSHA KOMICS FAMILY!!!

INTRIGUE! SUSPENSE! WEIRDNESS!

CUT OUT AND SAVE

Special Stoned Section

Dear Reader,

The next dozen or so pages have been put together expressly for those of you who are stoned at the present moment.

Stoned?

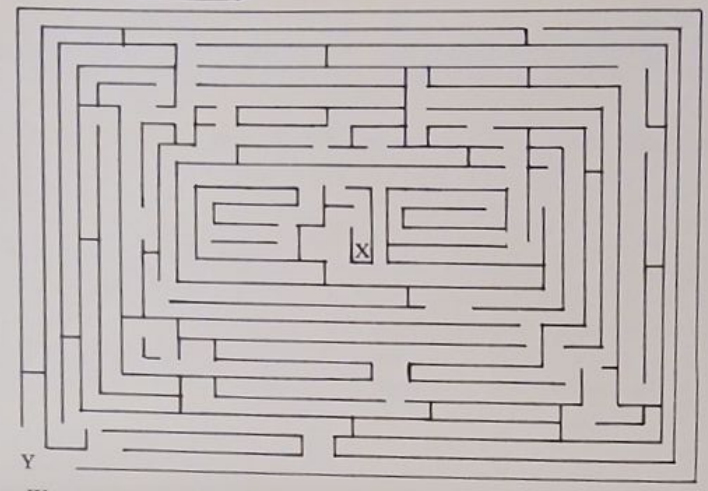
Yes. Stoned.

Now, many of you might well ask what we mean by this word "stoned." Well, let's take fat old Mister Dictionary off the shelf also occupied by neglected old Mister Thesaurus and lonely old Mister *Birds of North America*. If we take a peek at "stone" (just after "stomy," a medical suffix denoting a usually permanent surgical opening in the body, and just before "Stone Age," the first known period of prehistoric human culture, now generally divided into the paleolithic, eolithic and neolithic periods), we see that it is a verb, meaning *to pelt with stones*.

We know what you're about to say. "Heck, guys," you say, "you certainly have a fine magazine here, but if you think I'm gonna ask somebody to pelt me with stones, just so I can read it, *you've got the wrong patsy*!" Okay, we know you are a sharp cookie and figured out already that that "stoning" stuff went out with the Old Testament guys and heretics and stuff. Anyway, you might be reading this on lunch break and not even have time to *do* a heresy or anything.

Well, we figure if you really like our magazine, you'll think of something.

LSD WINGS: See the pretty wings?
If you are on acid, you can cut out the
pretty wings, Scotch tape or glue them to your back.
fly right out the window!
Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!



Want to test your wits? Pretend you are at "X" and your dealer is outside, at "Y." You are really strung out and good old "Y" has a nice downer for you if you can only make it in time. You have one minute to get out of the maze. Ready, set, go!

GRELL TIRFY SLURM

Here's an easy one! Just take the jumbled letters above and turn them into three words that perfectly describe how you felt when you heard that not only was Bob Dylan Jewish, but he was really up tight about it, too.

Which line is longer?

A

B

Answer: No, you idiot! You are holding the magazine the wrong way! "A" and "B" aren't long skinny lines, they're very short, very fat ones. When you hold the magazine correctly (sideways), you see that "B" is a lot skinnier but also somewhat *longer*.

There are several cute little bunny rabbits in this picture. Can you find them all?

If busted, have this in your wallet:

MEDICAL **ALERT**

IMPORTANT

IF I AM FOUND UNCONSCIOUS, DO NOT PANIC! REPEAT, DO NOT PANIC! I AM SUFFERING FROM **MONOBIOTOPSIS**, A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE WHOSE SYMPTOMS CAN ONLY BE PREVENTED BY **AN IMMEDIATE DOSE OF** *CANNABIS SATIVA!* ON MY PERSON YOU WILL FIND SOME OF THIS MEDICATION, **WHICH I MUST CARRY AT ALL TIMES ON DOCTOR'S ORDERS!** PLEASE ADMINISTER IMMEDIATELY!

(signature of patient)

(signature of doctor)

. . . if that doesn't work, try the "sickness, not a crime" approach:

MARIHOLICS ANONYMOUS

YES, I *am* a mariholic. I am trying to rid myself of this terrible craving through an organization of other unfortunate mariholics like myself and through a community-sponsored program of reform and rehabilitation.

This is to certify that _____ (signature)

is a member in good standing of Mariholics Anonymous.

HELP A MARIHOLIC HELP HIMSELF!

THREE GAMES TO PLAY WHEN SOMEBODY IS ABOUT TO PUT ON FIRE AND RAIN THE EIGHTH TIME

1) DELICATESSEN ROULETTE: Each member of your group is starving, right? Well, one guy has to volunteer to collect your money and go to the store to buy the food. (It'll probably be you, since you're organizing the whole thing.) Each player must 1) specify what he wants brought back, like marshmallow fluff, or Fritos or something, and 2) agree to eat it mixed in with whatever food item was stacked *directly above* it on the store shelf. Lettuce and peanut butter. Ice cream and tomato paste. The possibilities are endless. (WARNING: if you really can't hack yogurt, stay away from the neighboring dairy products entirely!)

2) MR. HOOVER: Everybody pretends simultaneously that J. Edgar Hoover has just walked in the door. He's an old college pal of your father, say. You must introduce Mr. Hoover to all your friends and carry on a normal, straight conversation with him for at least 15 minutes. ("Jeepers sir, you're sure right. I had a roommate who knew a guy who took some poisonous and illegal marijuana and was in the psycho ward for three years!") Be polite. ("Gosh, it was nice seeing you again. Pop'll be sorry he missed you!") If somebody blows it, another must cover for the symptoms. ("Aw, you know how girls are, sir, always giggling an' stuff.")

3) ED SULLIVAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVE: Turn on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Turn the volume all the way off. Now, assume that a murder has been committed backstage and Inspector Sullivan is trying to crack the case with every performer a suspect. Construct a plot, running dialogue and final resolution as you watch.

HOW TO MAKE A HASH HOST

Combine: ½ cup shortening
3 tablespoons sugar
1½ tablespoons salt
1 cup scalded milk

DO NOT ADD YEAST!

Blend in: 1½ cups all-purpose sifted flour
1 lid fine grade pulverized hashish

Knead and roll dough flat. Using round cookie cutter, cut out discs 1½" or 2" diameter. Bake in moderate oven at 375° for 12-15 minutes.

Take out of oven and repeat, "Domine, non justum sub tectum meum," three times over discs. Serve with milk or wine.

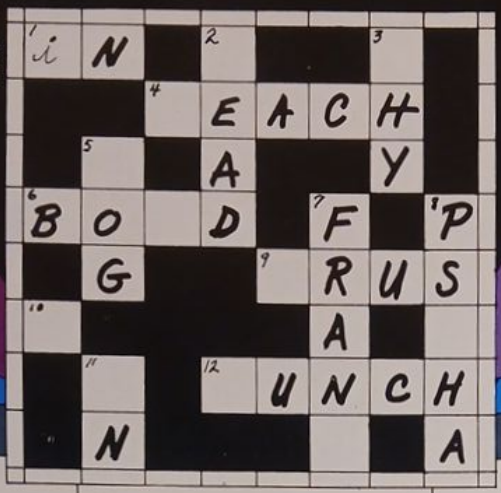
One of these hippies is different from the other three. Can you "root" him out?

Speed freaks! Fool your friends! Glue over those blown pupils.

Glue over your tabs for the tummy.

Cut out these special Fourth of July seals and use them to seal your stash in envelopes. To open the envelope, a narc must break the seal. It is a Federal offense for anyone, even a Federal agent, to defile our flag.

THE WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD PUZZLE!



The object is to choose the word that *best* completes the sentence. No. 1. Across, "Sometimes, at a bar, the drinks will be -N the house," has been done for you. The explanation of the correct solution is as follows: In many bars, especially those in private residences, the drinks will be IN the house. IN the house is correct because drinks must be IN the house before they can be ON the house. [illegible] easy! Go to it and good luck!

Across

1. Sometimes, at a bar, the drinks will be -N the house.
4. If Superman were flying slightly above your head so that you could not touch him even if you stood on tiptoes, and if someone then asked you to grab his cape, you probably would reply: "I can't! He's out of --EACH!"
6. A man who had many exciting adventures is James BO--D.
9. The term for a shaggy, long-haired wild ox, now extinct, common in Europe at the beginning of the Christian Era, might be --RUS.
10. -- is a popular letter in the alphabet.
12. If you slapped a boxer in the mouth, he would most likely toss his Sunday --UNCH.

Down

2. It has been said that the only good Indian is a --EAD Indian.
3. Wallflowers are often too --HY to win friends.
5. A --OG makes the best pet.
7. A writer who experienced much frustration is FRAN-- Kafka.
8. PS--HA is Ray Charles "sine qua non."
11. Someone who was very tired might yawn and remark: "It's getting late. I think I'll turn --N!"

ONI" □

be to no avail. This troubled soul is seeking release through nothing less than harmful narcotics when he gives the correct answer, "I think I'll turn ONI" □

ANSWERS

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

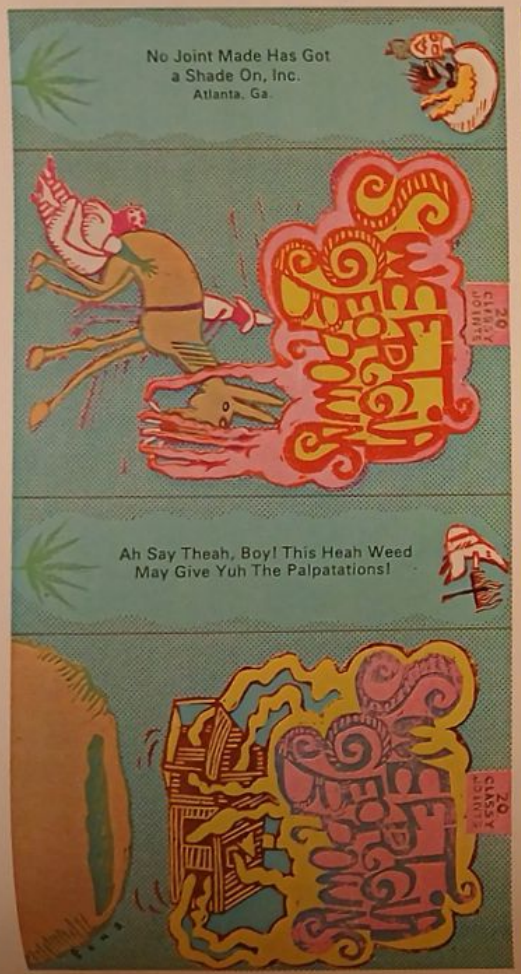
Across

1. In many bars, especially those in private residences, the drinks will be IN the house. IN the house is correct because drinks must be IN the house before they can be ON the house.
4. Only a bore or dullard would have replied, "He's out of REACH!", an incorrect answer. Among persons of normal wit, few would have been able to pass up this rare opportunity to make a terrific pun by giving the correct answer, "He's out of NEACH!", referring, of course, to Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844-1900), famed German philosopher and author of *Beyond Good and Evil*.
6. The popular response to this poser was, for reasons unknown, James BOND, a mere *fictional* character who had a number of *imaginary* adventures. The right solution was James BOYD, the American novelist and longtime resident of Southern Pines, N.C., who wrote *Drums* (1926), *Marching On* (1927), *Long Hunt* (1930) and who, reputedly, had many exciting adventures.
9. URUS is correct because, to our knowledge, no other word so perfectly defines a shaggy, long-haired wild ox, now extinct, common to Europe at the beginning of the Christian Era.
10. E, as many answered, is incorrect. E is not a *popular* letter. E is the *most popular* letter. J, Z, N, T, I, U, X, B, C, R, W, G, F, Y, L, Q, O, K, V, A, D, H, P and S are are also incorrect. A *popular* letter would be M.
12. Granted, a few boxers would, as many readers falsely assumed, toss their Sunday PUNCH. Most boxers, however, realizing the folly of a busman's holiday, shun violence and would, in fact, grow nauseated, tossing their Sunday LUNCH.

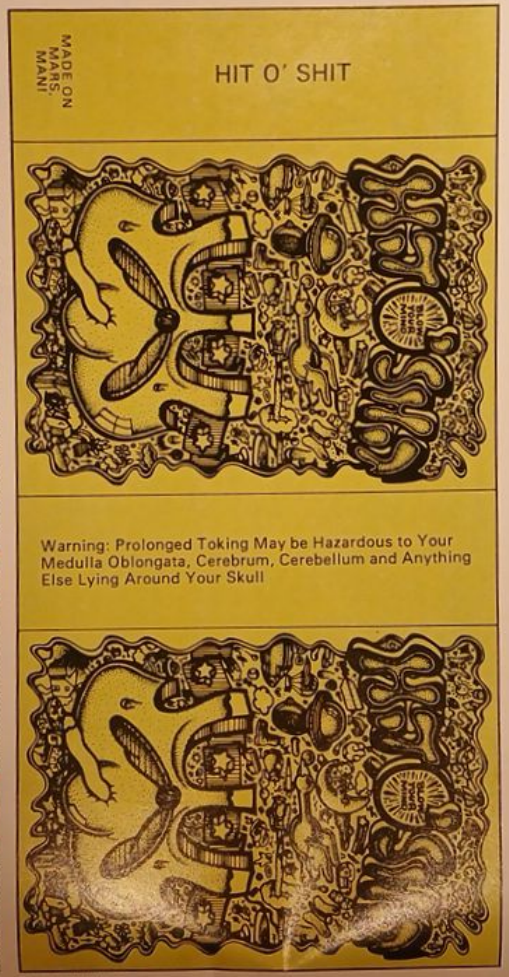
Down

2. LEAD Indian (that is, "LEAD" in the metallic sense) is correct, being the only logical answer. A DEAD Indian could, and probably would, still be a bother. If Indians are as bad as everyone makes them out to be, there is no reason to suppose that their leader, a HEAD Indian, would be any different. The same applies to LEAD Indian ("LEAD" in the sense of "to show the way" or "to be ahead of the others"). BEAD, MEAD and READ Indians are just plain silly.
3. WHY is correct for obvious reasons.
5. While a DOG or even a HOG are considered by many to be *good* pets, the *best* pet is the less conventional LOG. For example, it is unnecessary to walk the LOG or feed the LOG, nor is there such a thing as LOG-litter. FOG is incorrect, Carl Sandburg notwithstanding.
7. Many contestants thought the answer to this baffler was FRANZ Kafka, a writer who did, admittedly, experience some frustration, but who was, on the whole, fairly successful. The proper response is FRANK Kafka, a writer who has only written a few things and they aren't very good. Frank, in addition to being poor, ugly and mentally retarded, is web-footed. Although he has great aspirations, he is eating his heart out employed as a lonely washroom attendant in White Plains, N.Y.
8. PSIHA is right. Those of you who speak Serbo-Croation will certainly not question the wisdom of our choice.
11. "Tired" is clearly being used here to connote cosmic fatigue and metaphysical boredom. The pressures of finite limitations are also evident in the observation, "It's getting late." Time is running out. Men die and they are not happy, etc. Sleep, or turning IN, would

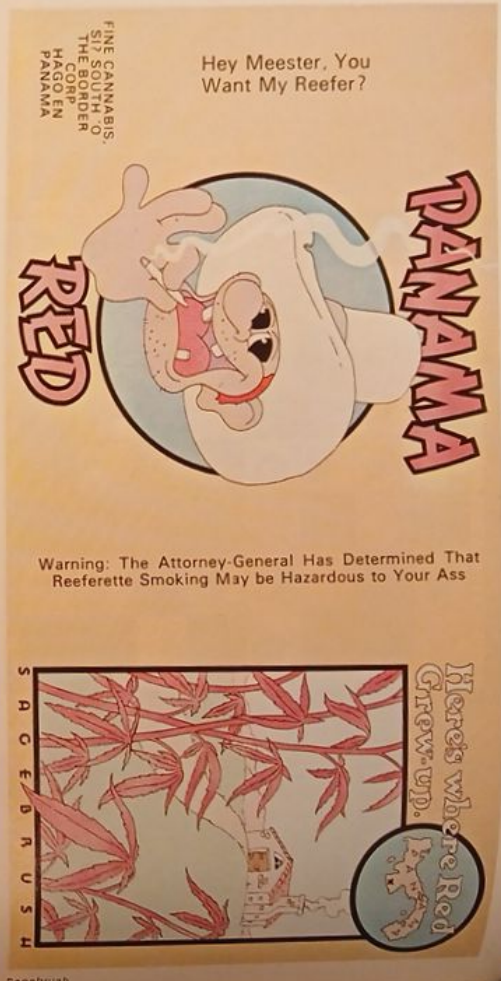
When the ciggie biggies finally get around to packaging legal Mister Giggle, they'll probably screw up the labels with ski lodge photos or Peter Max portraits of Ali MacGraw. Fight the cigarette Machine with these nifty and official *National Lampoon* potpacks. Just cut them out carefully (watch those sharp edges, you drooling vegetable!), paste over your pack of True Greens, recover with cellophane, and throw them away.



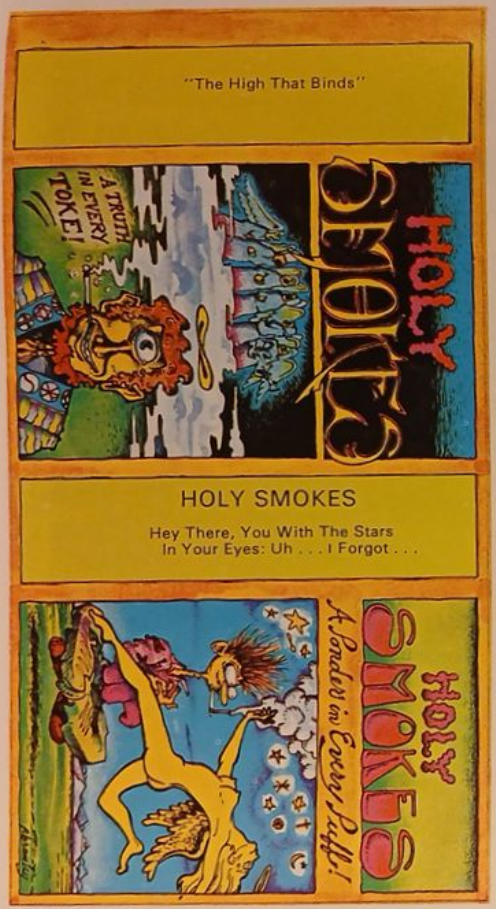
Randall Enos



Marvin Mattleson



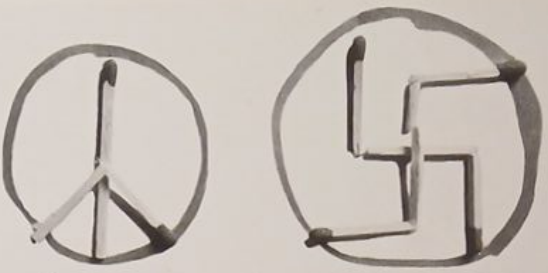
Sagebrush



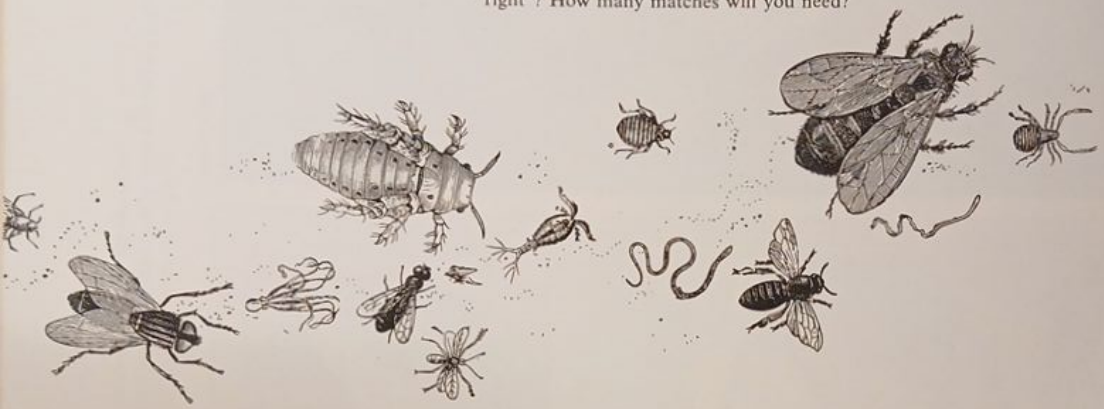
Peter Bramley

David Palladini

Leonard Soned



Here's a real brain teaser! Can you change the design on the "left" to the one on the "right"? How many matches will you need?



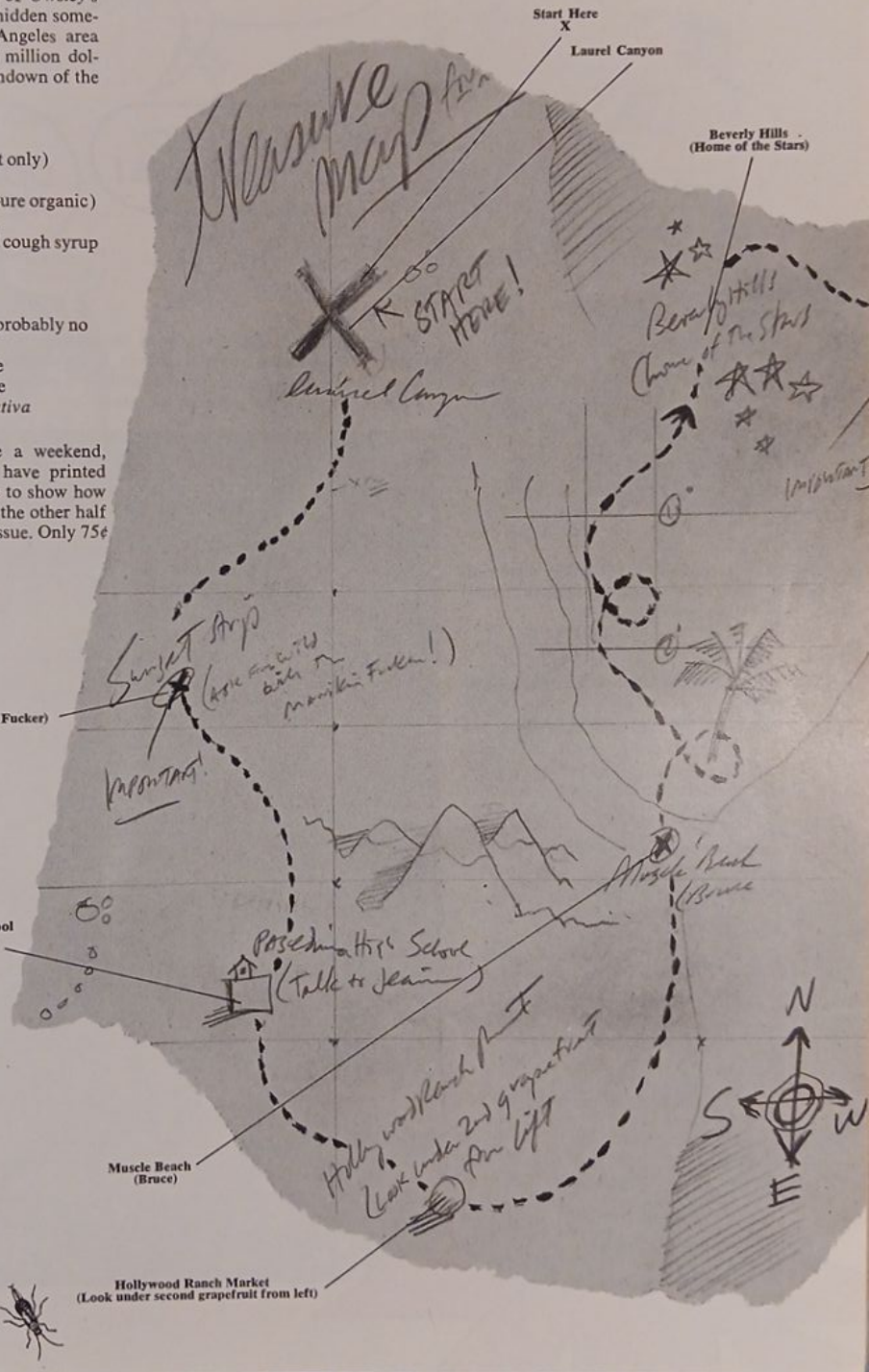
Can you find anything wrong with this picture?
(It's a tricky one!)

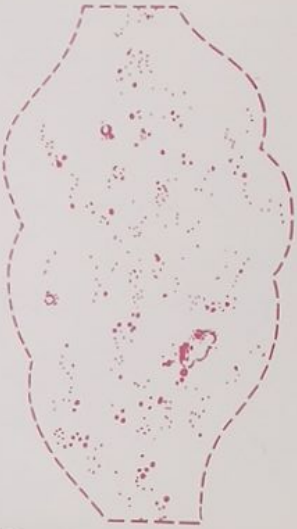
BURIED TREASURE HUNT: Pretty much everybody knows that Owsley was busted repeatedly for his amusing habit of mass producing acid in various factories and thus supplying entire subcontinents with the goodies. What people *don't* know is the location of *Owsley's secret stash*, rumored to be hidden somewhere in the greater Los Angeles area and worth in excess of 3.5 million dollars, wholesale. A partial rundown of the Ultimate Stash includes:

25,000 caps STP
1,225,000 caps LSD (blue dot only)
156,000 caps DMT
72,000 caps mescaline (pure organic)
6,000 caps psilocybin
4,000 gals. Romilar C F cough syrup
76 kilos hashish
11 tons nutmeg
1,100 pkgs. Sominex
160 bunch bananas (probably no longer usable)
11 gals. pure cocaine
6,000 grams methedrine
79,000 kilos *Cannabis sativa*

Gee, might make quite a weekend, eh? Well, this month we have printed half the map Owsley made to show how to find the stuff. (Look for the other half in our action-packed next issue. Only 75¢ at your local newsstand.)

One inch = a pretty long walk unless you get a lift



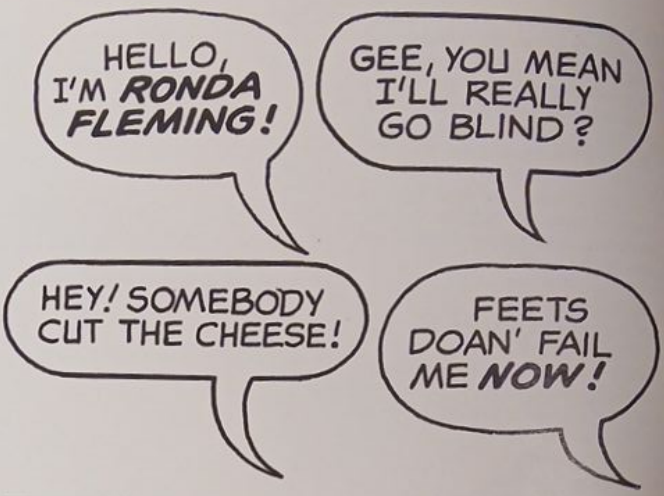


Mainliner's Bonus! Stick-on freckles, zits and moles to camouflage spike tracks.

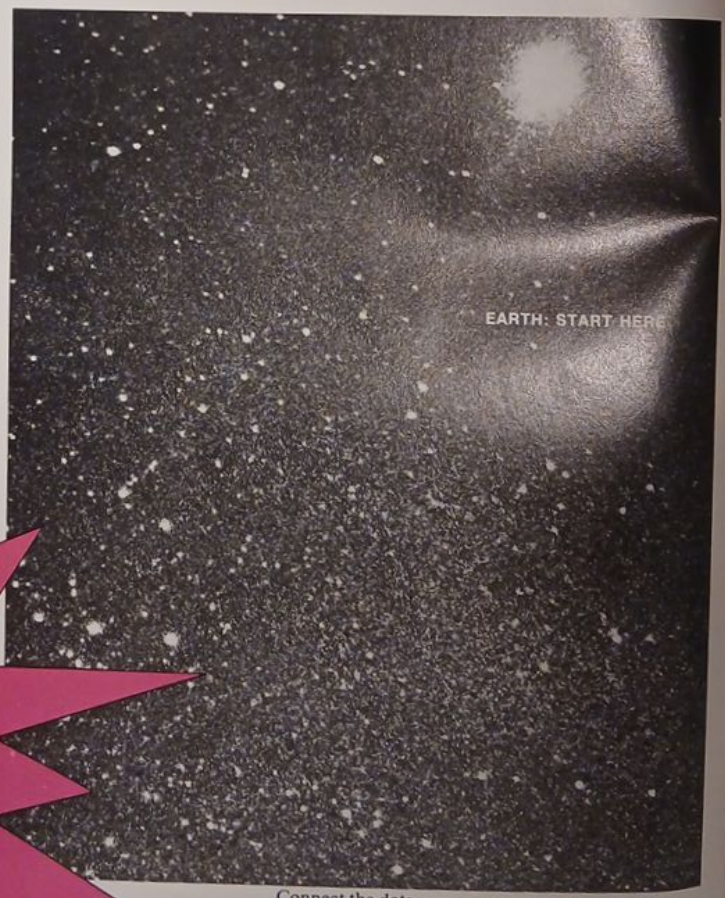
Absolutely Foolproof Places to Hide Your Stash!

1) In a burial urn for ashes, labeled "Mom."
2) In a hollowed-out copy of *Middlemarch*.
3) In a paste-on neck goiter made of flour, water and Play-Doh.
4) In last week's kitty litter.
5) In your sister's iron lung.

A lot of fancy magazines like *Vogue* and *Playboy* have those advertisements where you scratch the little strip and then smell perfume or cologne. If you scratch *this* one, you can smell real *model airplane glue*! (Hope the fascist pig narc postal inspector hasn't already neutralized it with Right Guard!



What are they? Special paste-on TV thought balloons! Turn off the volume and stick one of these on the screen at random. If somebody pretty hip, like Paul Newman or Jack Nicholson, appears under it, nothing happens. But if an asshole like Flip Wilson or Orson Welles pops up, the results are very entertaining.



Connect the dots.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Just before this issue went to press, we sneaked into the paper rolls and doused one with some dynamite acid! Unfortunately, we were pretty stoned at the time, and can't remember which page is laced with it. But if you eat any page at random and wait for an hour or two, you'll really get off! If not, try the next one. You're bound to hit it eventually.

Off the Wall Bummers & Downhead Riffs

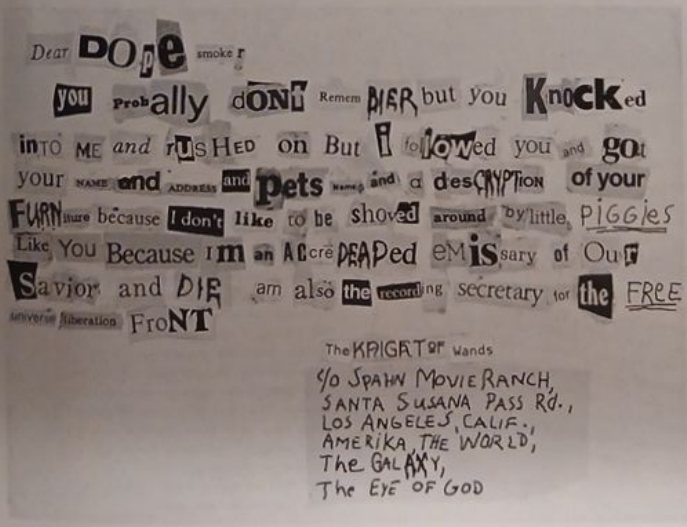
by Michael O'Donoghue

1. Any idiot could find that stash!
2. What was that knock on the door?
3. The Mafia is cutting your dope with Sani-Flush.
4. Life is passing you by. . . .
5. They're tearing down all the great hotels. . . .

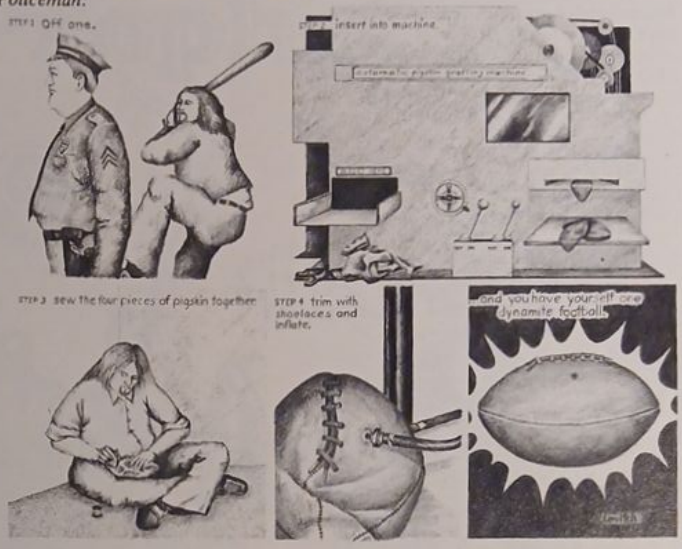
6.

It has been estimated that one out of every six heads is either a police undercover agent or a paid FBI informant. With this in mind, let's review the reaction to the above joke. A narc, needless to mention, would not overcompensate by laughing the most. Nor would a narc risk laughing the least. Suspicion rests with whomever laughed sort of "medium." . . .

7.



8. If dope smoking doesn't damage your brain, why do so many teenyboppers like the Grand Funk Railroad?
9. *How to Make* — Hold it! I thought I heard a knock!
10. *How to Make a Football out of a Policeman:*



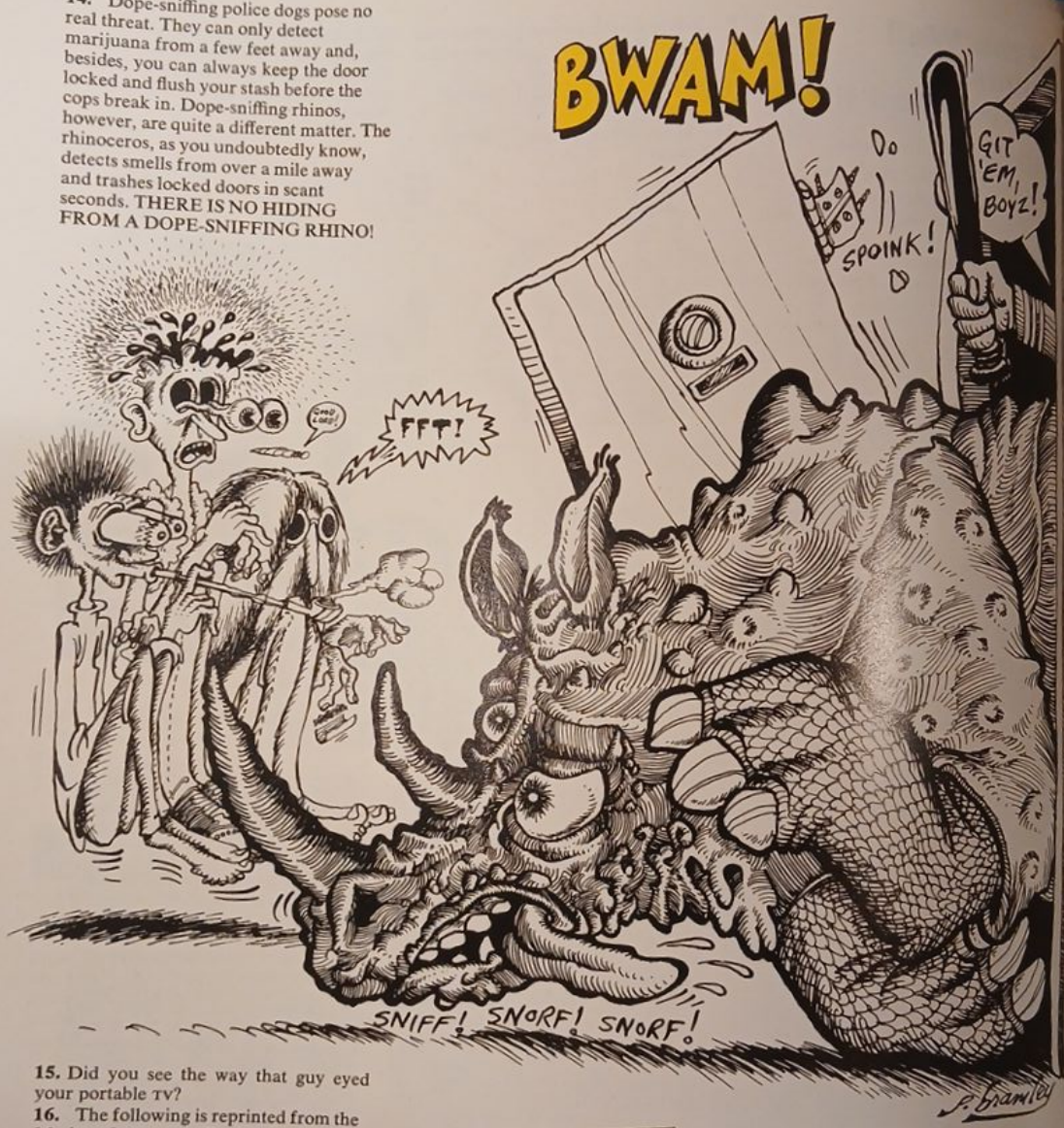
If you had been busted a few minutes ago, it would have been a simple drug rap. But if the pig catches you reading this, he's not going to bother with a lot of legal namby-pamby. He's going to blow your head off, right here and now.

11. No shit! This time, I really heard a knock!
12. For what that dope costs you, a Nicaraguan farmer, his wife and their 11 children could live for a year. Your good times are ripping off the Third World.
13. Clipped from *The New York Times*, October 27th:

> CLEVELAND, Oct. 26 (UPI) —An FBI spokesman revealed today that members of the Minutemen, a militant right-wing organization, plan to "pose as hippies and sell poisoned narcotics to other hippies."
>
> Donald Neeley, 51-year-old head of the Ohio Federal Bureau of Investigation told reporters that his agents had reason to believe that the Minutemen would soon mount a national all-out attack on "drug fiends and radical Communists. . . . Infiltration is just one of the methods they are considering," he said, "but I am not at liberty to detail just what else they have in mind."
>
> When asked what countermeasures are being taken, Neeley replied, "Although no action is currently planned, we are keeping them under close surveillance and can step in at a moment's notice," and added, "I want to make this very clear. While the people who purchase illicit drugs are criminals and certainly deserve to be punished, let this punishment be administered by the courts, not by those who hold themselves above the law, be they right or left."

(continued)

14. Dope-sniffing police dogs pose no real threat. They can only detect marijuana from a few feet away and, besides, you can always keep the door locked and flush your stash before the cops break in. Dope-sniffing rhinos, however, are quite a different matter. The rhinoceros, as you undoubtedly know, detects smells from over a mile away and trashes locked doors in scant seconds. THERE IS NO HIDING FROM A DOPE-SNIFFING RHINO!



15. Did you see the way that guy eyed your portable TV?

16. The following is reprinted from the *Modern Optometric Review*,

Vol. 4, No. 30:

". . . There is substantial evidence to show that regular usage [of marijuana] will result in photo-chemical breakdown often leading to Daltonism and, in a few cases, loss of vision. Electroretinograms of marijuana smokers conducted at Northwestern University (Beal 1963-7) indicate that over a four-year period, impulses leading to the luminous sensation effectively decreased in latency while increasing the reducible latency delay. Further tests by Segil and

[redacted]

Almustafa, the Prophet and Speaker of Truth, who was a sun unto his own day and a moon unto his own night, had for many weeks been working the city of Orapheces. But today brought the hour of his leave-taking, and his heart hung within him like a stone. For how could he depart from the people to whom he had been both earth and air, sky and water, cheese and crackers?

And, among the people, the most trusting and dull-witted too were saddened, and their simple souls cried out:

Why must you leave us, Almustafa?

And he answered, saying:

Tar and feathers wait for no man.

And in their hearts they understood.

* * *

And from the temple there came a holy priestess named Angina. And he looked upon her with exceeding tenderness, for, among the many daughters of Orapheces, he had known her most warmly and most fully. And most often.

And she hailed him, saying:

Prophet of Peace, in quest of the uttermost, tarry with us a moment longer. More would we know of that which lies between birth and death. So many questions have been left unasked.

And he answered, saying:

Shoot.

* * *

Then said Angina, Speak to us of Truth and Honesty.

And he raised his head and looked upon the people, and there fell a stillness upon them. And with a gentle voice he said:

My mind is clouded by a swirling mist. Perhaps a few drachmas in the pot. . . .

And once again the people understood.

Then he said:

People of Orapheces, what can I say to you of Truth?

For if you would hear me with false ears, then would not my words fall like seed on fallow ground?

And if you would hear me with true ears, then where would be the need or reason for my speech?

Next question.

* * *

And a maiden among them softly said, Speak to us of Love.

And he answered, saying:

Be in your love as the wheat in the fields.

Bend before your lover's will as the wheat bends before the western wind. For are not both the gentle breath of heaven?

Rejoice in the beauty of your lover's smile, but rue not his mournful tears. For is not one like the sacred sun, and the other like the gentle rain? And does the wheat not crave the two alike?

But forget not in your love that the wheat must needs be turned to grain and thence to floury dough. And baked to bread for sandwiches and party snacks.

Ten drachmas please.

Then a bearded youth spoke out, saying:

Holy Prophet, in his talks on Love, does not the all-wise Plato say that Love is . . .

But Almustafa, the chosen and adored, cut short his words, saying in a gentle voice:

I think I hear your mother calling.

* * *

Then a doctor of the city stood forth and said, Speak to us of Suffering.

And the Prophet answered:

Be in your suffering as the wheat in the fields.

Bend before your suffering as the wheat bends before the western wind. For are not both the gentle breath of . . .

But the people of Orapheces grew restless and uneasy, and a drowsing man among them cried out:

We are but simple people, Blessed One. Speak to us of simple matters, like Poverty.

And Almustafa answered, saying:

Once in my travels in a distant land, I chanced upon a beggar all dressed in rags. And he stopped me, saying:

Seer of Eternal Truths, such is my distress that I have not had a bite to these many weeks.

And in my wisdom, I bit him.

And a silence fell upon the people, and the bearded youth spoke once again, saying:

Such words of wisdom are familiar even to such simple souls as we.

And Almustafa answered:

No man is as poor as he who cannot free his heart in laughter.

Now back off, Shorty, before I set your turban on fire.

* * *

Then spoke a staggering man among them, saying, Speak to us of Drunkenness.

And the Prophet answered:

An occurrence of great interest came to pass as I made my way to the marketplace this day. I came upon a man in a state of great drunkenness. And as I approached I saw that he was filling his mouth with great handfuls of camel droppings. When I sought out the reason, he replied:

My girl won't kiss me if she smells

liquor on my breath.

And from the midst of the gathering came a cry of:

Louder,

And Funnier.

And Almustafa, Seer of the Unseen and Knower of the Unknown, answered uneasily, saying:

Speaking of Drinking,

My brother has a fondness so exceeding for martinis that he brought home with him a basket of pimientos and a crate of olives and inquired of his wife if she would learn to stuff them. She did, and now he's in the hospital.

And the people of the city of Orapheces began to move apart into small gatherings and were heard most quietly to mutter among themselves.

* * *

But among those who rested attentive a young man and woman said as one, Speak to us of In-Laws.

And the Prophet answered:

Those who would know of mother-in-laws must . . .

But as the words fell from his lips, the bearded youth spoke yet again, crying:

Not mother-in-*laws*, Holy One, *mothers*-in-law.

And Almustafa thanked him with great kindness, saying:

There's a caravan leaving in five minutes, sonny. Be under it.

* * *

Then a policeman among them said, Augur of the Infinite, Speak to us of Arrest, of Trial, and of Death.

And in his heart of hearts, Almustafa knew that the hour of his departure fast approached.

And as he spoke, he gathered silently unto himself his few possessions.

His books of prayer and sticks of incense. His sacred staff and change of socks. His towels and ashtrays, marked with the seal of the Orapheces Hilton.

And moved quietly unto the ship that was to bear him far across the sea.

And as he moved he answered the policeman, saying:

You would know the secret of death. And it is well that you should.

For it is a secret which each man must embrace, when the stream of his life flows full circle and empties into the great ocean from whence it first evaporated.

But how shall you know this great secret unless you seek it in the heart of life?

For can life and death be separated, as the farmer separates sheep from bananas?

My children, it is good that you would know the secret of dying, but you are not evil when you are not good.

You are only lay-about and sluggard.

Pity that the lion cannot teach quickness to the turtle.

But does the turtle die more fully than the lion?

Or only more quietly?

And is his shell a greater protection than the bark on the tree or the fiddler on the roof?

People of Orapheces, be as the fly in the ointment and the toys in the attic, for you are the infinite and you are the mirror.

And a woman among them spoke out, saying:

Huh?

Then spoke the priestess Angina, saying:

Prophet of Eternity, how can we hope to preserve your many words of wisdom, that they may remain in our memories and be passed on to our children and our children's children?

And Almustafa, springing with a mighty leap to the deck of his waiting ship, answered her, saying:

I'm glad you asked me that.

My sons and daughters, as I make my final farewells, I offer for your inspection my Memorial Texts, both finely wrought and richly illustrated.

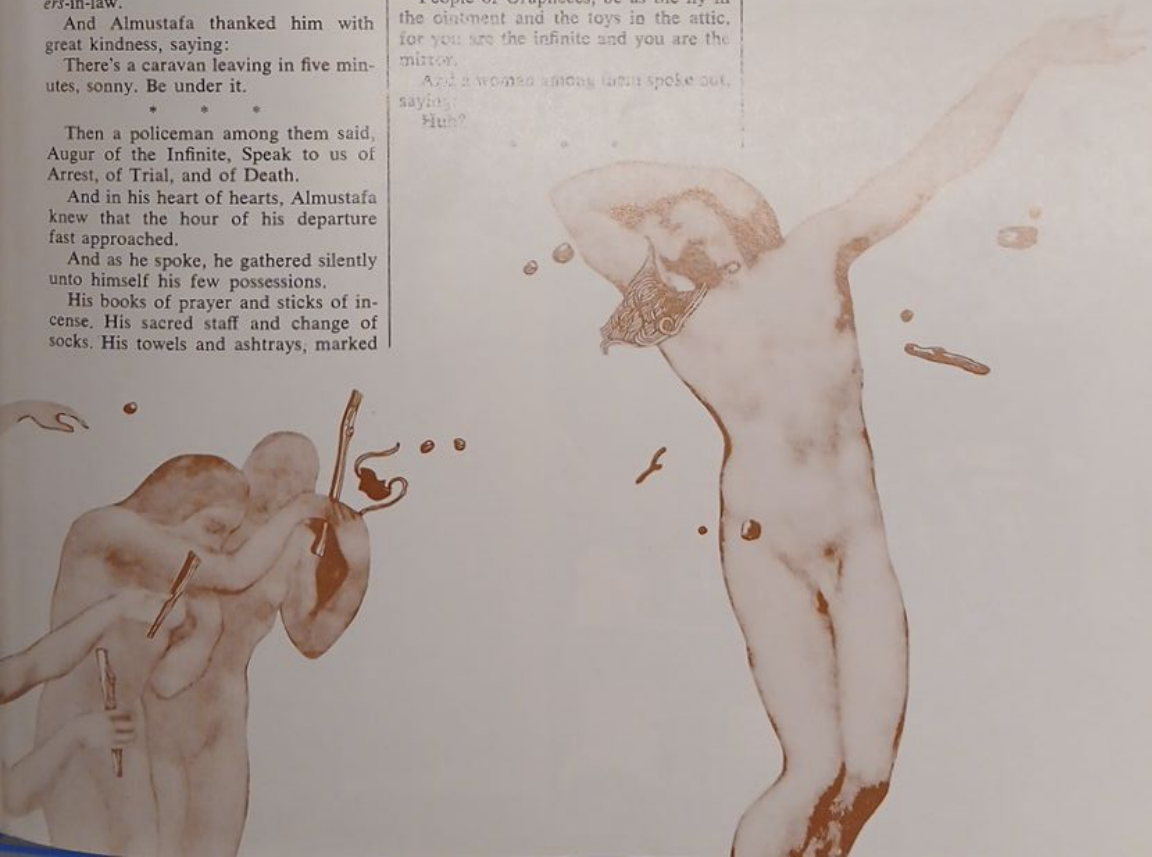
Within its handsome covers you will find recorded the wisest of my many sayings.

Folded in the center, your seeking hearts and hands may discover a fully colored portrait of your Prophet, suitable for framing.

And at the back, a handy order form with which you may acquire the many sacred items offered by my House of Wisdom, Inc. Delicate dashboard figurines, cocktail napkins inscribed with the choicest of my sayings, T-shirts for the . . .

But as he spoke, the first of many rocks and stones flew past Almustafa's ear, and with a final finger of farewell,

He was gone. □

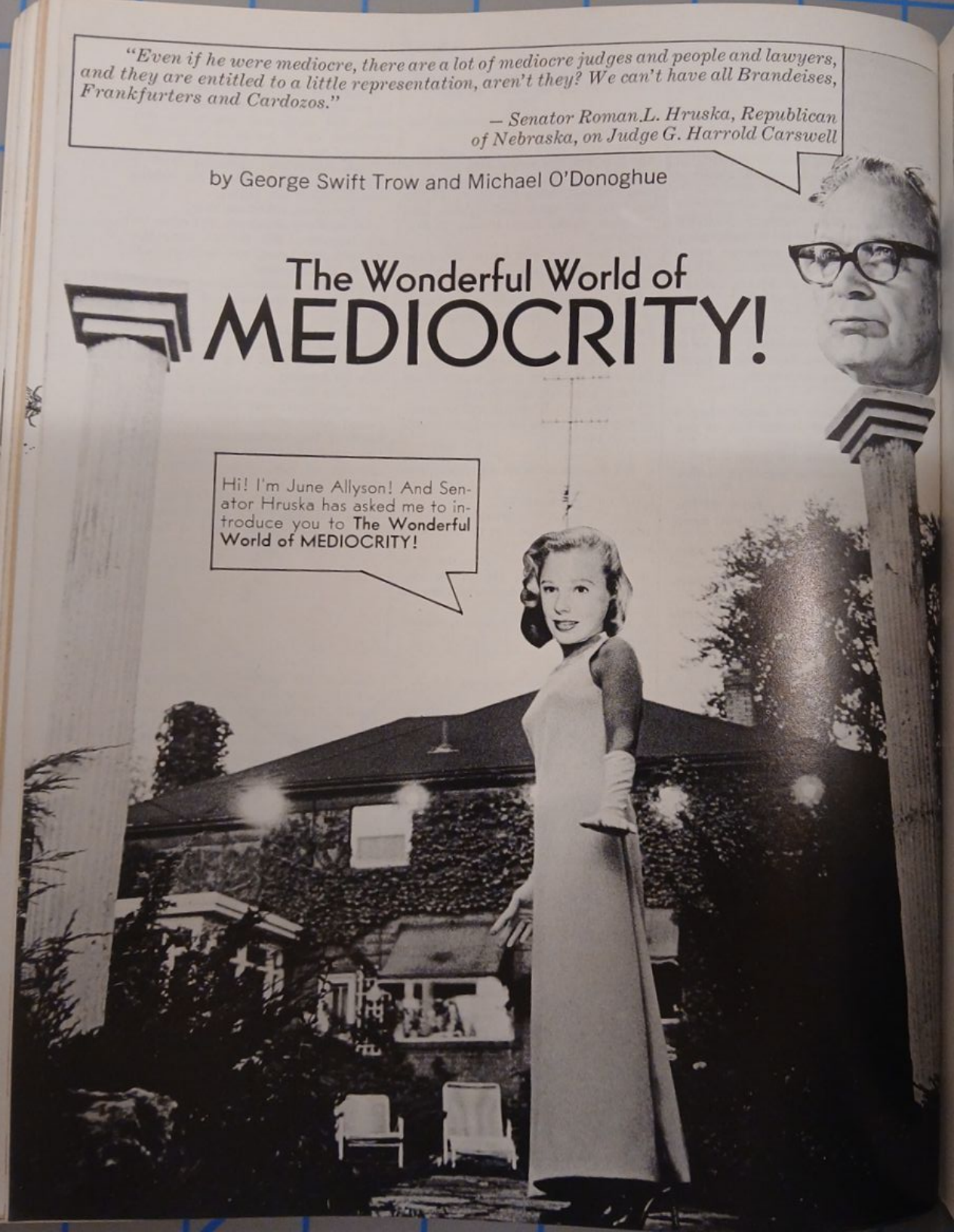


"Even if he were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers, and they are entitled to a little representation, aren't they? We can't have all Brandeises, Frankfurters and Cardozos."

— Senator Roman L. Hruska, Republican of Nebraska, on Judge G. Harrold Carswell

by George Swift Trow and Michael O'Donoghue

The Wonderful World of MEDIOCRITY!



WHAT IS MEDIOCRITY?
by Eddie Albert

What is Mediocrity?

Mediocrity is a way of life and more.

Mediocrity is the gleam of a freshly minted Dodge Coronet.

Mediocrity is the reassuring hum of an electric knife.

Mediocrity is the little zing of pleasure you get when the bus runs on time.

Why do you need Mediocrity?

Mediocrity is a way of ridding yourself of the disastrous **highs** and **lows,** the unwanted **excess,** that is destroying your fragile sanity.

MEDIOCRITY IS THE GOLDEN MIDDLE PATH

leading to Peace of Mind and early retirement in Florida.

Mediocrity is the way I know I'm just like everyone else.

OUR MEDIOCRE HERITAGE

by Hugo Winterhalter and the Orchestra

Yes! Mediocrity Is a Way of Life for Millions! Tens of Millions! Right Now! But — how many of these tens of millions have taken **even a few minutes** to contemplate OUR PRECIOUS MEDIOCRE HERITAGE? How about YOU! Are you "too busy"? Or maybe you think that just by oiling your power mower or getting in 18 holes before breakfast or engaging in other mediocre activities that you are discharging your obligation to the great concept of MEDIOCRITY? Well, WAKE UP, wise guy. We can all take a tip from the RADICAL MIND-POLLUTERS who are trying to destroy our mediocre way of life. Already, groups of WIDE-AWAKE MEDIOCRITIES are organizing the MEDIOCRE DEFENSE LEAGUE, and pressing for MEDIOCRE STUDIES PROGRAMS. YOU can become a part of these exciting developments by listening to the great mediocre voices of the past.

Test your knowledge of OUR MEDIOCRE HERITAGE BY ASKING YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS:

1) DID YOU KNOW THAT
   a) Mediocrity was well known to the ancients?
   b) Benjamin Franklin was a practicing mediocrity?
   c) Willa Cather had a working vocabulary of under 500 words?
   d) Most government officials have a hard time with long division?

2) DO YOU KNOW WHY
   a) President Chester A. Arthur, born in Vermont, appointed Collector of the Port of New York in 1871, supporter of Civil Service Reform, vigorous prosecutor of the Star Route Trials, is called "The Father of American Mediocrity"?
   b) Belgium is called "The Most Mediocre Country in the World"?

3) DO YOU KNOW WHICH
   a) Ruth Roman picture is called "the most uninteresting flick ever made"?
   b) Major Protestant denomination puts the accent on mediocrity?

4) DO YOU KNOW HOW
   a) To play Canasta?
   b) To get in touch with Herbert Hoover's son and namesake?

START YOUR MEDIOCRE HOME STUDIES NOW BY SENDING FOR THE LARGE, UNINTERESTING BOOK CALLED **Great Mediocrities Through Western History: From the Pharisees To You.**

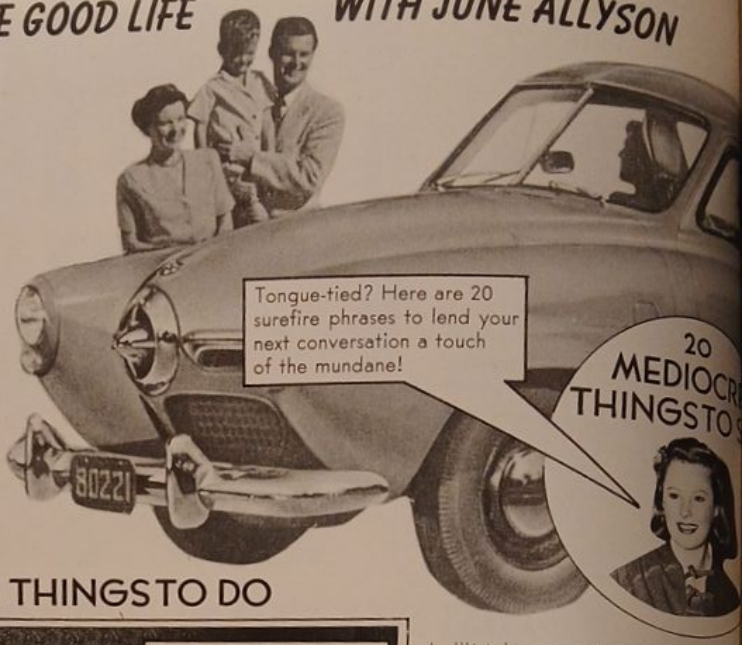
ENJOY THE GOOD LIFE WITH JUNE ALLYSON

5 BASIC RULES

1. LIVE — in Delaware.
2. NAME YOUR THREE CHILDREN AND YOUR DOG — "Wendy," "Chuck," "Junior" and "Lady."
3. ATTEND — the Methodist church of your choice.
4. ESCHEW — glitter and tinsel .
5. KEEP — your ♡ in America or get your [illegible] out.

BONUS RULE

6. TAKE YOUR FLY-NOW-PAY-LATER, SUN-DRENCHED, 21-DAY EUROPEAN DREAM VACATION — in Belgium.



10 MEDIOCRE THINGS TO DO

1. Teach your parakeet to say "Pretty bird!"
2. Let your Savings Bonds mature.
3. Fight wax buildup with ammonia.
4. Purchase additional reels for your GAP "Stereo" View Master.
5. Vote for your favorite contestant on **Ted Mack and The Original Amateur Hour.***
6. Give a Tupperware party.
7. Select toilet tissue to match your bathroom.
8. Write "PLEASE WASH ME" on a dirty automobile.
9. Celebrate Red Letter Day.
10. Send 25 cents to **The Reader's Digest** for a reprint of an article that shows you how you can enrich your life.

*Send your vote on a postcard to:
The Original Amateur Hour
604 West 57 Street
New York, New York

1. "It takes money to make money."
2. "Victor Borge can really play when he wants to."
3. "Summer colds are always the worst."
4. "If a boy's old enough to fight for his country, he's old enough to drink."
5. "Marriage is what you make it."
6. "Negro [illegible] are harder on their own."
7. "There's no substitute for hard work."
8. "Boxing isn't what it used to be."
9. "You can't get a decent job without a good education."
10. "Albee is all right, I suppose, but I go to the theater to be entertained."
11. "It's not what you know but who you know."
12. "Hippies are the biggest conformists of all."
13. "Hot enough for you?"
14. "You have to live with a painting to really appreciate it."
15. "Black olives are an acquired taste."
16. "College teaches the questions, not the answers."
17. "Liberace laughs all the way to the bank."
18. "German is so gutteral."
19. "I like mini-skirts but not on my wife."
20. "Wilson was an idealist."

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT THESE MEDIOCRE DISEASES

SPECIAL READER BONUS

SOME MEDIOCRE PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS

Carnation Instant Breakfast
Knit ties
Blue Cross
Blue Shield
Convertible furniture
Fannie Flagg
American Tourister Luggage
Monogrammed belt buckles
Good Seasons Salad Dressing
Wall-to-wall carpeting
The University of Michigan
Arlene Francis pins
Cupcakes
Dixieland
Scotkin Paper Napkins
Adela Rogers St. John
Venetian blinds
Speidel "Twist-O-Flex" Watchbands
Redbook
Dental technicians
Home permanents
Kellogg's Pop-Tarts
One-cent sales
Ruth Roman

TESTIMONIAL

I used to be a real Broadway type—flashy clothes, playing the ponies, a new dame every night . . . **the works!** I STOOD OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB! Then I wised up to Mediocrity (and am I glad I did!). I got hitched, took a responsible position as a dental technician and, in a few years, was pulling down enough to finance a new Dodge Coronet! Now, instead of wasting my Sundays at the racetrack, I sing baritone in Wilmington's First Methodist Church Choir!

Needless to say, I owe it all to Mediocrity!

Norris N. Spenser
Wilmington, Del.

I was the son of a famous courtesan and a Russian nobleman. At the age of 8, doctors discovered in me an incurable talent for playing the piano. At 18, I fought in Spain. At 21, I became Prime Minister of a major European country. Desperately unhappy, I turned to Mediocrity. I am proud to say I received personal help from Senator Hruska. Now, as I look at my wife and children (Wendy, Chuck and Junior), and my lovely home in Rehobeth Beach, Del., I can truly say that I know the contentment of the wonderful world of Mediocrity.

Sincerely,
Absinthe Esterhazy
Rehobeth Beach, Del.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT JUNE ALLYSON'S HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

How many times have you been embarrassed because you failed to recognize a famous melody? Cringe no more! Hugo Winterhalter and the Orchestra have recorded 2,000 years of Famous Musical Masterpieces — AND THEY'VE PUT IT ON ONE 45 RPM RECORD. Ingenious Hugo has eliminated all the boring parts from such Famous Musical Masterpieces as:

The Grand March from *Aida*
Blue Danube Waltz
Nutcracker Suite
The Swan Lake
Rhapsody in Blue
Show Boat

Now there is no need to suffer through boring "movements," "recitatives," "restatements." Forget about difficult "counterpoint." YOU'LL HEAR ONLY THE FAMOUS PARTS — tastefully arranged in ONE BEAUTIFUL MEDLEY spanning 2,000 years of musical history. Remember, music is an important part of The Wonderful World of Mediocrity.

A BRIEF GUIDE TO MEDIOCRITY ON TELEVISION

You can't go far wrong here, but CBS's Saturday night line up rates special mention:

8:30 **My Three Sons**—Comedy, with Fred MacMurray, William Demarest and others (C)

9:00 **Green Acres** — Comedy, with Eddie Albert, Eva Gabor and others (C)

9:30 **Petticoat Junction** — Comedy, with Edgar Buchanan, June Lockhart and others (C)

It is still possible to catch reruns of **The Donna Reed Show.** Check local listings for time and channel.

You are cordially invited to
June Allyson's
Tupperware Party

RSVP Black Tie (clip-on)

ATTI PAGE'S PERSONAL POTATO CHIP DIP RECIPE!

Stir the contents of one envelope of Lipton Onion Soup Mix into one pint of dairy sour cream. Blend thoroughly. Chill. Makes 2 cups. Use as a dip with potato chips or crackers.

Variations: Add crumbled bleu cheese; or flaked tuna and lemon juice; or crabmeat and dill; or cottage cheese with chopped cucumber and radish; or diced avocado and tomato.

WHAT MEDIOCRITY MEANS TO ME
by June Allyson
as told to Senator Hruska

We've just seen the fun side of The Wonderful World of Mediocrity and I'm sure you're all asking, "What about our **responsibilities,** June?"

You know, at one time or another, we've all been tempted to march to a different drummer — to cancel the **Family Circle** subscription, to turn off **Bewitched,** to skip a Christmas Club payment, to toss out the King Korn trading stamps, to scoff at Faith Baldwin or, in short, to flaunt the very values that have made this country what it is today! But never forget — we are Mediocre just as long as we fight to preserve our Mediocrity!

To coin a phrase, Mediocrity, like marriage, is what you make it!

So long and God Bless, June

The Bake's Progress

or

The Head That Lost Its Tribe

By Arnold Roth with profound apologies to Wm. Hogarth

Being an Excruciating History of Ye Modern Youth and What Went on in His Mind and Blue Jeans and How It All Came Off.

Ye Bright Innocent Lad and Ye Comely Lass
Cometh to Ye big City for Ye big Yale U. vs.
Yale Non-U. game. After both Ye teams
Have been mutually defeated They goeth to
Ye Victory Celebration. Being of fair mind
and having rooted for both Ye teams
They accept Ye Reefer Marijuana Cigarettes

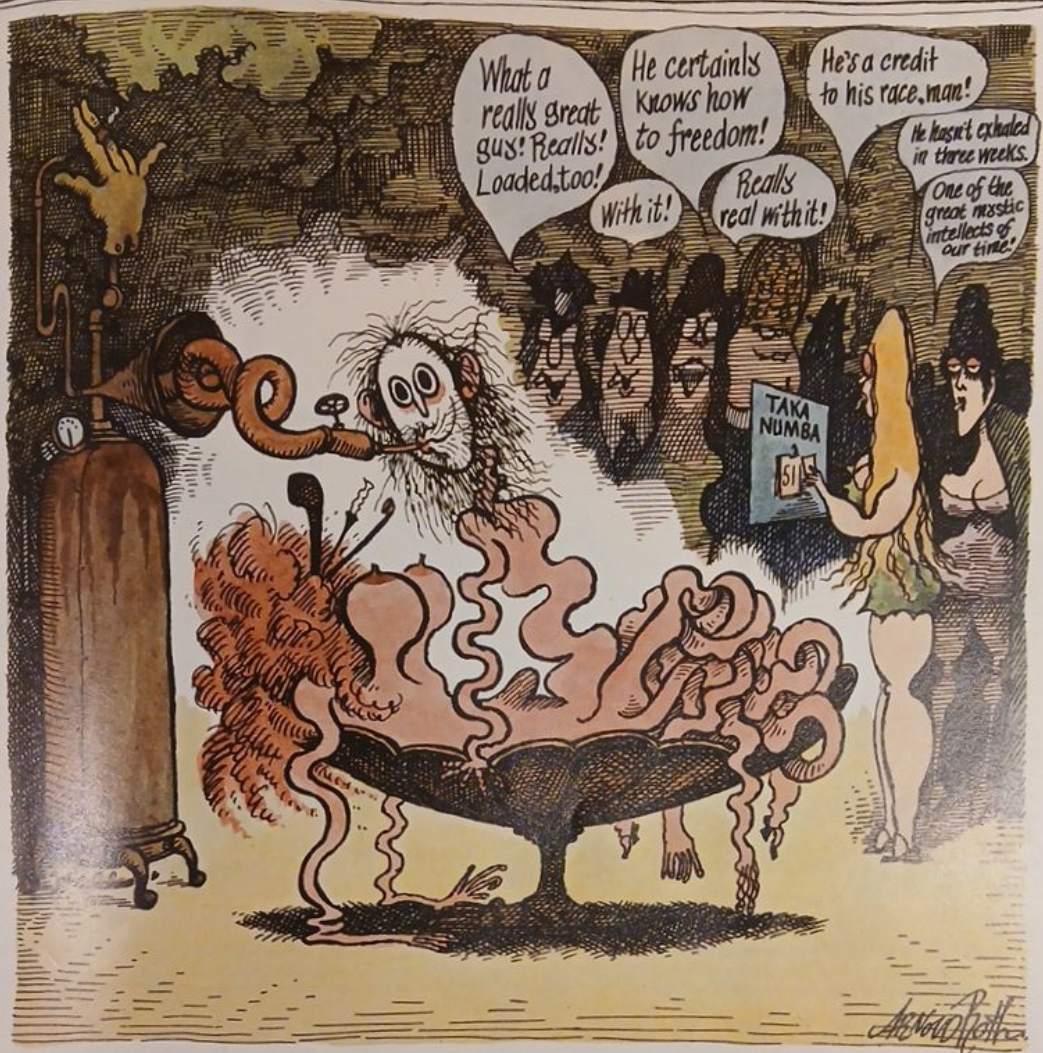
To forget Their defeats, Yale's defeats,
Yale's defects, Indian's affairs, Auto-
racism, Paraguay, France and other
alien nations.

They forgetteth Everything
Except
That They Liketh to Smoke.

Ye formerly Bright and formerly Innocent Lad and Ye Comely Lass Smoketh and Screweth and Smoketh some more and Screweth a lot more and Eateth Delicatessens most often. Thus forsaketh Ye Homework. Ye Crummy Apartments vary not. Ye Comely Lass does just that. Ye Mommas and Ye Poppas breaketh up Ye Fun. Ye Mommas and Ye Poppas and Ye Constabilatorians Think Heavy and also Complain Verily.

Ye Wretched Lad is brought to Ye Trial. Ye Shame is Unbearable. Ye Mortification is Unbearable. Ye Lack of good shit is Unbearable. Ye Queer Cell Mate is barely Bearable. Being mistaken for Ye Organized Criminal our faded hero receiveth Ye Suspended Sentence from Ye Drunken Judge.

Ye Poor Wretch goeth on Ye TV Late Talk Show and Confesseth All. He maketh Ye Big Hit. Ye Ruined Lad signeth Ye contract to do Ye Commercials and maketh Ye Bigger Hit. He begetteth Ye Own Multi Million Dollar Wretched Late Talk Show.



Ye Dashed Dross maketh Ye Fortune. Ye Despoilt Lout affordeth Ye Best Acapulco. Ye Dastardly Weakling Smoketh and Screweth but he Forsaketh Ye Delicatessens for Ye London Broils and other Foreign Intrigues. Naturally Ye Rake Loseth all touch with Ye Reality.

Captains of Industry, Educators, Politicians and other Leaders of the Communalty rush to be in Ye Rake's Favor. But Ye Rake is Shunned by all Ye Honest Men who stick to their own sticks ~ Smoking them and Screwing About and Eating Ye Delicatessens and Constantly Touching any Lost Reality they can Get Ye Hands On.

Toilets of the Extraterrestrials

When a Poached Wort of Betelgeuse 4 has to go "dzii-dzii" or "gbou-gbou" he picks up a copy of *Flogwort* and heads for the nearest ammonia closet. If the Wort is in a room with other Worts, his exit is usually preceded by someone grasping an olfactory nodule and asking, "Who split the quartz?"

Due to the low gravity of their home planet, the Hovering Slimies of Rigel 3 are forced to rely on suction-powered commodes with a Mach 6 flush. Toilet training is a college-level course, and consequently the Slimies' contact with their young seldom exceeds a collect visiphone call every other week.

The natural artistic bent of the inhabitants of the Formalhaut system is reflected even in their plumbing. They use this particular device only for "Number 7."

A typical space station lavatory for Medium Gravity, Oxygen-Breathing Basic Scale, Pedal-Motive, Alpha Gender (males, protomales,

Illustrations by Peter Bramley

The Arched Tubers of Aldebaran, like most life forms based on silicone, have an extremely low metabolic rate and hence a slow digestive process. Once a year, an adult Tuber packs an overnight bag and makes his way to a "molybdenum convenience." If he finds it occupied when he arrives, he commits ritual suicide.

The fluorinal of the Beta Hydrians can be used by either Prime Right males or Tertiary Left females. This sanitary unit is the source of the common Hydrian expression, "I've run out of mushrooms," which means, roughly, "I find myself in an embarrassing predicament."

If an Upper Globule from Epsilon Eridani 5 says, "I'm going to see a snardf about a floong," he's not being cute — he's referring to a household pet whose bizarre body chemistry provides a tidy solution to waste disposal problems.

naphrodites, parthenogenetics and aerial germinators)or, as it is jocularly referred to, "the little Medgavoxybasepedmotalphagen's Room."

L*FE

Vanishing Wildlife / Last Chance to Save a Species

Our Threatened Nazis

The interesting specimens shown on these pages are Nazi swine, or Grant's Gesellschaft, the last remnants of once great herds which only a few decades ago roamed Europe from the Mediterranean to the Volga. (Once thought to number over 10 million, only 34 were found after World War II decimated their natural habitat.) Rarer and more colorful than the common German pig, with which they are often mistaken, these unique creatures are highly prized for their leather, monocles, Lugers and handsome bold markings, and have been hunted almost to the point of extinction by poachers and souvenir seekers. There are now less than 7,000 in existence, and most of these live in special sanctuaries and government preserves in Eastern Switzerland, Argentina and near Cape Kennedy, Fla. Shy, sullen and morose in captivity, Nazis seldom survive for more than a few months, aimlessly pacing their cages in their oddly comic walk and emitting plaintive, guttural cries. If placed in the same cage with another member of the species, they invariably grow suspicious of each other and will follow each other around until they die of exhaustion. Surprisingly enough, some members of the species have proved highly adaptable and have managed to avoid the fate of their luckless cousins. One subspecies, for example, quite recently evolved a protective red coloration and continues to prosper in parts of Eastern Europe and Russia. Another, apparently well suited to Mediterranean climes, has adapted itself to the dry, hilly country of Spain and Greece and is now a dominant species. But despite these successes and generally strict game laws, the Nazi remains in serious danger. □

Above, a bund of Nazis frolics in a tropical Argentine sanctuary. At upper right, a rare photograph shows a huge herd of these handsome but doomed creatures moving south in one of the last of their great, lemming-like Anschlusses, or annual migrations. In sharp contrast, at lower right, is this picture of a recent gathering of the drabber, more common German pig. Below right, a large mature bull, one of the few to survive captivity, plays with a special aptitude-testing toy while delicate instruments record physical data as part of a long-range study of the species. "Inky," below left, was less fortunate. Pride of the Jerusalem Zoo, he survived less than a year.

UP AGAINST THE WALL, REVISIONIST PAWNS!

by the Mau-Maoist Central Committee

All those who engage in sexual congress without the express purpose of procreation are betraying The Glorious Struggle Against the American Aggressors! All those who waste precious hours and energy frolicking in wanton abandon, when they should be working tirelessly to Smash the State, are nothing less than Unwitting Tools of the Capitalist Dogs! After the Inevitable Overthrow of the Decadent Bourgeoisie, these traitors shall be dealt with sternly! They shall be made to realize the folly of (cont'd somewhere else)

CORRECT THINKING

It takes so little to off A PIG
And it means so much.
WON'T YOU HELP?

RUNNING DOG FLUNKIES OF WALL ST. PROFITEERS

The Daily Roach Holder

Staff: The real editor OD'd last week, so somebody else was filling in, but he got busted for a bomb plot and the associate editor split for the Coast and the assistant editor is on trial for wearing an American flag body-stocking and yesterday the GLF took over the office but they left after a while and some street people dropped by to paste-up but I'm so spaced out I can't remember their names. Maybe I'm the editor now . . .

All Power to the People!

Sandra Sanpuko

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Brothers & Sisters! Organizers for Saturday's massive confrontation predict a turnout of two million deeply committed revolutionaries! After the rally in the park, we will trash the shopping center, burn the stock exchange and fuck in the museums! But be ready for some heavy shit! The pigs will be out in force as well as 11,000 National Guardsmen, 3,000 Marine paratroopers, 6,500 Green Berets, the FBI, the CIA, the Secret Service and the 4th Armored Division! I only wish I could be there to lead you, but my horoscope recommends that I lock all the doors and stay in bed!

Right On!

Hanoi Hank

LETTERS

Dear Mister Newspaperman,

I think there would be peace if everybody just got together and rapped with each other and we could smoke dope rolled in strawberry-flavored cigarette papers and make love in the park and listen to Buffy Sainte-Marie records and everybody would be happy and we could give each other all different colored jelly beans—red jelly beans and blue jelly beans and yellow jelly beans and pink jelly beans and black jelly beans and green jelly beans and brown jelly beans and orange jelly beans and white jelly beans and vermilion jelly beans and purple jelly beans and many other color jelly beans and everything would be groovy.

This is my plan for world peace.

Pax,

Marjorie Morningraga

P.S. I'm a Pisces!

Dear Daily Roach Holder,

The reason nobody who lives in the city can get his head together is that electricity leaks out of open sockets and is attracted by the nickel, cobalt and iron of the metal buildings which have magnetic properties. All this electricity acts like a huge magnet and destroys the natural flow of the electrical impulses of the nervous system making it impossible to think properly. This is why city dwellers become crazed and commit so many murders.

The reason people get their heads straight when they move to the country is that the natural flow of electrical impulses is restored because the buildings are mostly made of wood and the trees are wood, which is not magnetic, so that any leaked electricity is scattered by the wind.

Tell your readers not to carry fountain pens.

Yours truly,

Commander Barkfeather

THE MONTANA FESTIVAL

3 DAYS OF RAIN, MUD, AND NOT ENOUGH TOILETS . . . NO ONE WHO WAS THERE WILL EVER BE THE SAME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB BAILEY

As you probably know, the Montana Festival, because of armed vigilantes who set up roadblocks at the Montana state line and shot to kill at anyone with hair longer than a crew cut, was actually held in a field near Union City, N.J.

The Festival lived up to its promise of three days of peace and love, save for nine people who were slain by the guards (right wing bikers called "Hitler's Heroes," who savagely attacked anyone within 150 feet of the band shell with chains, tire irons and zip guns), 26 who OD'd on bad smack, six suicides, three who were run over in their sleeping bags, 11 who perished from amateur abortions, and at least one teen-age girl who was kicked to death in a ritual murder.

Despite heavy rain, spirits ran high, even when it was announced that all the advertised groups and stars (Dylan, Havens, The Bee Gees, Baez, Procol Harum, MC 5, The Incredible String Band, The Stones, Leadbelly, and Joplin) would be unable to make it and the Festival promoters were substituting lesser known groups with far out names, groups like: Smiling Jack and the Cargo Cult, The Texas Schoolbook Depository, Bloodlust, The Exploding Parakeet, The Original Soundtrack, The Organic Egg Cream, Grope Therapy, Commander Barkfeather and the Viennese Radio Orchestra, The Cutting Edge, The Amphibious Flying Machine, Dogdish & Mudguard, The Victory Garden, Vince Speidel and the Pachucos, Sluggo and the Five-Cent Cigar, The Grass Menagerie, The Bell Telephone Hour, Heavy Water, The Stuffed Bedlington Terrier, The 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act, Unrequited Turnip, Buddhahead, The Lost Wax Process, The Cavendish Gang, and Rocco Flame-Fart and the Ultimate Death-Trip Chinese Icebox Jug Band. Later, even some of these groups refused to play when they discovered they wouldn't get paid because the Festival promoters split to Rio with the gate receipts, but most went on anyway, caught up in the infectious mood of good vibes and togetherness.

The first bust occurred only two minutes into the Festival when Dusty "Motown Mover" Faber, wearing wire-rimmed contact lenses and tie-dyed hair, exposed himself while singing the National Anthem.

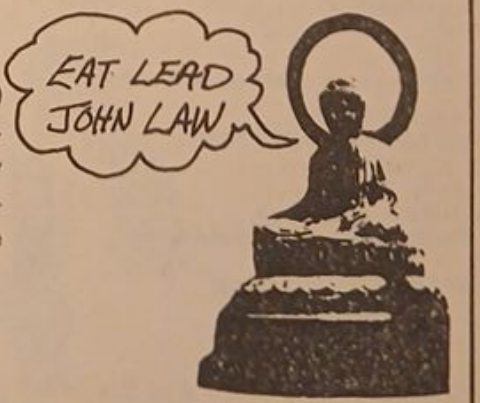
Admittedly, the fact that there were only three Port-O-Sans for over 400,000 people did cause some inconvenience, but the turned-on mood prevailed and what might have become a hassle, since the diarrhea brought about by the polluted drinking water had incapacitated three-quarters of the crowd, was turned into (*continued*)

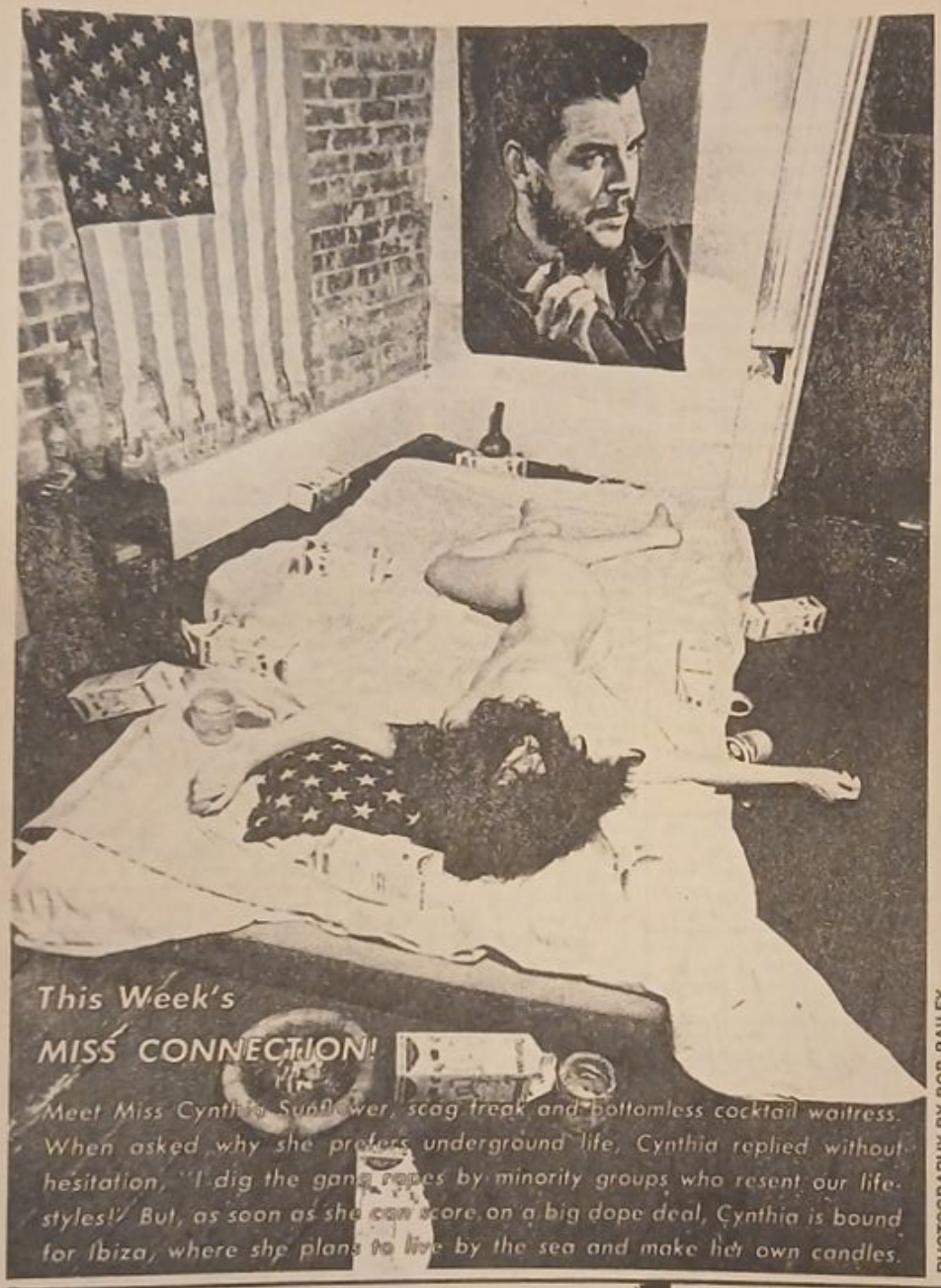
REVOLUTIONARY LEADER MURDERED BY FASCIST PIGS

Word has reached us that Leon Trotsky, noted Marxist and champion of the people, has been brutally beaten to death in his Mexico City home by Ramon Mercader, a known CIA puppet. Details are being suppressed, but we hope to have the full story in our next issue.

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE URN!!

After meditating for 10,000 years, he flashes a brief enigmatic smile and reveals the key to all human thought, understanding and wisdom in a single phrase . . .





This Week's MISS CONNECTION!

Meet Miss Cynthia Sunflower, scag freak and bottomless cocktail waitress. When asked why she prefers underground life, Cynthia replied without hesitation, "I dig the gang rapes by minority groups who resent our lifestyles!" But, as soon as she can score on a big dope deal, Cynthia is bound for Ibiza, where she plans to live by the sea and make her own candles.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB BAILEY

THEY'D DO IT FOR A NICKEL!

Triple-X Rating!

Vicki had a dream . . . a dream that one day she would walk the streets and shack up in cheap motels! But, until then, she was just another one of

THE LAVORATORY GIRLS

Rave Reviews:

"Utterly tasteless and without the slightest redeeming social values. I threw up all over my shoes."
The Sentinel-Dispatch

"The most disgusting thing I've ever seen . . . and I spent three years in Buchenwald!"
The Mercury-Examiner

Banned in Tijuana!!!

Starts Thursday at the Blue Moon Cinema

The Underground Gourmand recommends

The Crèche Diet

We serve only pumpkin seeds tempura grown by emasculated Tantric Buddhist monks in the rain forests of southern Nepal . . .

open until midnight

WHAT'S GOING DOWN

by Georgette Metesky

Lazlo Bojhako's show at the Tao Chemical Gallery successfully bridges the gap between pop and conceptual art. He displays only one work, an 18-foot-high pile of Nabisco's shredded wheat called "Untitled." As you'll remember, Lazlo's 1967 show consisted of one 18-foot-high pile of Wheaties entitled "Breakfast of Champions." Who says Americans can't reach satori!

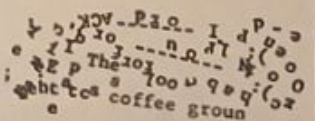
Best Bet! The Lavatory Girls, now playing at the Blue Moon Cinema, delivers a no-punches-pulled look at the nitty-gritty. A fine cast, but Dick the Donkey steals the show.

The Tokeboard—trading light to moderate in speed, halucinogens fell sharply over last week, and barbiturates are holding.

J. J. crucified 40 chickens in his Antwerp happening. I knew he'd cop out.

"1-2-3-4! We don't want your fucking War-ho!" chanted cinema activists at the premiere of Airplane, the avant-garde flick that turns the tables on in-flight movies and records an actual L.A.-to-Cleveland trip on United Airlines flight 461. From stack-up to touch-down, it's unvarnished reality all the way with passengers improvising such surefire dialogue as: "Would you mind turning that light off . . . I'm trying to go to sleep!"; "Are you absolutely certain you don't have a copy of Town & Country?"; "The pommes de terre duchesse tastes like papier-mâché!"; and "Captain! Captain! The wiffy's overflowing!"

I'm reprinting a page from T.C.B.'s new book of "pre-stressed concrete poetry" in which she publishes her Ko-Rec-Type sheets. This sheet is titled coffee groun:



Read them all in **CATERPILLAR BLOOD**, available from Stop-Me-Before-I-Kill-Again Press at $45 a copy.

Warning! Despite all you may have heard, shooting Preparation H is a bum trip.

The new West Coast term for "joint" is "rabbit," "lid" has been changed to "card," and "burn artist" has become "flame fiend." As you know, Californians spend most of their time thinking up new names for dope.

Dont miss **KNOCKERS**, the new movie that employs one 37-hour close-up of sock-o-delic superstar Camilla Nesselrode's tits . . . dynamite photography (the cameraman has Parkinson's disease), haunting score (a tape loop of the heartbeat of a muskrat) and some off-the-wall surprises (please don't reveal the last 281 minutes) . . .

"Burning Spear" Nkrumah writes that "lipstick is the blood of the oppressed on the mouths of the idle rich!"

If you haven't already got one, pick up a copy of Matching Sock's latest album, *Homage to Milton Eisenhower*. It's worth it, if only for the 32-minute cut of the junkie tap-dancing on the sitar. A friend claims it even tops their first album, *Promotional Copy—Not for Sale*, with that famous 19-minute cut where they double-clutch a '52 De Soto.

All Power to the People!

DYING? Take a pig with you!

CASH MUST BE SENT WITH ALL ORDERS—PURCHASER MUST BE OVER 21

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

LARGEST EROTIC SUPPLIER ON EARTH

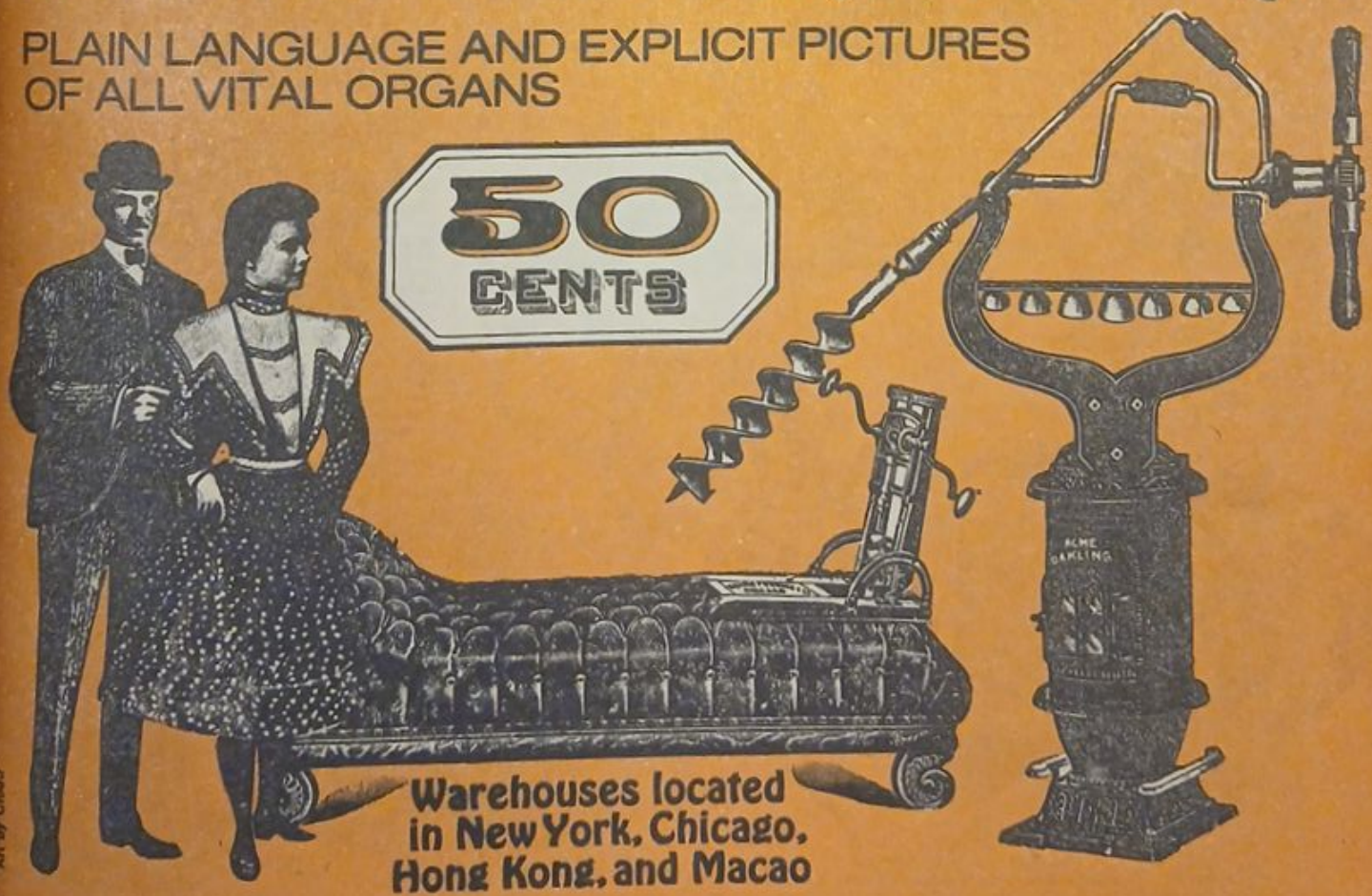
A boon to Young and Old including Old Maids, Bachelors and Shut-ins

A must for those interested in adventurous courtship and unusual practices

THE NEW 1896 SEX CATALOGUE

This Book Has Saved 10,000 Marriages

PLAIN LANGUAGE AND EXPLICIT PICTURES OF ALL VITAL ORGANS



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Warehouses located in New York, Chicago, Hong Kong, and Macao

WE HAVE NO AGENTS OR SOLICITORS—ALL ITEMS SENT IN DISCREET BROWN PAPER PACKAGES.

LADIES' RESTORATIVE LOZENGES

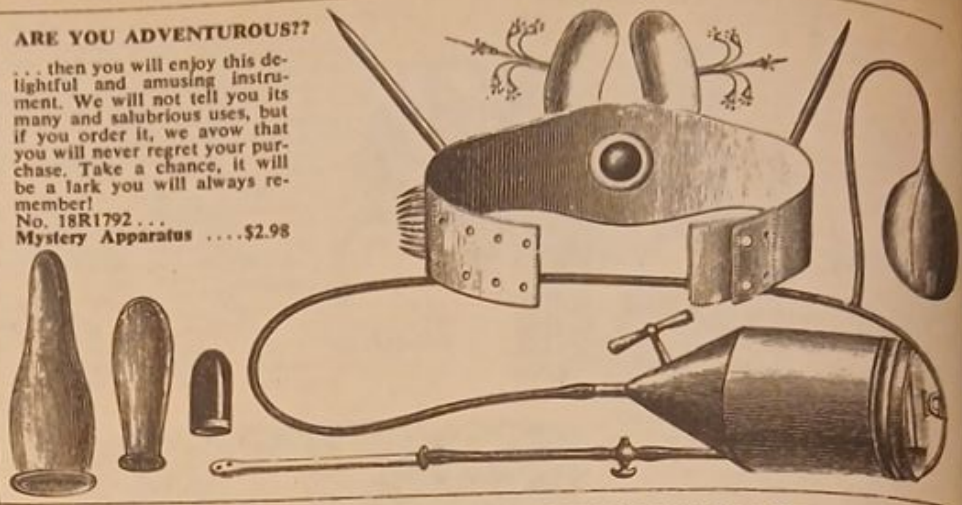
A godsend to afflicted women in their later years! Each box contains 12 capsules, smoothly lubricated and ready for insertion. Accompanying brochure explains the many surprising virtues of this Spanish import.

No. 18R1791 . . .
Ladies' Restorative Lozenges
(Box of 12) . . . 98¢

ARE YOU ADVENTUROUS??

. . . then you will enjoy this delightful and amusing instrument. We will not tell you its many and salubrious uses, but if you order it, we avow that you will never regret your purchase. Take a chance, it will be a lark you will always remember!

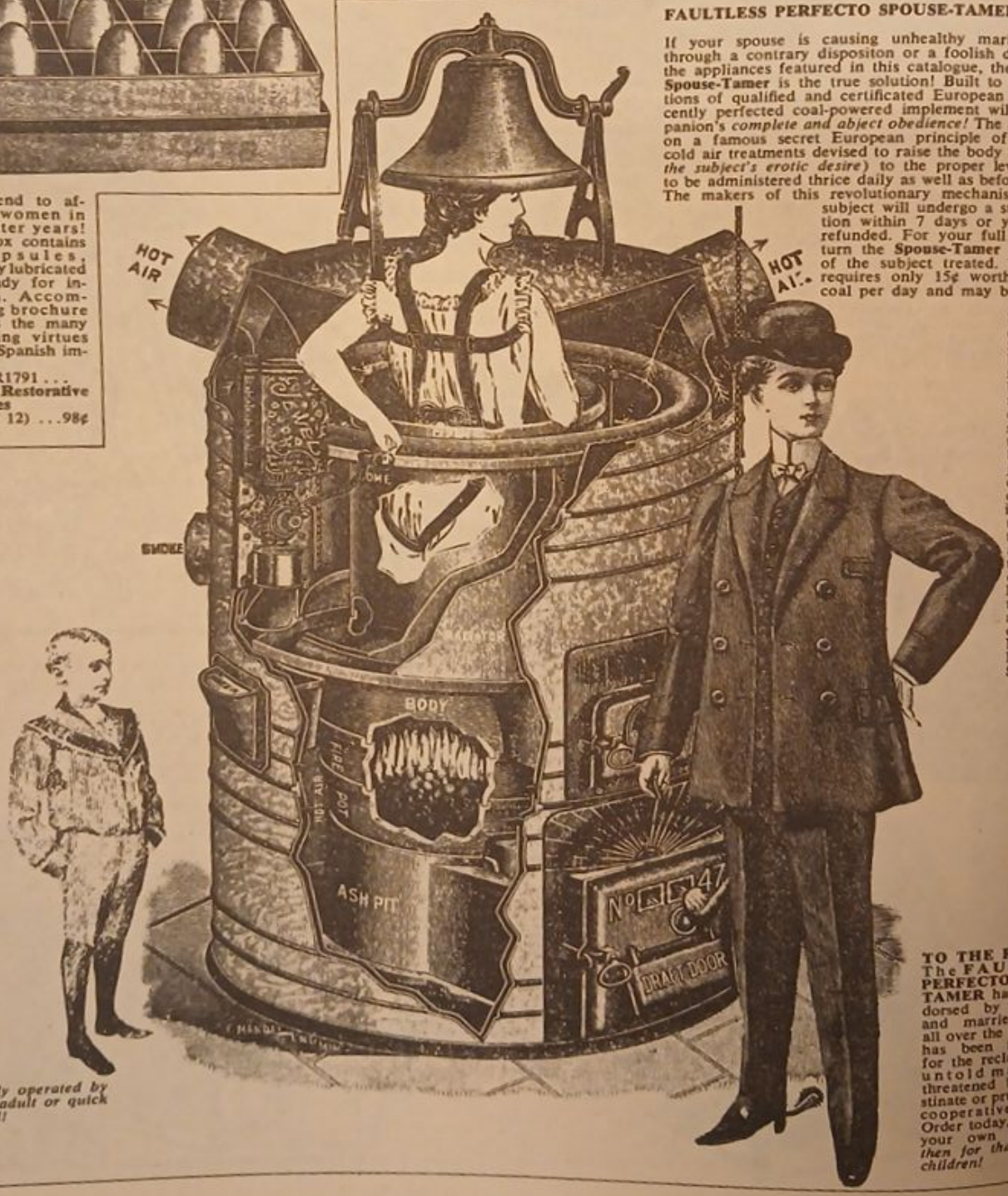
No. 18R1792 . . .
Mystery Apparatus $2.98



FAULTLESS PERFECTO SPOUSE-TAMER

If your spouse is causing unhealthy marital discord, either through a contrary dispositon or a foolish disinclination to use the appliances featured in this catalogue, the **Faultless Perfecto Spouse-Tamer** is the true solution! Built to the exact specifications of qualified and certificated European physicians, this recently perfected coal-powered implement will insure your companion's *complete and abject obedience!* The apparatus functions on a famous secret European principle of alternate hot and cold air treatments devised to raise the body temperature (*hence the subject's erotic desire*) to the proper level. Treatments are to be administered thrice daily as well as before actual Congress. The makers of this revolutionary mechanism pledge that the subject will undergo a startling transformation within 7 days or your money will be refunded. For your full refund, simply return the **Spouse-Tamer** and the remainder of the subject treated. The Spouse-Tamer requires only 15¢ worth of #2 anthracite coal per day and may be cleaned as easily as a simple home boiler. Cheap and easy to operate, the Spouse-Tamer has brought marital fulfillment and connubial harmony to thousands of purchasers, and we assure the reader that there has never been a single subject who has ever complained to our company after having sampled the unusual powers of this magic mediator. If you value the peace and tranquility of a happy home, you will certainly wish to take advantage of this offer.

No. 18R1793 . . .
Faultless Perfecto Spouse-Tamer
$71.35



Easily operated by any adult or quick child!

TO THE READER: The **FAULTLESS PERFECTO SPOUSE-TAMER** has been endorsed by physicians and married couples all over the world, and has been responsible for the reclamation of untold marriages threatened by an obstinate or prudishly uncooperative partner. Order today, if not for your own happiness, *then for that of your children!*

APRIL 1992 MAGAZINE 75c

BIZARRE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MUTANTS

IS THE WORLD WAR III LOOK COMING BACK?

100 FABULOUS WAYS TO MAKE YOUR GENETIC DEFECTS INTO ELECTRIC ASSETS

BIZARRE'S OWN HELPING CLAW TO GOOD GROOMING

HOW THE BOMB CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE AND YOUR SEX

RADIANT ENERGY SIX EASY STEPS TO A BRAND NEW YOU=235

BY EDWARD AND MARY TELLER

OUT ON A LIMB...

. . . when choosing foundation garments to fit your *special* needs? Now, BIKINI BEACH presents a bra and girdle ensemble that turns those superfluous segments into *extra* [illegible] *attractions.* Gently but firmly contouring your extraneous anatomy into a bevy of beauty, BIKINI BEACH bras and panty girdles give extra support to your unusual lovelinesses. All of them.

BIKINI BEACH ensembles are available in a variety of colors, including

**Profuchia*
**Epcore ochre*
**Multiple earth*
and
**I am numerous, yellow*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KIN SANG CHAN

GAMMA RAVES

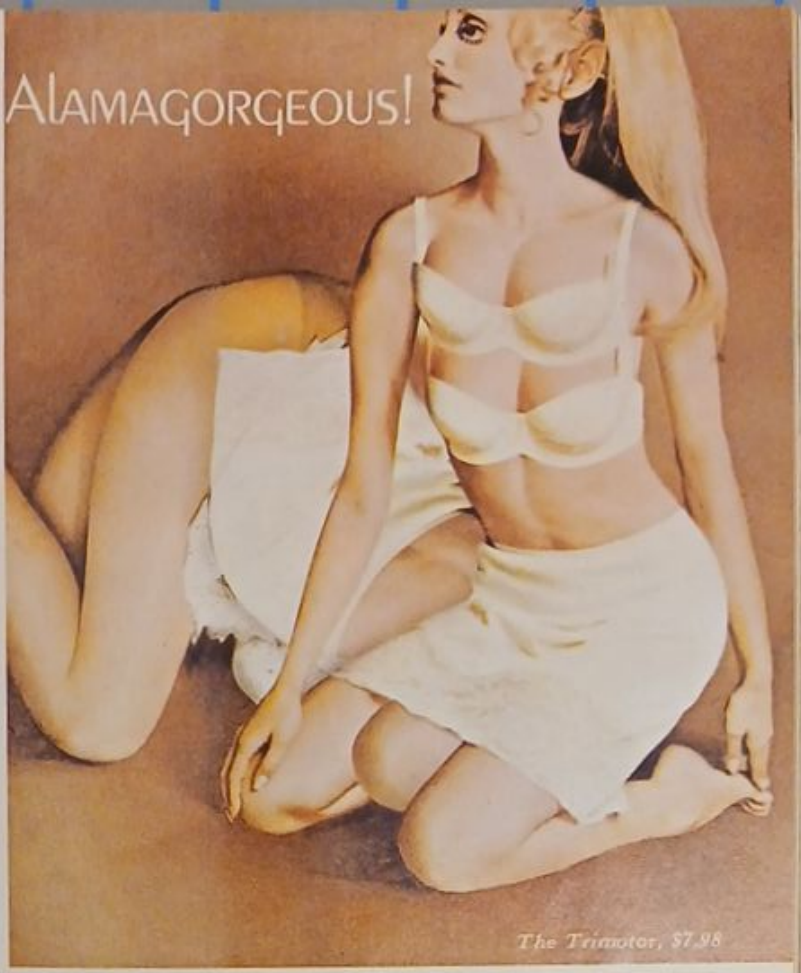
By Belinda Bicephalique

FABULOUS FREAK-OUT... is the *only* way to describe the *très chic* goings on at the Ninth Annual Aberrant Cotillion held this year in the lavishly decorated Air Force Dirigible Hangar in trendy *Alamagordo, New Mexico!* Since 1978, the Cotillion has been the social *fin de fin* of the Beautiful Mutants, and everyone (and *everything)* was there. The theme for this year's gala *fête* was "Be a Sport," and the glittering guests appeared in their *kookiest* attire, each faintly glowing participant costumed as his absolute *favorite* form of radiation poisoning. Among those present were the Count and Countess Porfirio Polymorph (masked as coagulation and leukemia, respectively) and, much to the raised nosebrows of many, *screen actor Oskar Octopoid,* openly tentacle-and-wing with the much-divorced *rara avis* Heather Spoonbill.

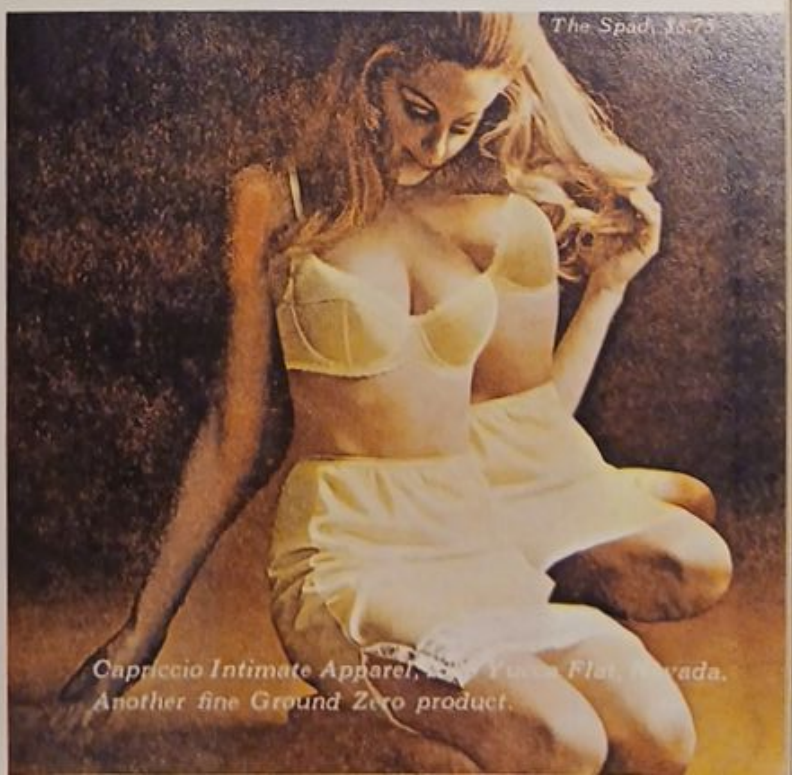
GOOD NEWS FOR THE FEATHERED... is in store due to a simply *stunning* new breakthrough in cosmetic surgery! Famous Parisian plastic surgeon Dr. Antoine de Quaque has discovered a simple (but *costly)* method for removing those *bothersome facial feathers* which plague so many of us born after they dropped the *you-know-what.* In an oh-so-secret operation, Dr. Quaque replaces the plumage with actual, very-difficult-to-obtain *humanoid skin!* If his method continues to work with such success, he says he will soon begin work on removing unsightly fur, scales, horn and linoleum!

Dr. Antoine de Quaque

AN ABSOLUTE MUST-READ... is Jerome Baskett-Case's *delicious* historical romance, *The French Lieutenant's Lobster.* More than just another bit of period froth, *Lobster* faithfully recreates those madcap, perhaps-just-a-little-sad years after the nuclear holocaust when all the children born grew up rather... *strange.* Pity the plight of poor Angelique Langouste, orphaned in the middle of those off-putting fire-storm days, raised by an Alsatian fisherman as his own catch and then set loose in the world only to fall *tragically in love* with a man who could never understand why Angelique refused to be a woman first... and a crustacean second.



Bring your man's interest to critical mass with these marvelous little Thinglets by Capriccio. Capriccio knows that the nucleus of every well-dressed mutant's wardrobe is its intimate apparel. Nature's marvelous whimsy (and enough radiation to fry a roast) may have given you too much of a good thing, but Capriccio protects those things with *six layers of lead foil* to keep your man contented, *not* contaminated. Capriccio can't make you normal, but it *can* make your intimate apparel the half-life of the party.



Eyes on the Sky

By
Chandra Changeling

TAURUS, the Winged Bull. April 21-May 20. Element: Hydrogen isotope. As a Taurus, you tend to cover up the fact that your curvaceous torso is topped by the head of an adult male bovine. Unsure of yourself in social situations, you try to hide your particular mutation by pretending you actually *are* a bull, loping around on all fours and bellowing murderously.

Accept the fact that you are... special, and let that realization work *for* you, not against you. (How many times have you heard a jaded bachelor say, "Oh, she's a nice kid all right, but I wish she were a bit more ... animal."?) *Animal,* get it? All you have to do is charge right in and turn on your own particular brand of charm. He *still* doesn't respond? That's fine too, Taurus, just lower your head and... well, you know.

GEMINI, the Twins. May 21-June 21. Element: Strontium 90. You and your Siamese companion may be having a number of semi-serious tiffs this month, so try to be as diplomatic as possible. Let *her* lead when dancing, and don't overlook those little points of personal hygiene that make us all good neighbors. Avoid turnstiles, skiing and 100-yard dashes.

CANCER, the Crab. June 22-July 22. Element: Cobalt. An ardent aficionado of sun 'n' surf, you habitually scuttle away from friendly advances and retreat into your shell. Why not try shedding your social carapace and start a cold-blooded pincers movement on that dreamy Italian aquarium attendant who's been spending a *suspicious amount of time* cleaning your tank? Bona fortuna! (Continued on page 118)

BEAUTY TIPS FOR MUTANTS

By Fran Kafka

Who says a mutant has to go dateless? Here are a few posture pointers guaranteed to make him sit up and take notice!

TOO AMPLY ENDOWED? Many girls nowadays have this ironic problem. Time was when women would give their right arm to fill out their meager bosoms. So, count yourself lucky! *Subtle drapery* is the easy answer in this case. Just casually toss the folds of those daring near-nude styles ever-so-carelessly across that excess pulchritude, and you will be amazed at the results! (Warning: Take care not to cover your extra loveliness completely, or you will unwittingly give the illusion that you are suffering from Chaney's Lump, more commonly known as Dromedariosis.)

SWAY BACK can be a constant source of embarrassment to any girl, particularly if it's sway back over her tummy! It's true that having your upper torso set 180 degrees to your legs makes difficult such everyday fun as dancing, tennis, walking, etc. A simple and effective exercise to correct this condition, often dubbed "Corrigan's Ailment," involves grasping the right breast with the left hand and simply tugging firmly and rhythmically in a counter-clockwise direction 10 times a day, seven days a week, every year that the problem remains. Within decades, you will notice a gratifying list to the left that will be sure to catch the eye of your standoffish Prince Charming!

Do Panty Hose Leave You Up in the Air?
Don't have your heads in the clouds when it comes to your legs. You'll cause a fire-storm of excitement with the new Twin-Pac pantyhose by Mr. Ripley. Watch your popularity leave ground zero and start mushrooming when you sheath your kinky curves in his supple, smooth, lighter-than-air support. Why not fall out of your cloud and drop into a pair before your next party? We guarantee a chain reaction.
MR. RIPLEY
underthings for the wond'rous strange

Sherlock Holmes

The Strange Case of the Queen's Pupils

by Charles O'Hegarty
Michel Choquette
with Engravings by Frank Springer

ONE MORNING IN THE SPRING OF '81, AT OUR BAKER STREET LODGINGS, MY FRIEND HOLMES, TAKING A BRIEF RESPITE FROM HIS RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF PROFESSOR MORIARTY, THE NAPOLEON OF CRIME, WAS IDLY THUMBING THROUGH HIS RARE COLLECTION OF POISONOUS POSTAGE STAMPS WHILST I PERUSED THE CLASSIFIED SECTION OF THE TIMES.

IF WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, WE CAN JUST CATCH THE 12:05 TRAIN FROM PADDINGTON STATION TO TEDDINGTON. THE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND ST. WANKALOT'S IS PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL THIS TIME OF YEAR.
WHAT ABOUT MORIARTY AND THE TRAINED CORMORANT?
PERSONALLY, I FIND OF GREATER URGENCY ANY EVIDENCE OF DISORDER AT A SCHOOL WHERE A BOY WHO MAY ONE DAY BE KING OF ENGLAND IS A PUPIL. I'M REFERRING OF COURSE TO YOUNG PRINCE ALBERT, DUKE OF CLARENCE!
ST. WANKALOT'S! OF COURSE! BUT GOOD LORD, HOLMES, SURELY YOU DON'T SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!
WHERE THE ROYAL FAMILY IS CONCERNED, ONE IS FREE TO ANTICIPATE NOTHING ELSE.

ON OUR ARRIVAL AT THE SCHOOL, WE FOUND SIR JOHN THOMAS IN A STATE OF EXTREME AGITATION.
MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, DR. WATSON! YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME! THE SITUATION HAS WORSENED. THERE'S BEEN A GENERAL BREAKDOWN OF THE MORAL WILL. THE BOYS HAVE A TENDENCY TO LOSE GRIP OF THEIR SUBJECTS, AND THEY SHOW A MARKED INABILITY TO SEE THE BLACKBOARD CLEARLY, AS IF SUFFERING FROM A CREEPING BLINDNESS!
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY UNBRITISH ABOUT THIS AFFAIR!
MR. HOLMES, I NEED HARDLY MENTION MY DILEMMA. THE REPUTATION OF ST. WANKALOT'S IS IN SERIOUS JEOPARDY!
REST ASSURED, SIR JOHN, WE SHALL GET TO THE ROOT OF THIS MATTER!
YOU HAVE PUT MY MIND VERY MUCH AT EASE. NOW THEN, YOU WILL BE MY GUESTS. LA-OUD-PHAAT, PREPARE ROOMS FOR MR. HOLMES AND DR. WATSON!
NO ROOMS, NO BEDS, NO SHEETS, NO NOTHING! GO HOME!
THE INN WE PASSED ON OUR WAY FROM THE STATION WILL BE MORE SUITABLE FOR MY PURPOSES. ON CASES OF THIS KIND, I NEED TO KEEP MY HEAD CLEAR OF ALL DISTRACTIONS!
NOT THAT DEVILISH COCAINE AGAIN!

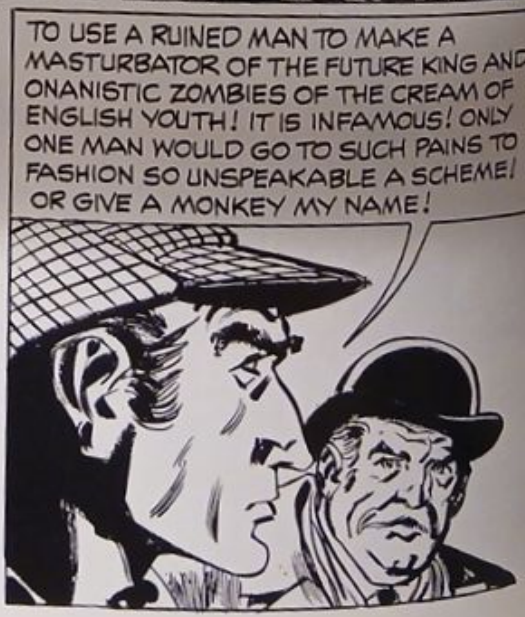
UPON OUR ENTRY INTO THE CLASSROOM, WE WERE MET BY THE PITEOUS SIGHT OF A YOUNG BOY RESTRAINED WITH NO LITTLE DIFFICULTY BY HIS CLASSMATES. I IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED IN HIS WASTED FEATURES THE SAME SIGNS OF PHYSICAL DECAY THAT HOLMES HAD OBSERVED ON OUR BAKER STREET VISITOR.

LATER, IN OUR ROOMS AT THE INN, HOLMES BROUGHT UP THE QUESTION OF THE VERY SUGGESTIVE PHRASES SPOKEN BY THE RAVING PRINCE.

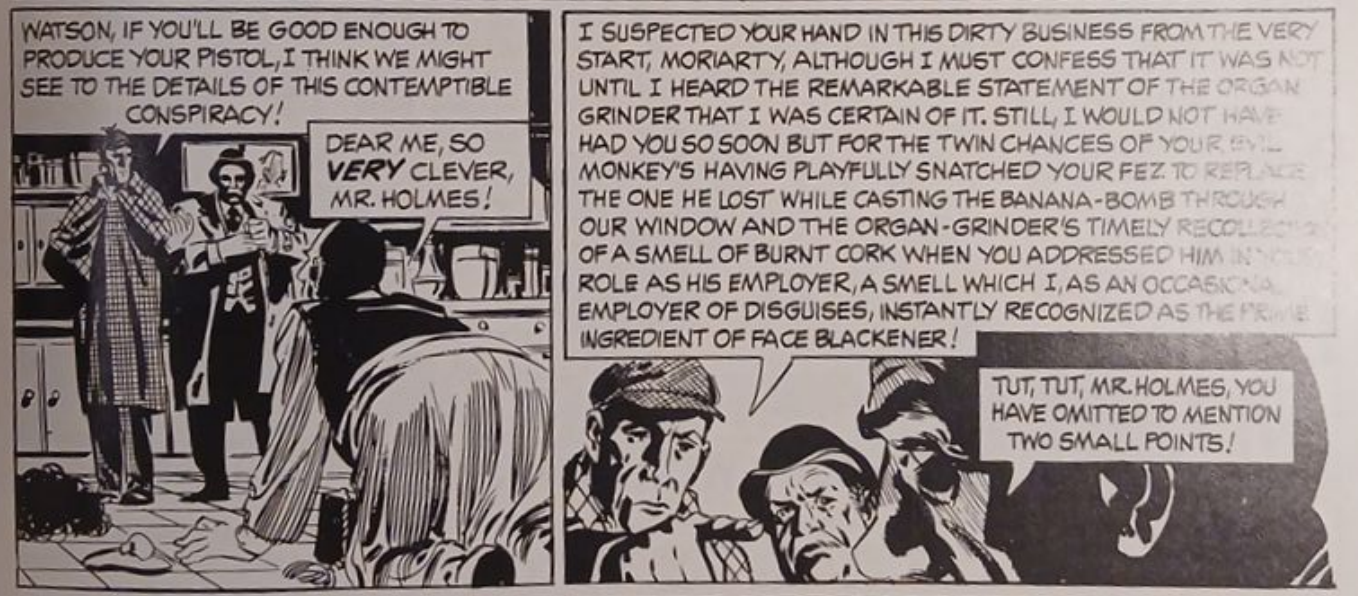
MY GOD! AN EXPLODING BANANA!
SPLASH!
SIZZLE
ONCE AGAIN, HOLMES, I OWE MY LIFE TO YOUR REMARKABLE PERCEPTIVE POWERS.
IT SEEMS THAT SOMEONE IS BENT ON DISCOURAGING US FROM FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS. COME, WATSON, AND BRING YOUR PISTOL!
HULLO, WATSON! A FEZ!
THE SAME TYPE AS WORN BY DEGENERATE TURKS!
INDEED, BUT WHAT MANNER OF PERSON WOULD WEAR A SIZE 1½?
AND THESE TRACKS! THE IMPRINT OF A HOBNAIL BOOT NEXT TO A SMALL, SHAPELESS IMPRESSION!
HOLMES, I'D SAY WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A PINHEADED TURKISH PIRATE WITH A ROTTED WOODEN LEG.
COCK and HA
WATSON! UP AHEAD!
A RARE FRENCH BARREL-ORGAN, A GRANDE GAMAHUCHE UNLESS I'M VERY MUCH MISTAKEN. AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR A MUSICAL DIVERSION!
BUT, HOLMES, THE PIRATE AND THE INFERNAL BANANA?
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
THANK YOU, SIR!
PUNK! PUNK!
A PORNOGRAPHIC BARREL-ORGAN!
SO THIS IS HOW THE BOYS WERE CORRUPTED!
WATSON, THIS IS THE SECOND MOST LOATHSOME DEVICE I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED!
GOOD HEAVENS, WATSON!
AND LOOK HERE, A NAIL HAS WORKED LOOSE! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THIS IS THE SOURCE OF THE CURIOUS MARKS ON THE BOYS' FOREHEADS!
INCREDIBLE!
DESPICABLE!
HMMM. I THINK THIS SHOULD FIT YOU BETTER!
IS ANYTHING AMISS, SIR?

WHEN AT THE CONCLUSION OF THIS SINGULAR STATEMENT HOLMES APPRISED HIM OF HOW ILL HE HAD BEEN USED, HE WOULD SURELY HAVE DONE VIOLENCE TO HIMSELF HAD HE NOT BEEN FORCIBLY RESTRAINED.

THE ORGAN GRINDER BRIEFLY RECOUNTED HOW, THOUGH BORN A GENTLEMAN, EXCESSIVE SELF-INDULGENCE IN HIS YOUTH HAD CLAIMED HIS SIGHT AND LEFT HIM AT THE AGE OF 20 WITH NO OTHER ATTAINMENTS SAVE A POWERFUL RIGHT HAND; HOW, WHILE WORKING AS A SQUEEZER OF LIMES IN A LOW GIN MILL, A SYMPATHETIC ACQUAINTANCE HAD CALLED TO HIS ATTENTION THE VERY ADVERTISEMENT I HAD REMARKED ON IN THE TIMES; HOW UPON APPLYING FOR THE POSITION AND GIVING PARTICULARS AS TO THE CAUSE OF HIS SIGHTLESS STATE, HE WAS HIRED ON THE SPOT BY A WELL-SPOKEN MAN REPRESENTING HIMSELF AS A SENTIMENTAL ST. WANKALOT'S OLD BOY; AND HOW THIS SAME MAN PROVIDED HIM WITH HIS BARREL ORGAN, A PET MONKEY NAMED "SHERLOCK" AND THE GENEROUS SALARY OF £5 PER WEEK.



UPON OUR ARRIVAL AT ST. WANKALOT'S, HOLMES INQUIRED AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF LA-OUD-PHAAT, AND ON LEARNING THAT THE WOG WAS TENDING TO HIS DUTIES IN THE PANTRY, WE HASTENED THERE. BIDDING ME KEEP MY PISTOL HANDY, HOLMES FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR.
AH, LA-OUD-PHAAT! I FOUND YOUR FEZ! IT'S SUNSET, AND I KNOW NO GOOD MOSLEM WOULD FACE EAST FOR EVENING PRAYER BAREHEADED!
YES, YES, NEED FEZ. ME PRAY. GO AWAY!
ALLAH, YEE ALLAH! HUBBAH, HUBBAH!
KICK!
MORIARTY, YOU IMPOSTER! YOU FACED GOLDERS' GREEN, NOT MECCA!
GOOD HEAVENS!


WATSON, IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO PRODUCE YOUR PISTOL, I THINK WE MIGHT SEE TO THE DETAILS OF THIS CONTEMPTIBLE CONSPIRACY!
DEAR ME, SO VERY CLEVER, MR. HOLMES!
I SUSPECTED YOUR HAND IN THIS DIRTY BUSINESS FROM THE VERY START, MORIARTY, ALTHOUGH I MUST CONFESS THAT IT WAS NOT UNTIL I HEARD THE REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF THE ORGAN GRINDER THAT I WAS CERTAIN OF IT. STILL, I WOULD NOT HAVE HAD YOU SO SOON BUT FOR THE TWIN CHANCES OF YOUR EVIL MONKEY'S HAVING PLAYFULLY SNATCHED YOUR FEZ TO REPLACE THE ONE HE LOST WHILE CASTING THE BANANA-BOMB THROUGH OUR WINDOW AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S TIMELY RECOLLECTION OF A SMELL OF BURNT CORK WHEN YOU ADDRESSED HIM IN YOUR ROLE AS HIS EMPLOYER, A SMELL WHICH I, AS AN OCCASIONAL EMPLOYER OF DISGUISES, INSTANTLY RECOGNIZED AS THE PRIME INGREDIENT OF FACE BLACKENER!
TUT, TUT, MR. HOLMES, YOU HAVE OMITTED TO MENTION TWO SMALL POINTS!

FOR ONE, THE SUBSTITUTION IN THE BOYS' TEA OF THIS POWERFUL INDIAN APHRODISIAC FOR THEIR USUAL DOSE OF SALTPETER BROMIDE!
UNSPEAKABLE!
AND THE OTHER?
THE EXCEPTIONAL CLEVERNESS OF MY MONKEY, WHO, LIKE HIS NAMESAKE, HAS A WAY OF TURNING UP AT THE ODDEST MOMENTS!
NOW, SHERLOCK!
CRASH!

continued

folded my pillow comfortably, and switched hands. One by one, I held my favorites before my eyes, scrutinizing them minutely.

A brunette lying nude on her stomach was my third favorite. She looked at me over her shoulder, eyes nearly closed, pink tongue just showing between full lips. Where her thighs met the cleft of her buttocks was a dark diamond of pulse-quickening shadow. My molehill was racing toward mountainhood.

My second favorite was an Earth Mother pulling a dress from her shoulders so that two vast flesh melons were spilling out. I mean, they were just *spilling* out of there. In some unknown but undoubtedly interesting fashion, she had recently excited her nipples. They had popped into high relief, fascinating circular terrains of oddly placed bumps and nodules surrounding a central volcano. *Thrubba dubba dubba!*

Finally, my number one—two girls in a bubble bath. "Italian bimbos," said the caption. The brunette stood in the foreground, her back to me, one foot up on the side of the tub. The blonde was framed between the brunette's legs, smiling with great happiness. They were collaborating in washing the brunette's right calf. I concentrated on the juncture of the brunette's thighs, imagining the same clear view of her pizza pie that was obviously what was making the blonde so happy. I licked my lips, my zucchini all athrob.

The last of the visual aids fluttered to the floor as I shut my eyes, crossed my left ankle over my right, turned my face to the left, and began. . . .

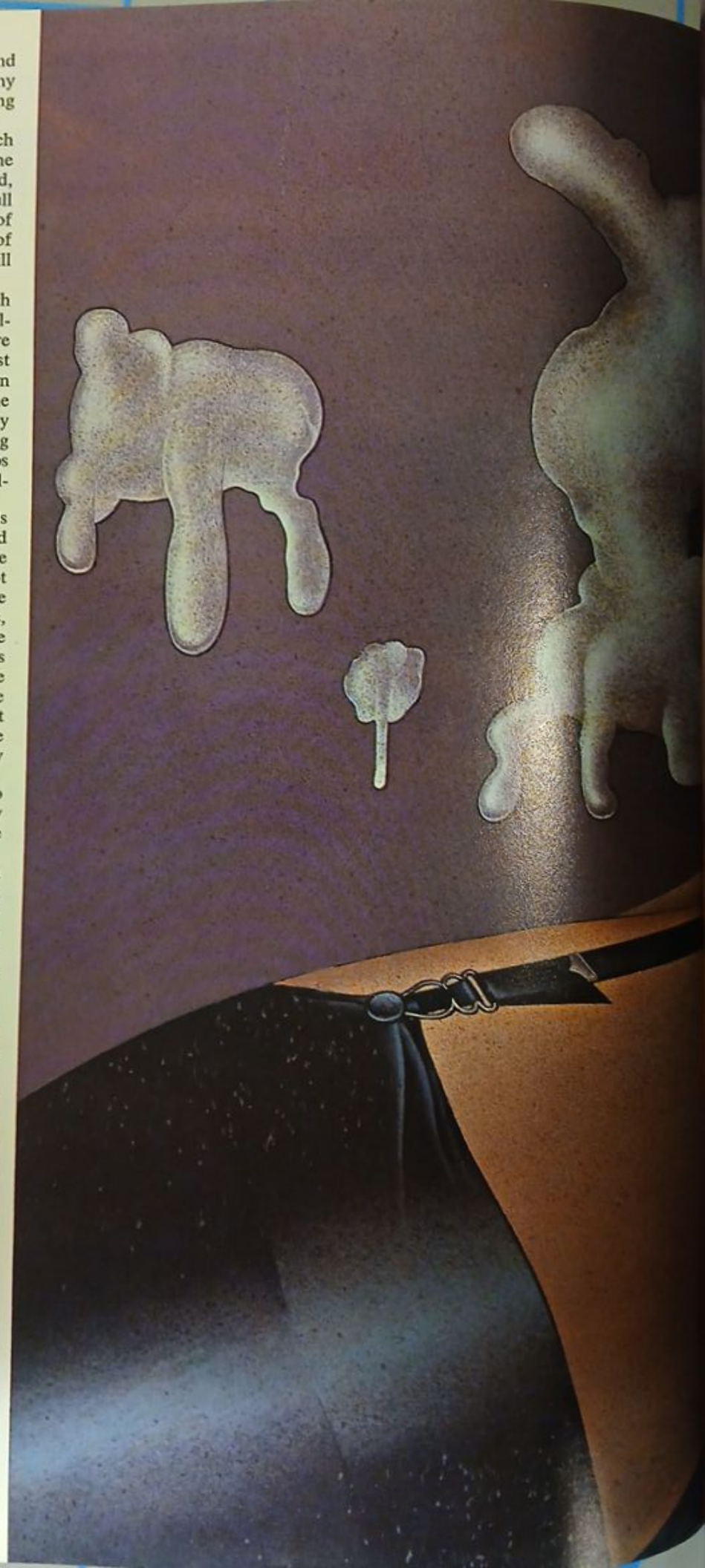
. . . The pirates had me chained to a wooden post at the docks. My elegant clothes were in tatters by now, the ruffled, white shirt torn to my waist. Velasquez, the fat, swarthy captain, had long since taken my boots; the cobblestones pressed my feet painfully.

We were in Skull Cove, a pleasure-oriented free port frequented by scum such as my captors. Already, they were lavishly spending the riches of the merchantman on which, until a few days ago, I was being conveyed as an emissary of King Charles to negotiate a certain political matter with the Spanish Throne. Instead, I would now be held for ransom; I was part of the booty. Two grubby guards, impatient to join the rest of the crew at the inns and bawdy houses, waited beside me for Velasquez to return with the high chieftain of the port, the notorious lady pirate Red MacTave.

"Oi still sy we oughter take 'is nuts, Bones," the smaller guard was arguing. "'E can still be ransomed; 'is voice'll just be a mite 'igher, that's all."

"Aw now, Brug," said Bones, seven feet tall and coal black, "you jus' relax. You hear de Cap'n. We got to keep this fine gen'amum in-tack, leas' 'til Missy

continued



ROY CARRUTHERS

continued

MacTave done look him over."

On "in-tack," Bones jabbed me playfully in the ribs with his finger. It felt like an ebony battering ram, but I kept my features cool and disdainful. I would take no shit from scoundrels such as these.

Suddenly, Maureen O'Hara strode into view, Velasquez trotting to keep up with her. I could see the shapely muscles ripple on her thighs as they flashed through her skirt of hanging thongs. On top she wore a blouse of rough blue fabric, the tails of which she had tied beneath her freely swinging breasts. Her hair was molten flame.

I had been chained kneeling. Velasquez puffed to my side and grasped my chin moistly, tilting my head roughly up for inspection.

"Thees ees heem, jos' like I say, hey Red?" He smiled hopefully at her through matted black beard.

"Let him go, pig. You are his social inferior." Though she murmured it, Velasquez snatched his hand away like my skin had turned suddenly red-hot. Bones and Brug exchanged significant glances.

She gazed down at me, her eyes snapping with . . . interest? I met her gaze. She bent closer. I could see her breasts press heavily against her blouse. Her lips were ripe, red, slightly parted. Closer she came. The perfume of her breath enwreathed me. She kissed me hungrily.

"Jesus Christ, Frances," bellowed Velasquez, "will you for Christ's sake stop making all that noise?"

"What noise, John?" MacTave knelt before me, ran a fingertip over the ridges of my stomach.

"You know goddamn well what noise! Jesus Christ!"

"John, really, *must* you use that language?" In the tatters of my breeches, her hands were leaving trails of cold fire on my thigh.

Over MacTave's shoulder I saw Bones sliding a small leather volume from his shirt. He began taking rapid notes.

"Ball four!" came a shrill cry from a bawdy house next door. "They're loaded up!"

"Well, if someone around here [MacTave's left hand was sliding slowly up my legs] would get his nose out of the paper [the other was plucking at my buckle] for a few minutes once in a while [it opened; her hand moved downwards] and talk to someone, for heaven's sake, [the hands met gently, surrounding me with feathery bliss] then I wouldn't——"

"Oh, horseshit!" yelled Velasquez and dissolved into a fit of coughing.

"What? What was that? I didn't get what came after 'for heaven's sake'!" Bones looked anxiously from Velasquez to MacTave.

"HEY!" roared Velasquez, regaining his breath. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WRITING? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?"

"Strike two!" cried the voice from the bawdy house. Somewhere, a bell was ringing insistently.

"John, you must learn to control your mouth." MacTave was stroking my now unencumbered mizzenmast, planting small, moist kisses on the crow's nest.

"GOOD CHRIST ALMIGHTY! I'M GOING OUT!" Velasquez stalked off. I heard a door slam. The bell had stopped, to be replaced by a loud clanging. An alarm?

"Strike three!" screamed the bawdy house. "Yer out!"

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

I opened my eyes. Someone, down in the kitchen, was knocking the knife handle against the radiator pipe, the signal that there was a phone call for me.

I sighed and rose from the bed. Pulling my pants up far enough to walk, I went to the phone.

"Hello!"

"Did you get the third geometry problem?"

"Huh? Robbie?"

"Yeah. Wow, I just finished it. Took me *two* hours!"

"Well, I haven't done my geometry yet." I bounced my limp turnip in my hand. It shouldn't take me long to get off the phone and then I could . . .

"That's okay! Just tell me if this sounds right!" Mathematical particulars began pouring from the phone. Hmmm. . . .

. . . The penthouse was lush, opulent. The city looked like millions of tiny, radiant jewels spilled on black velvet. Fresh from necking hotly in the taxi, Laura and I came straight to her bedroom. I was sitting on her bed, unbuttoning my shirt. Laura stood facing me, her soft, overstuffed body straining against her fashionable dress. It hooked in the front and she was toying with the clasp.

From previous experience, I knew she would blush. She was shy about undressing while I watched. The blush would spread up from her chest, through the freckles on her face, finally reaching her red-blond hair. It would happen soon: she had on that heavy-lidded, soft-lipped face she always wore when we were about to do it.

The phone rang. Biting her lip, she answered it, eyes still on me. I languidly removed my shirt, watching my aroused lover try to focus on the voice coming from the receiver.

"First," she said, "you'll need your protractor."

I couldn't refuse. I slid my pants off. Her eyes grew large. I reached up and unsnapped her clasp. The dress gave as mammoth softness shifted within. Laura closed her eyes. She could barely maintain. How wonderful! I slid the silken garment over her shoulders. She had to juggle the receiver to allow the dress to move down her arms, but then it was free and I slid it over her hips. It puddled about her ankles.

"What do you think?" Laura was stammering. "After all that, I couldn't get the goddamn angles to come out to 360 degrees!"

"Try dropping a hypoteneuse," I suggested huskily. She was soft, rounded, and freckly, straining against the reinforced black bra she had been obliged to have specially constructed for her unique proportions. I reached around her broad back and unlocked the bulging underthing, and flesh just went all *over* the place. She was blushing! Adorable!

"I did," she breathed. "Nothing. So I erected a cone on the surface of each sphere."

Accordingly, I stroked each cone with an open palm. They swelled to bursting turgidity before my hands had completed a single transit. What divine altitudes!

"Suppose I intersected your rhombus with a cylinder?" I murmured. My hand slid down the long parabola of her stomach into black silk.

"Rhombus? Cylinder? What are you talking about?"

"Mmmmmmm." The panties were off. Her red-gold isosceles triangle sparkled and shimmered in the candlelight.

"Your theorems are as thick as honey and taste like sweet oysters."

"Huh? What? You crazy?"

"Ahhhhhhhh!" My tongue bisected the tender trihedron.

"Jeez," she said, "I'm callin' Steve Greenfield. You're *screwy*!"

SLORP! LICK! SLOBBER! SMERP! Click.

I opened my eyes. The taste of hard black plastic was in my mouth; one end of the receiver glistened wetly. I hung up.

Judging from the appearances of my throbbing ICBM, blast off was seconds away. I rushed to my bed, fell down backwards, and swung my legs over my head so that the missile hove into proper azimuth. I craned my neck and, with some difficulty, reached the nose cone. . . .

. . . Chooch was doin' the bop with Rita. Foojie was dirty-boogyin' with Valerie. Angelo didn't care it wasn't a slow number, he was doin' the fish with Roseanne anyway. I leaned my chair back on two legs, hookin' my fingers in my belt loops, feelin' good. It was Saturday night at the clubhouse an' the Bopping Dukes of Avenue A were workin' out.

Dolores sauntered over to me. She had just smoked a reefer and her eyes were bright. "Meow?" she asked. I looked up at her coolly, snapped my gum, and . . .

Meow?

I opened my eyes. Puffles was sniffing delicately at my exhaust vent. I reached up and pushed his face into it, closing my eyes as his nose made contact. . . .

. . . Dolores sauntered over. She had just smoked a reefer, and her eyes were bright.

"'Ey Tony," she said, "I hear you gotta sanawich fuh me."

"Shoo I do," I answered, adjusting the line of my DA with thumb and forefinger. "Come an-a get it."

"Oo bop sha boo, baum ba baum baum baum," sang the Cleftones.

"I'm-a hungry, Tony. I'm-a think I'm-a gonna eat-a some of you sanawich."

Her hair was thick and black, her lips very red. A small, gold cross hung between her bulging breasts. Going to her hands and knees before me, she took the tongue of my zipper between her small, sharp teeth and began tugging it slowly down.

"Cow wa wa wa wa wa wa, ho dough dough dough," insinuated the Heartbeats.

Dolores had completed the unzipping and was unreeling my great Dago flagpole.

"'Ey, you gotta nize big-a sanawich, Tony!"

"Atsa right. It's-a juicy, too. Go 'head, take a bite-a."

Dolores laughed, shook her hair out of the way, and, in a sudden moist thrust, was rooting for truffles in my coal shute. "Meowr," she whimpered. Her nails raked my flesh, but, as War Councillor of the Dukes, I'm tough, so I didn't let on like it hurt.

Then she started on my sanawich.

"MEEEEOOOOWWWW!" she cried.

Whoops, whoops, I think. . . .

"MEEEEEOOOOOOWWWWWW!"

I can feel it, yes, it's . . .

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Now yes yes yes yes yes. . . .

"I SAID, 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING?' "

I opened my eyes. Grandma.

"I . . . I'm looking at a pimple."

"WELL, STOP LOOKING AT IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO PUFFLES? WHAT'S THAT ON HIS NOSE? . . . OH!!"

I released Puffles. He streaked from the room. Grandma was so beside herself she was actually forgetting to take notes.

"FRANCES! JOHN! COME SEE HOW YOUR SON SPENDS HIS SUNDAY AFTERNOONS!"

I had to get out of there. I leapt from my bed and fell on my face. Kicking the tangled pants from my ankles, I regained my feet and burst past Grandma. Eggplant in hand, I flew up the attic stairs and flung myself on Grandma's bed. . . .

. . . The pounding on the heavy, oaken lab door began as I had almost completed transmission of the SOS. As usual, Zarkov's instructions had been perfect. The Z Beam generator was working exactly as he had predicted.

"He's up there, John! He's locked himself in *my* room!" Old Queen Azura's voice quavered over the pounding.

"WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU HOMO-ING YOURSELF OFF? JUMPING JESUS!"

Ming had arrived!

My message completed, I snapped the immense generator off. The pounding had intensified. They were smashing the door with a heavy piece of furniture. Would it hold until Prince Barin's stratosleds arrived? Well, no use worrying about what you can't control.

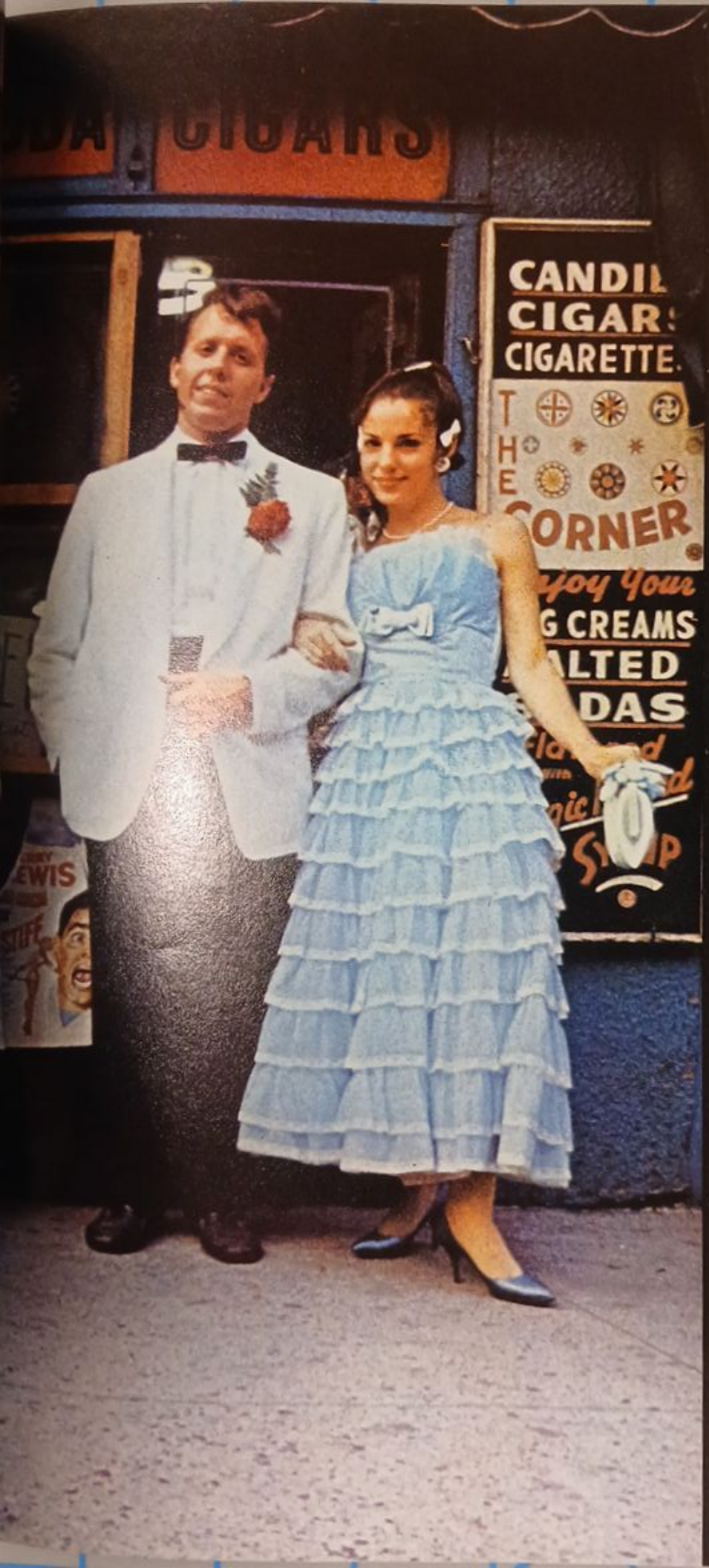
"Dale," I said, "come over here and sit on my face." □

The Senate slashed our budget . . .

UNTAMED

FIFTIES FASHIONS

The 'Sharp' Look



Hey, all you Kats 'n' Kittens, dig these frantic fashions! Get hep to these keen teens *(pictured at left)* and soon that stuck-up Dreamboat will change his tune from "See you later, alligator," to "Come along and be my party doll"! Heavy dates at the soda shop? The dungaree doll *(far left)* has on one of Dad's *old shirts*. (Make sure it's really old, or Dad'll *flip*!) Her raunchy rumbler *(next left)* hangs loose in stompin' boots and "sickle jacket," carefully decorated with *his* daddy-o's old tire chains. "White bucks and saddle shoes, that's what the kids all use," says the center couple. Pink-striped pegged trou and a super-yet-sensible shirtwaist make them the coolest kids in the cafeteria. Prom coming up? Well, the guys can easily rent a snazzy tux *(second from right)*. Say you can't hack tying the bow tie? Fake-out! It's a *clip-on*, so no sweat. As for your date *(right)*, she'll be Queen of the Hop in tiers of ruffled organdy and, of course, *bows, bows, bows!*

Photos by Bob Pike

(continued)

Parties

Decide who's going to have your party and then, when you get there, say it was a surprise planned just for him. That way, he won't mind so much when you smoke up his stash, play slap jack with his Tarot deck, and feed his angelfish Milk Duds. Of course, we don't have any hang-ups over such straight routines as "party manners". . . . don't rip off your "host's" floor pillow; *do* feign interest when approached by a repulsive, sexually liberated guest; play it cool with would-be suicides; and don't wipe the hookah mouthpiece before using it (it shows distrust).

Dating

The usual routine when a guy invites a chick to a demonstration or confrontation is for them to meet there instead of going together. This will make it simpler if the chick decides to leave with someone else, or if the guy runs into his Old Lady. If they are busted, the guy is expected to arrange the bail money and the chick should attempt to kick a cop in the balls.

Resisting Advances (Chicks Only!)

Off: "What kind of girl do you think I am!"

On: "I'm sorry, but I never do it with just one guy at a time."

Dress

The basic rule is to wear anything as long as it's freaky and looks inexpensive. Remember, though, to dress so that you won't come across like a member of the Establishment. Your safest bet is an Army-Navy surplus store.

Footwear

GUYS: Wear whatever you want, except ripple-soled walkers, Buster Brown oxfords, crepe-soled suede slip-ons, zip-front lambskin loungers, penny loafers, or rubbers.

CHICKS: Wear whatever you want except stiletto-heels, sling-backs or anything that appears in the Spring 1971 J. C. Penney catalog.

Headgear

GUYS: No lampshades, frisbies or propellor beanies.

CHICKS: No party hats, football helmets or turbans.

Bands & Beads

The matter of what headband and beads to wear, and when, is very simple. If the scene is before 5 P.M., wear your most colorful informal headband and beads. If it is before 6 P.M. and a formal gig, wear the same beads but with a more subdued, solid shade headband. If the scene falls between 6 and 8 P.M., wear the subdued band and a single strand of one-color beads. After 8, wear your basic black headband and a single strand of small white beads. (Note: If there is likely to be more than the usual token Afro-American, add a strand of chitlins.)

Insignia

Care must be taken as to when and where you display the two most important insignia of our culture — the peace symbol and the clenched-fist salute. As these are usually permanently stencilled onto clothing, this can cause obvious problems. Probably the best, most efficient solution is to buy reversible clothing, putting one symbol on each side, and learn to change quickly with the mood of your crowd.

Backpack

Here's a good example of how you can really *freak out* the straights by openly flouting their rules: Wear your backpack in front! Heavy!

Rock Concerts

First, if you're wearing something particularly *freaky*, walk purposefully up and down the aisle or hang out in the lobby until the concert begins. Once the music starts, place yourself in front of as many people as possible and scream as loud as you can when the lyrics are sung. Don't forget to keep shouting out the name of your favorite request number until you get some response from the stage. At the end of a set, instead of draggy applause, throw a chair, break a window, punch out a rent-a-cop, anything. Just remember, be crude! If you know one of the musicians playing, you'll be expected to wander on stage at least once during the concert and touch an amplifier.

Passing the Joint

The person providing the grass always lights the first joint, taking care that the match (no vu-lighters with hand-tied flies, please!) is held at least two inches away from the surface being lighted. After savoring the aroma, he should take a tastefully short drag and allow the fumes to roll gently around in his lungs. If satisfied that it is dynamite grass, he passes the joint to the person on his right, who inhales deeply and says, "Good shit, man." Each person in turn passes the joint to the person on his right and so on until it is back to the start, whereupon the process is repeated. When most of the joint has been consumed, the dude providing it designates his favorite person present to be the one to eat the roach. Or take it home. If he desires, the cat scoring the grass can also comment on its origin, growth, strength and vintage for the benefit of the others. A good all-purpose one is, "It's an unstrained, Tijuana lid with a slow rush, but I think you'll be zonked by its flashback."

Eating

Nothing can beat dinner time at the commune with your family and friends all gathered around the food-laden, sturdy, wooden dining room floor. Here are a few pointers:

• Centerpieces: These displays always lend a final finishing touch to the eating area. Among my recommended centerpieces are a ground shrub, a clock radio or a small child.

• Honored Guests: Filmmakers, musicians, Indian sages, Weathermen and other visiting dignitaries should be seated at the head of the floor, above the incense.

• Food: Should be something small and plentiful, such as rolled dried apricots, sunflower seeds or dirt. Remember,

a proper balance of yin and yang is more important than cost, taste, preparation or life support.

• Courses: The rice course should always follow the vegetable course, with the nut course first and the fruit course last.

• After-Dinner Music: Nothing caps off a fine communal meal better than a round of group singing. This helps to settle the stomach, relaxes the mind and will look good if anyone comes to make a movie or write a *Life* article on your commune.

Wine

The basic rule-of-thumb is to drink sweet wine with hard drugs, dry wines with the soft stuff. For example, Mountain White is ideal with mescaline, while Mountain Red is right on with grass. To help you remember this rule, I have composed a little poem:

Hard and sweet, soft and dry:
A tasty toke and a heavier high.

Weddings

If a guy and a chick from different communes decide to become Old Man and Old Lady, the chick's "family" is expected to rip-off the goodies for the marital feast. The guy is responsible for renting the meadow, writing the ceremony and hiring the band. (It is perfectly acceptable for the chick's former ball to be in the band.) The person performing the ceremony should be able to recite passages from Kahlil Gibran, roll his eyes and look halfway decent in the nude. The bride and groom can wear whatever they want as long as its freaky and her nipples show.

Anniversaries

There are eight milestone anniversaries in a marriage, each with its own distinctive symbol:

1 year: Glue
5 years: Grass
10 years: Methedrine
15 years: Mescaline
20 years: Acid
25 years: Cocaine
50 years: Heroin
60 years: Strychnine

Naming the Child

You may give your child any surname at all as long as it has never been used by any person before in history. Among those still available are "Marshmallow," "Treetop," "Garage" and "Turd."

Street Sitting

This is what the revolution is all about — achieving such goals as your right to sit wherever, however and whenever you want. The way to do it is for you and your friends to select a heavily trafficked part of the sidewalk and sit in such a manner as to take up as much space as possible. Maybe then they'll start paying attention to the rest of your demands.

Hitching

The only important thing to remember when hitchhiking is to assume an expression that lets the driver know that you don't really give a shit whether he picks you up or not.

Flag Burning

For instruction in the proper way to burn an American flag, see YIP Pamphlet No. 103C.

Slogans

Nothing can be more of a bummer than shouting the wrong slogan at the wrong time. Imagine your humiliation when you begin chanting, "1=2=3=4, We don't want your fucking war!", only to discover the gathering is a rally to support the Arab guerillas, or how you'd feel if you shouted, "Get the pigs!" at a meeting of vegetarians! If you are unsure as to the purpose of a demonstration and can't make out what the other kids are shouting, it is best to stick with an all-purpose slogan. "All power to the people" is especially apt for such emergencies, as the others at demonstrations are usually people, and everyone feels they could use a little more power.

Farting

Though strictly taboo in Establishment social circles, the counterculture recognizes the fart as just another natural bodily function. However, it is possible to fart improperly and make an ass of yourself. Here are some bummers to avoid:

- Giggling after.
- Saying anything to cover up a fart, such as, "Who knocked?"
- Farting when fine incense or expensive grass is being burned.
- Farting during a conversation with a Panther.

Being Busted

The only proper attitude when you are busted is one of insolence, antagonism, noncommunication and total non-cooperation. However, once your friends leave and you are alone with the pigs, it is acceptable to finger your dope connections in return for a "slap on the wrist." As the Lovin' Spoonful used to say, "A snitch in time, saves fine!"

Panhandling

There is no better way to show your contempt for the Capitalist Establishment than to ask its members for money. Frequently, when you ask them for spare change, the capitalist pigs will say something like, "Why don't you get a job?", whereupon you articulate your further disdain for their system and its hollow values by saying, "Fuck off."

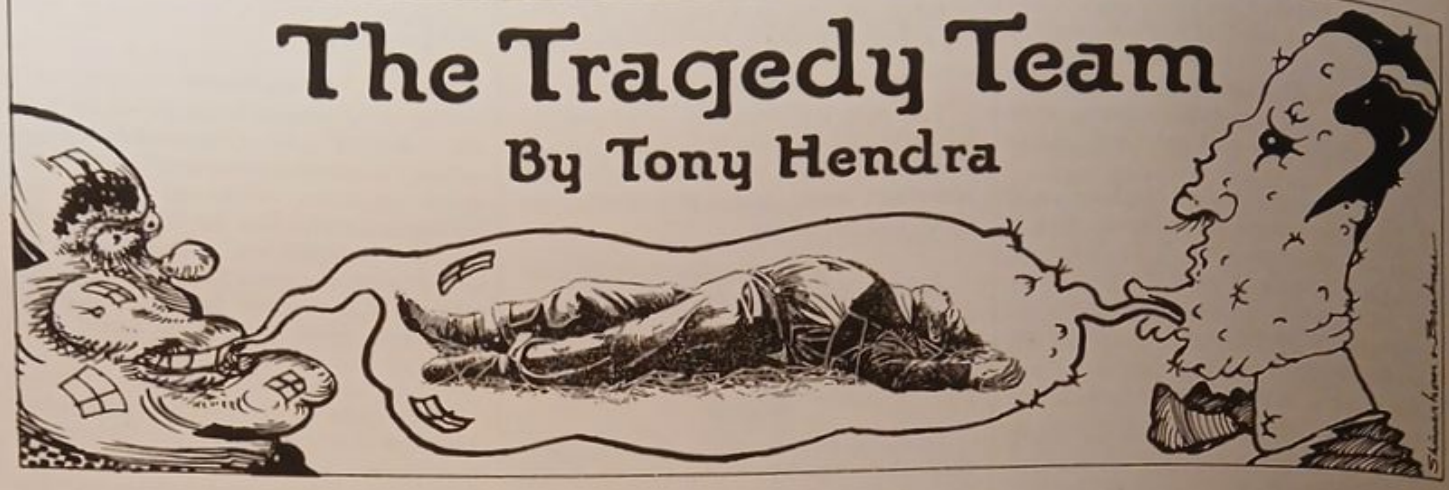
Ripping-Off

Ripping-off is the counterculture's "favorite American pastime," replacing such dull straight pursuits as squash or golf. It's a fun game that can be played by one and all, where you're the player, and the store owner, manager or clerk is It. Pick out what you want, cop it and run! If caught, you should shout real loud: "I'm liberating this [*name of object*] in the name of the oppressed masses of the Third World and of [*your home town*]." Remember, everything belongs to the people, and that includes such outtasight items as hotel guest towels and soap, hospital sheets, restaurant ashtrays and any stray tips lying around the table. Dig it and get it!

That's all brothers and sisters! *Ciao* for now, and don't forget, "It isn't the number of pigs you off, it's the thought that counts!"□

The Tragedy Team

By Tony Hendra



The lights dim in the plushly furnished lounge. People locked in optimistic conversation gradually quieten and turn their attention to the stage, where the M.C., illumined by a single spot, has found his way to the microphone.

> "Ladies and gentlemen, the Kishkas Hotel is very proud to present, right here in the Red Garter lounge, direct from a multiple appearance on *The Dave Garroway Show*, the cathartic capers of that fabulous tragedy team . . . Raskolnikov and Allen!"

There is a respectful silence. The spot picks up two men walking slowly to center stage. One is tall and slim; the other, short and pudgy. They position themselves stiffly on each side of the microphone and bow their heads for a moment. Then the taller one – Raskolnikov – speaks:

Raskolnikov: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome. It's extremely moving to be here . . .

Allen *(a catch in his voice)*: My wife . . .

Raskolnikov: It also behooves us to mention that you look like a good group. Yes, indeedy.

Allen *(with the same catch)*: My wife, my wife . . .

Raskolnikov: This is my colleague, Mr. Mort Allen. What is the matter, Mort?

Allen: My wife just left me.

Raskolnikov: Your wife just left you? Why did your wife just leave you?

Allen *(with a barely controlled sob)*: She has terminal cancer and wanted to be alone at the end.

Raskolnikov: She wanted to be alone at the end? How come she wanted to be alone at the end?

Allen *(sobbing)*: We don't love one another anymore.

(The audience is absolutely silent. Someone in the corner coughs.)

Raskolnikov: Are you sure, Mort, that it's not because you're Jewish?

Allen: No. Her father, like mine, died at Dachau.

Raskolnikov *(under his breath)*: Christ, this is worse than the Concord. . . . *(to the audience)* Humorously though, ladies and gentlemen . . .

Allen: Stan, do you know what the woodpecker said to the blind dog with only three legs?

Raskolnikov: No, Mort, I'm not aware of that. What did the woodpecker say to the blind dog with only three legs?

Allen: Ripeness is all.

(The audience laughs. Allen begins to sweat profusely.)

Raskolnikov: Speaking of relatives . . . relatives can be very moving. Take Mort's sister.

Allen: No, please, not my sister!

Raskolnikov: Mort's little sister is so fat that she once went out on a blind date with Shea Stadium.

Allen: It's true – she has a chronic hyperthyroid condition.

Raskolnikov: Which, I believe I'm right in saying, is incurable. Right, Mort?

Allen: That's right. She's so fat and weak, she can't even raise the violin to her shoulder. She'll never play again. *(He begins sobbing again.)*

(A drunk male voice is heard from the darkness.)

Voice: That ain't sad. That's about as sad as a salami. You guys stink.

Raskolnikov: Sir, there is a bus leaving for Cleveland in 10 minutes. Please be under it.

Allen: As my mother was.

Voice: Sing *Melancholy Baby*!

Raskolnikov: Sir, we are but poor actors who strut and fret our hour upon the stage and then are heard no more. Ours is a tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing . . .

(There is a shout from the bar. The drunk is ejected.)

Allen: Knock, knock.

Raskolnikov: Who's there?

Allen: Western Union.

Raskolnikov: Western Union, who?

Allen: The one that usually delivers telegrams from the Army.

(A considerable amount of weeping breaks out in the audience.)

Raskolnikov: Thank you, thank you. Mort, how was the psychiatrist?

Allen: He's fine, but his wife thinks she's a chicken.

Raskolnikov: Is he treating her?

Allen: He refuses to.

Raskolnikov: I suppose he needs the eggs.

Allen: No, he wants her committed so he can get hold of her inheritance.

Raskolnikov: I understand a friend of yours found a fly in his soup the other night in a restaurant?

Allen: Yes, he contracted typhoid and died.

(The audience has stopped sobbing and is beginning to titter.)

Raskolnikov *(under his breath)*: We are dying, Morty, dying.

Allen *(under his breath)*: Try the quickies, schmuck.

Raskolnikov: Mort, who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Allen: That was no lady, that was Walter Jenkins.

Raskolnikov: How do you distinguish a Pole from an Italian?

Allen: The Pole is the one who lost his parents in the uprisings.

Raskolnikov: What's black and white and red all over?

Allen: A wounded nun.

Raskolnikov: What else is black and white and red all over.

Allen: Oedipus Rex.

Raskolnikov: What is *not* black and white and red all over?

Allen: Life!

(The entire audience is now in the throes of ill-concealed snorts of laughter and barely controlled guffaws. Sweat is pouring off both tragedians.)

Raskolnikov: Mort, Mort, dear companion, who was that bum I saw you talking to outside?

Allen: That was no bum, Stan, that was the Eternal Reaper.

Raskolnikov: The Eternal Reaper! Boy-oh-boy! What did he say?

Allen: He said my end was near at hand, Stan, dear friend, and that he would come softly like a thief in the night.

Raskolnikov: He said your end was near at hand and that he would come softly like a thief in the night?

Allen: That's right, Stan.

Raskolnikov: What did you say, Mort?

Allen *(drawing a gun from his tuxedo)*: I told him I would cheat him, Stan! That I held life cheaper yet than he. For what is life – a lily, a husk, a glass of tea? Ivan Petrovitchskayaev lies beneath the orchard, Stan. Is it nobler in the mind to suffer the men of Athens waiting, waiting, pissing and waiting for the clown who may have killed the magistrate? Is it, Stan? Ah, cold Antigone, stiff Cordelia, the flowers in the meadow, my dear mother's eyes! Where are they now, Stan? What does it all mean? Why? Why?

(Allen shoots himself. Raskolnikov, catching him as he falls, sinks to his knees.)

Raskolnikov *(sobbing)*: Old friend, what have you done? Dead, dead ah dead, cold Morty, dead and gone.

(Raskolnikov snatches the gun and turns it on himself, falling across Allen's lifeless body. The band cracks in with an up-tempo version of the Dies Irae. *As a man, the audience rises to its feet. There is not a dry eye or nose in the house. The tragedy team gets up and, dusting itself off, takes bows.)*

Raskolnikov *(holding up his hands)*: Thank you, thank you, thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, as you probably realize, deep down beneath this dark tragedian's make-up lies a funny person . . .

Allen: Inside every Hamlet, there's a Red Skelton trying to get out. . . .

Raskolnikov: . . . so, before we leave you, we'd like to sing a little song entitled . . .

Allen: . . . *She Was Only the Doctor's Daughter . . .*

Raskolnikov: . . . *but She Died of Leukemia Anyway.*

(Music and fade-out) □

"This next one goes out to Fido from Spot, for Beanie from Butch, and for Taffy, Rover and Peanuts from Fang!"

Cancer
Cancer
Cancer
Cancer
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Cancer

Everything you always wanted to know about sex*

Explained by John Boni, M.D.

*AREN'T YOU SORRY YOU ASKED?

How big is the normal penis?

Ah! The big question. Preoccupation with penis size is the most distinctive and destructive characteristic of American sexual life. This is on the top of everybody's list of questions they were sorry they asked, and it shouldn't be because it isn't important. Generally, all penises are of normal length.

How big should the normal penis be?

Someone once asked Confucius how long his feet should be, and the wise old philosopher answered, "Long enough to keep you from bumping into things." A normal penis should be big enough to do the job of depositing Mr. Sperm into the watchamacallit so that it meets Miss Egg and makes a baby.

But how big is that?

Obviously, everyone's must be big enough because a tiny-penised race couldn't have survived. On the average, though, the normal adult-male penis is six and one quarter inches from base to tip in its tumescent state. When erect it should measure approximately twelve inches, but slight variations bring this figure down to eleven inches and up as high as thirteen—certainly not unlucky for *that* organ's owner. The diameter of the penis rarely varies much either way from the standard two and a half inches.

You said something about size not being important?

Exactly the point I want to make. It's performance that counts. Even men with only nine inches to their credit manage an adequate sex life with an understanding partner and some easily available artificial aids.

What is an erection?

An erection is nothing more than a reflex action, like the knee-jerk response, but don't go around hitting your penis with a little rubber hammer every time you want one. Some slight penile stimulation, like rubbing or stroking, is enough to bring a soggy organ to life. The brain has nothing to do with it. Publishers of nudie magazines know this but publish tons of these "erotic" periodicals anyway. This is for the benefit of the poor, lonely unfortunates who have no one to rub their penises, and so they rub them with the magazines instead. It gives them an erection all right, but no magazine ever said, "I love you, Joe." You can't get an erection just by *looking at something*. If you do, get a checkup. You may have cancer.

How does an erection actually happen?

You shouldn't ask this question. Erection is such a delicate, complicated process that it makes a rocket launching look like child's play. It's a minor miracle that it happens at all, and each erection you get may well be your last. It all hinges on the general well-being of the body—a head cold, hangnail, indigestion, money worries, anything, and you can kiss your erection good-bye. As far as the actual mechanics, the less said the better. If you knew all that's involved and all that can go wrong, you'd never have an erection again.

What happens to the erection after intercourse?

Nothing. It should still be there, ready and waiting. Intercourse actually maintains the erection. The penis, after all, is a muscle, and muscles stay firm with exercise. Intercourse is the penis's exercise and maintains the erection long after intercourse or, more exactly, ejaculation, is completed. The biggest complaint I get is from men who sex it up during lunch hour: "How can I get my erection to go down after I've finished intercourse? I can't show up at the board meeting like this." Of course, this problem doesn't affect people who suffer from that sexual nightmare "neuresy."

Neuresy? What's that?

An unusual condition in which a man loses his erection once intercourse has been completed. As soon as he ejaculates, the erection disappears and his penis goes on a twenty-five- or thirty-minute vacation, resisting all attempts at arousal. Let Jim tell how it happened to him: "Well, Doc, I was always pretty good with the ladies. Y'know, nothing really special, but okay. This one night, though, I came off once and was ready to go right back in, just like I always do, when it . . . I mean . . . it just . . . *folded* on me, faded in the stretch. *Me*, who used to have trouble gettin' it down after two or three hours, y'know, just like everybody else, except maybe fags or gimps or something. I had to wait *twenty* minutes before it'd report for duty again."

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With performances like that, Jim's popularity with the gals went down along with his organ. No lady wants to wait twenty minutes or more for a reluctant penis to recharge itself after each session.

What causes neuresy?

Frankly, no one knows, though cancer may be the culprit. Surgery can sometimes provide temporary relief in stubborn cases, but neuresy, like impotence, is usually irreversible. You can't teach a dead dog new tricks.

What about impotence?

Impotence is a very rare condition in which a man is unable to obtain any kind of erection at all. Real impotence is like natural blond hair—there's a lot less of it than meets the eye. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred, there's some other explanation: sloppy Swedish doctors, too much "extracurricular activity," unconscious dislike of the sex partner, latent homosexuality, excessive self-abuse, cancer, etc. I haven't run across a genuine case in over thirty years of practice, so forget about it.

I'd still like to know a bit more about it.

Well, so far as I know, there are only two kinds, but don't quote me—I'm not up on it (no pun intended). As I said, it is a very rare disorder, and most of the information I've been able to find on it comes from colleagues working in mental institutions, slum areas, and underdeveloped countries. The first kind is total impotence. Here, nothing works to produce an erection. All the ordinary stimuli—naked girls, magazines, paper bags, string, yogurt, etc.—have no effect on the bashful organ. A frustrating variation on this is the case in which a man carries his erection everywhere he goes—on buses, trains, walking down the street—but when he approaches a girl with an exposed whatzis, it drops dead on him.

The second kind of impotence is more tantalizing, to both partners. The erection is obtained and actually inserted, whereupon it collapses like a floppy sock. As with premature ejaculation, it's a case of another entrance examination flunked.

What is premature ejaculation?

There's a lot of confusion and misunderstanding over this condition because it is so difficult to distinguish from one of the main symptoms of degenerative paresis. It occurs when the man inserts his erect penis into the thingamabob and begins his first thrusting motion. Before you can say "Draw!" the man ejaculates. His anxious penis is so quick on the trigger that it fires prematurely and has nothing left for the showdown at the O.K. Corral.

How common is this condition?

It's practically unknown. Nature usually equips men with enough built-in controls to hold ejaculation at bay for as long as they want—five, ten, twenty, even forty minutes—in order to save it for a properly romantic moment, when his partner says it's okay, or when the phone rings. These are the same controls that keep a man from wetting the bed. A premature ejaculator is probably a bed wetter and at the very least needs some plumbing repairs.

How often should a man be able to have intercourse?

That depends upon how old he is. If you're talking about a normal man of average age, I'd have to say a minimum of five or six times a day.

What about a man in his fifties or sixties?

That's the age I'm talking about, and the intercourse rate is five or six times a day. This rate drops significantly to about twice a day when a man reaches seventy, but, frankly, a man's sexual powers disappear only when he's dead.

Are there any sexual problems for men in their forties?

Only one as far as I can see: a sexually exhausted wife.

Some men in their prime claim they can ejaculate about ten or twelve times a night. Is this a put-on?

Hardly. They're either being very modest or openly admitting a severe problem in this area. As most people know, fifteen or twenty times a night is about average. A good rule of thumb is approximately two ejaculations per penis inch (erect).

Is body size related to penile size?

Yes, and this is a good reason to stay slim. Nature compensates the very skinny person by endowing him with an excess of penile muscle. Obesity, on the other hand, causes the penis to shrink. All the body's metabolic juices are used up to support the bulk of the person's weight, and none are left to maintain the penis. Eventually, it disappears completely.

Then weight lifters and other musclemen must also have small penises?

On the contrary. That well-built neighbor or handsomely physiqued lifeguard your girl friend's been ogling probably has a gigantic penis to match his body. Being fat isn't the same as being muscular. Ask any woman. Of course, due to the hormone imbalance caused by excessive muscle tissue, most of these "flex" types are homosexuals.

What causes homosexuality?

That's like asking what causes a headache. Homosexuality has as many causes as the everyday skull-buster, and as many sufferers, and doctors know very little about either disorder. From a medical standpoint, the only real difference between the two is that people usually don't go around saying, "Boy, am I a homosexual!"

What are the most common causes?

Basically, anything that upsets the delicate hormone balance will do the trick, and it doesn't take much. It could be something physiological, like too little sleep or, for that matter, too much sleep; it could be primarily a chemical cause, like drinking excessive amounts of coffee or eating too many high-soda-content foods, like saltine crackers; or there could be a psychological factor, like having a bullying older sister or being passed over for a promotion; or it could even be something as simple as an undiagnosed allergy to corduroy. An increase of four parts per million of the wrong hormone is normally all it takes, which, put another way, is like having one too many bridge teams in a state the size of Delaware.

Can someone be a homosexual and not know it?

Definitely. As a matter of fact, genetically speaking, all males are latent homosexuals since their sexual makeup is determined by one male and one female chromosome, but that doesn't mean that every man in the world is itching to open a sandal shop. As Freud pointed out, most men are content to live out their homosexual desires in their dreams, and if you've ever dreamed of towers, hydrants, or trains going into tunnels, don't worry—it's only your homosexual alter ego doing his thing. Only when these natural inclinations spill over into your waking life do problems arise.

What about the hymen?

There are several ways to tell when this has happened, but with homosexuality, like cancer, the more obvious the symptom, the less time there is to act. Doctors don't agree on the earliest symptoms, but I look for white spots under the fingernails, too little bodily hair, a high voice, excessive tiredness, irritation over small details, and persistent dandruff. People who try to smell their own breath, suppress sneezes, or have difficulty containing flatulence are probably in the first stages, but it is usually difficult to get reliable answers to questions as personally embarrassing as these.

What role does the hymen play?

In later stages, usually after the "point of no return," the more familiar signs are apparent: obsessive leg-crossing, a penchant for colorful or "funny" clothes, a preference for girls' "mixed drinks" over "straight" liquor, and so on. Often men try, consciously and unconsciously, to disguise their tendencies, so don't be fooled by the guy who is always bor-

rowing your copy of *Playboy* or suggesting a Swedish movie—he may be hiding his real urges behind a smokescreen of virility. A good example of this is the rugged football player who gets a pat on his firm-muscled buttock after he races down the field in an exquisitely sensual demonstration of his beautiful body's physical capacities, causing deliciously salty beads of perspiration to form within the bulging crags and crevices of his throbbing thighs. It's almost certainly a homosexual act, but it's disguised as a masculine congratulatory pat. In reality, both the patter and the pattee are probably queer and may not know it.

Is the hymen important?

In extreme, but by no means uncommon, cases, homosexuals marry to hide their "forbidden" lust from themselves or from their friends. Either way, their wives are always the last to know.

What about the clitoris?

The hymen! That staunch guardian of chastity just behind the sexual door. For so long now it's been ingrained in our culture to claim that a punctured hymen indicates loss of virginity that all attempts to erase this impression have had little effect on some and have confused others. To set the record straight: a missing or broken hymen means a girl is NOT a virgin. How else can you tell? Certainly not by taking the word of a ruined girl, who'll usually say anything to avoid punishment. All this nonsense about bicycle riding, pole-vaulting, climbing trees, etc., are old wives' tales designed to keep girls from enjoying these pursuits for fear that they could lead to tomboyism.

Is masturbating wrong or harmful?

I'm reminded of the old story about the parent who caught his son masturbating in the bathroom:

Father (*ominously*): You keep doing that and you'll go blind.

Son: Then I'll do it just until I need glasses.

This humorous anecdote is indicative of the misinformation about the Solitary Sport. Masturbating isn't wrong. It will do nothing to your eyes, your ears, nose, or throat; nor will it cause hair to grow on the palms. If anything, and the evidence on this is by no means conclusive, masturbation may, in some cases, inflict a mild insanity upon the habitual penis-pumpers. Besides this negligible drawback, masturbation weakens the penis somewhat. Each masturbatory act is equivalent to ten bouts of intercourse. Since each man is allowed only about ten thousand ejaculations per lifetime, it would be well to teach the young, apprentice masturbator to begin counting, or at least to start parceling them out to best advantage. Personally, I reject the ten-thousand figure as much too low. The amount is probably closer to twenty thousand, using the two-thousand-per-penile-inch (erect) guideline. Women, on the other hand, can have as many orgasms as they can handle.

How can you tell if a woman has had an orgasm?

For openers, don't ask the woman, because she'll lie to you every time. Instead, look for the slight rash that shows up on a woman's feet immediately after orgasm. If you're performing in the dark, though, you won't be able to spot this telltale skin-change. For my money, the surest way is aural. All women say things like "Oh! Oh! Oh!" or "Oh my God!" as they experience orgasm. Some go "Brrrr," as if shivering from the pleasant sensation. If your partner doesn't moan and/or groan like this, then she hasn't experienced orgasm and is probably a Lesbian or just saving it up for that lifeguard. In one case I know of, the girl was dead.

How many kinds of orgasm are there?

Two: vaginal and clitoral. There has been a great deal of nonsense written in recent years about vaginal orgasm being a myth, but it's all hogwash. A woman should either have vaginal orgasm or a hysterectomy; if she can't have the first, she'd better have the second in a hurry.

What about cunnilingus and fellatio?

With today's liberal attitudes toward sex, many people freely engage in practices that were once considered immoral, sinful, and unnatural. I see no reason why these practices shouldn't be part of every person's sexual repertoire, provided they can adequately bear up under the unavoidable guilt feelings such perversions cause. Then, too, there is the aesthetic factor to be considered. If the man can withstand the unpleasant, fishy, and acrid odor during cunnilingus, fine. As for fellatio, there is some evidence, still incomplete and fragmentary, of a link between oral sex and lip cancer. And as an odd footnote to the fluoride controversy of the fifties, a Finnish doctor has discovered that concentrations of fluoride five times higher than the amount required to cause cancer in the gonads of laboratory mice regularly occur in the human mouth for roughly an hour after brushing with most commercial toothpastes. A word to the wise!

Is there such a thing as an aphrodisiac?

Yes, and I suppose that uppermost in everyone's mind is Spanish fly, the schoolboy's legendary dream chemical. There are others, like cow urine, common thermometer mercury, and pond scum, but none is as powerful as Spanish fly. In humans, one-tenth of one gram is enough to "turn on" the most frigid female; a larger amount spells sexual catastrophe, as evidenced by the insatiable lust of a certain young lady who was fed one gram of the stuff and impaled herself to death attempting intercourse with the gearshift of a 1961 Volkswagen. Of course, everybody's heard that old chestnut of a story a thousand times from a thousand different sources, but I knew the girl personally.

Are some foods sexier than others?

Eat an oyster and watch a limp organ bounce to life. . . . Create the penis of your dreams with an olive sandwich. . . . Unfortunately, this isn't the case. Foods

continued

continued

like sausages, celery, carrots, i.e., foods "shaped" like the penis—especially bananas and raw snake—are the ones that will increase penile length and endurance. It's as simple as that. Oysters, shrimp, olives—all that is a lot of bunk. A simple guideline is "Like breeds like," unless you find an oyster shaped like a penis.

Is it possible to tell penis size without seeing it?

A fascinating sidelight of a recent head-cold symposium was the discovery that the length of a man's nose corresponded to the length of his penis. A long or prominent nose indicated a below-average penis, while a small- or "button-" nosed individual usually had a penis above the average. Just remember: big nose, little hose; big hose, little nose. Actually, a more exact method is to measure the distance of a man's open, outstretched hand from thumb tip across the palm to pinkie tip and multiply by two; also, four times the length of a man's tongue will give you his exact penis length (erect). (Be sure the tongue is also erect when you measure it.)

As for men who'd like an idea of the size of a woman's doohickey, look to the lips. A big mouth means a big you-know-what.

Is saltpeter an antiaphrodisiac?

Yes, but its distinctive, bitter taste is immediately recognizable in every food or drink imaginable except potatoes. So, unless it's in the potatoes, you can spot it right away.

What effect does childbirth have on sex?

Children do have a habit of hanging around every time their parents are in the mood. Outside of that, however, the damage of childbirth has been completed. A baby is much larger than a penis, and at birth it stretches the woman's gismo on the way out. The husband's poor penis flounders around inside, like a BB in a boxcar, and neither partner feels a thing. Sex then becomes pointless. Nature, however, again compensates by decreeing that childbirth permanently ruin the figure and speed up the aging process, making the mother less desirable.

Is it possible to become pregnant without intercourse?

A woman's body is a wonderfully designed reproductive machine where all roads lead to the uterus—so to speak. Pregnancy can occur through anal penetration, after accidental fellatio, or by picking up a stray sperm from a toilet seat. Just like mononucleosis, only from sexual contact. Myths like toilet infection or locker-room epidemics are as silly as the notion that mono can be caused by overwork or exhaustion. Obviously, it's easy to see how stories like these get started. Unfortunately, a great deal of misinformation, fear, and superstition surround the whole subject. It is true that as far as syphilis in males is concerned, the only effective cure is actual removal of the organ, but the operation is painless and safe, and important advances have been made in this interesting branch of prosthetics. Gonorrhea, however, is by far the most common form of VD, and a series of shots no more troublesome than the treatment for rabies is almost 100 percent effective in most cases. For severe cases, acetylene baths, napalm salve, electroflam treatments, or a light dusting with white phosphorus is all that is required. Of course, such treatments are of no use if the disease isn't caught quickly. Regular checkups are the only sure method of finding a VD infection, but, as a general rule, 99 percent of all underwear discomfort, including itching and "riding up," is caused by VD. Another simple, and almost foolproof, method is to eat asparagus: if your urine has an odd odor during the following twelve-hour period, get to a doctor right away.

Does VD only affect sexual organs?

No, some sexual adventurers have been known to contract syphilis of the lips, tongue, and even tonsils. Fetishists report a high incidence of syphilis of the toes. VD in these areas is rarely as serious but can be embarrassing. For example, unless you're an artist, you're going to have a hard time explaining a missing ear.

Are there any other kinds of VD besides these two?

You bet. One in particular is called chancroid, an innocuous name in view of the damage it does. In the early stages, the chancroid penis becomes riddled with holes. Urination is accomplished in a spraylike drizzle. This might be fine for watering a plant, but it's terrible on the wardrobe. In the second stage the testicles begin to shrink. Sores form on the penis, which fills up with dead cells and pustules. If any of this pus comes in contact with your body or someone else's, it's skin-rot time. In the final stages the sufferer can get a job as a pile of oily rags or a compost heap.

Is it better to have sex with a virgin?

Most experts generally agree that it's better, and healthier, but also a lot noisier. Virgins tend to scream and yell and cry during their first intercourse. Just say things like "I love you" or "We'll get married as soon as Dad says I'm old enough," and she'll calm down considerably. About the only drawback is the high death-rate of virgins during their first intercourse—about 4 percent in the U.S., far higher than the rates in Scandinavian countries.

Is circumcision desirable?

Yes and no. Circumcision usually results in a severe loss of penile length. However, failure to circumcise a penis can result in cancer, in which case the penis must be removed surgically. The choice is in your hands.

Are some people more sexually potent than others?

Sexually speaking, the blacks can just about double anything their white counterparts have to offer, especially in penis length. One of my patients, Amos T——, a black man from New York City, was laughed out of Harlem when it was discovered he had only a twelve-inch penis. This sexual supremacy is the reason why blacks are usually laughing and grinning and seem to be always having a better time of it despite their oppression. This potency is also responsible for their occasional arrogance and sassiness, as well as their increasing popularity.

Who enjoys intercourse more—men or women?

That's like asking which came first, the chicken or the egg. It's a question that just can't be answered, and, frankly, it's most often asked by men with feelings of sexual inferiority or doubts about their virility. After all, men and women derive sexual pleasure from different sources, and how can you compare what a woman feels when her earlobes are whipped with, say, what a man feels when his nostrils are filled with room-temperature cheese dip? Should the characteristic "orgasm flashback" that most normal men experience ten to twenty minutes after orgasm be included? Does a woman's periodic "count of Venus" count?

As you can see, the whole thing is silly. It all depends on the individual. A more sensible question for a man to ask would be, Is she enjoying it too much? If your female partner seems to be enjoying it a lot more than you are, there's something wrong—with her, not you—and you should consult your doctor. Of course, since all healthy couples achieve orgasm simultaneously, it may be a little hard to tell who's enjoying what, but concentrate—it's very important. Just as the praying mantis kills her mate during intercourse to heighten her pleasure, the overly responsive female can kill you. She is almost always suffering from cancer of the cervix, which, though not usually contagious, can be transferred through repeated close contact with exceptionally sensitive skin areas, like the tongue or the glans of the penis. My advice is to get a sample of her uteral cells—it's a delicate matter, but I'm sure you can find some way to sneak a sanitary napkin out—and have a doctor perform an analysis. Then, to paraphrase Ogden Nash, the next time she calls,

If it's cancer
Don't answer. □

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L.A. Topless Teases, p. 34

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"INSIDE INFO FOR THE REAL MAN"

REAL BALLS HEALTH TIP

LONG HAIR, ROCK MUSIC CAN CAUSE CANCER.....**Dr. Sigmund Freed M.D.** 14

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I BAGGED THE FEROCIOUS BLACK PANTHER.....**Ed Stag** 17

Suddenly the killer dropped its shoeshine rag and raised its paws. My blood froze as I realized the only thing between me and its 97 pounds of savagery was my .38 Police Special, my Thompson submachine gun, my 12-gauge riot gun. . . .

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Automotive experts warn that crackpot "ecologists" crying "pollution" and "overpopulation" want to castrate your car and you, too.

SEND 'EM BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM.....**Dr. Jonas Sink** 23

. . . suggests well-known sociologist in novel solution to what's been going on around here lately.

REAL BALLS TRUE CONFESSION

I GAVE 'EM AN INCH AND THEY TOOK A MILE.....**Bill Belt** 26

It all started after we let 'em move next door. First, it was a cup of sugar, then a stick of butter. It wasn't until we heard the blood-chilling sound of a lawn mower being sharpened to a razor's edge that we realized . . .

THE SCREWBALL LESBO BRA-BURNERS PLOT TO HAVE YOU FIXED.....**Mark Dent** 29

Maybe even your devoted wife is a secret member. Does she step out alone with the girls? Ask you to wash the car? Regularly practice with her so-called potato peeler?

YOU CAN MAKE BIG $$$ AS A CHEESECAKE PHOTOGRAPHER.....**Steve Fist** 32

"Hell, it's easy," say big-time sex-snappers. "All you need is a spare room, some camera stuff and a smooth come-on."

A REAL BALLS BOOK-LENGTH BIOGRAPHY

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"Now, I'm not saying he was right, you understand," says author Nord, "but, on the other hand, I'm not saying he was wrong, either, if you know what I mean."

SCANDAL ON CAMPUS

LSD SMOKING IN WAY-OUT FRAT HOUSES TURNS COEDS INTO NAKED NUDE NATURE NYMPHOS.....**Rod Reel** 38

Every day, millions of innocent dishes are lured into weird and exotic perversions by anything-for-a-kick sophomore Svengalis.

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Author Hunk tells about official document listing over 759 names of known fairies holding seats in our nation's Senate.

IS YOUR DAUGHTER SECRETLY POSING FOR A CHEESECAKE PHOTOGRAPHER?.....**Steve Fist** 45

"He really suckered me into it," confesses 16-year-old sex-snapette, "what with his spare room, camera stuff and smooth come-on."

I INFILTRATED A BEATNIK HOOTENANNY FOR THE F.B.I.

by NORM DE PLUME

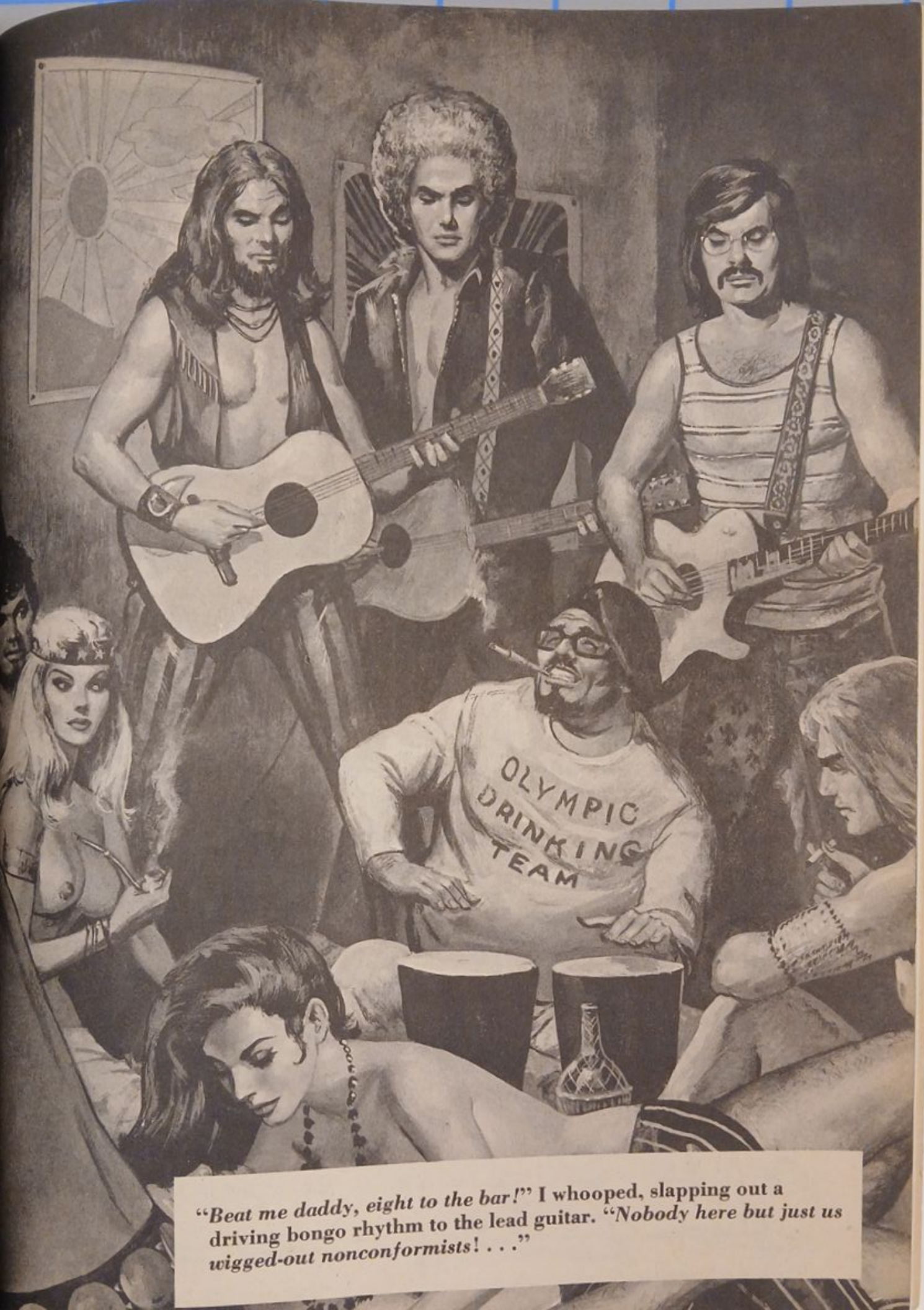
Skull-shattering blasts of acid-folk music pounded in my brain, my lungs struggled against the telltale sickly-sweet smell of LSD. My head was spinning like a lathe as I "casually" surveyed the "pad," its inhabitants a fleshy mass of jutting, bouncing breasts and jiggling bohemian buttocks, all moving to the hypnotic rhythms of the Twist. Many of the revelers had even shed their socks.

"Hey Pop, wanna ball?"

Suddenly, in front of me was the nicest rack of knockers this undercover G-man's eyeballs had fondled in many an assignment. My mind raced to recall the "slang briefing" I had received in Washington from J. Edgar himself. Luckily, it all came back in a flash as I grabbed the doll in my muscular mitts.

"Reet, big eyes!" I murmured as I mashed her pneumatic tubes against the miniature microphone concealed in my "Ban the Bomb" button. "This hep daddy-o knows the score and is goin' to show you how to *really* shake the shoe-leather. And afterwards you can tell me where you buy your pot."

(*Continued on page* 83)



"*Beat me daddy, eight to the bar!*" I whooped, slapping out a driving bongo rhythm to the lead guitar. "*Nobody here but just us wigged-out nonconformists*! . . ."

AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT ON WHAT THEY'RE UP TO LATELY

THE MALE BAG

The infamous Black Panthers (a negro terrorist organization loosely connected with the N.A.A.C.P. and the International Jewish Conspiracy) got another taste of their own medicine last month when Chicago Police Detective Doug Thudde and patrolmen uncovered "the largest bomb plant" to date. The cache contained "all the fixin's" for Communist-inspired Molotov cocktail firebombs, including 50 yards of bedsheeting (raw material for fuses), several sixpacks of bomb casings and, hidden in a nearby automobile, over half a tankful of "highly explosive liquid ethyl."

A Phoenix, Ariz., accountant, Felix Henpenny, has an interesting theory on the real origins of today's hippie scum. In early 1946, his wife Doris was "buzzed" by a low-flying Unidentified Flying Saucer and temporarily paralyzed by a "weird ray." Nine months later, Mrs. Henpenny gave birth to her only child, Raymond, who now has shoulder-length curls and lives in Berkeley (i.e. "Moscow East"). Thinking back on it, both Mr. and Mrs. H. recall the saucer gave off a "strange sound" . . . <u>suspiciously similar to rock music!</u>

The Wisconsin chapter of the Volunteer Vigilantees Against Homos has found that "fag casting" and "queer trolling" in city parks is better sport when care is given to picking the correct lure. Most V.V.A.H. chapters have relied on the tried-and-true open-weave body shirt, but the Wisconsin boys are claiming unprecedented strikes with a Judy Garland record album lightly scented with cheap cologne.

Speaking of homos, a reliable source claims to have "absolutely irrefutable statistical proof" that over 64% of last year's "peace" candidates were "definitely fags" or "would be if they had half a chance."

Police Fraternal organizations indicate that in recent clashes with "revolutionary protesters" (i.e. Commie homos), the peace creeps have picked up a trick from their slimy counterparts in Europe and Japan by maliciously wearing helmets and protective chest guards. Our Outdoor Sport Editor recommends meeting the problem by "beefing up" your load with a faster burning, smokeless powder and a brass-jacketed slug, or converting your piece to handle one of the Army's new armor-piercing small arms ammo.

HUNTER'S HINT: Try drawing your bead 1 to 1-1/2 inches <u>lower</u> on a hippie's head than on that of a normal screwball. That way, you've allowed for the "false silhouette" produced by the vermin's excess hair.

"It's getting so you can't tell the boys from the girls."

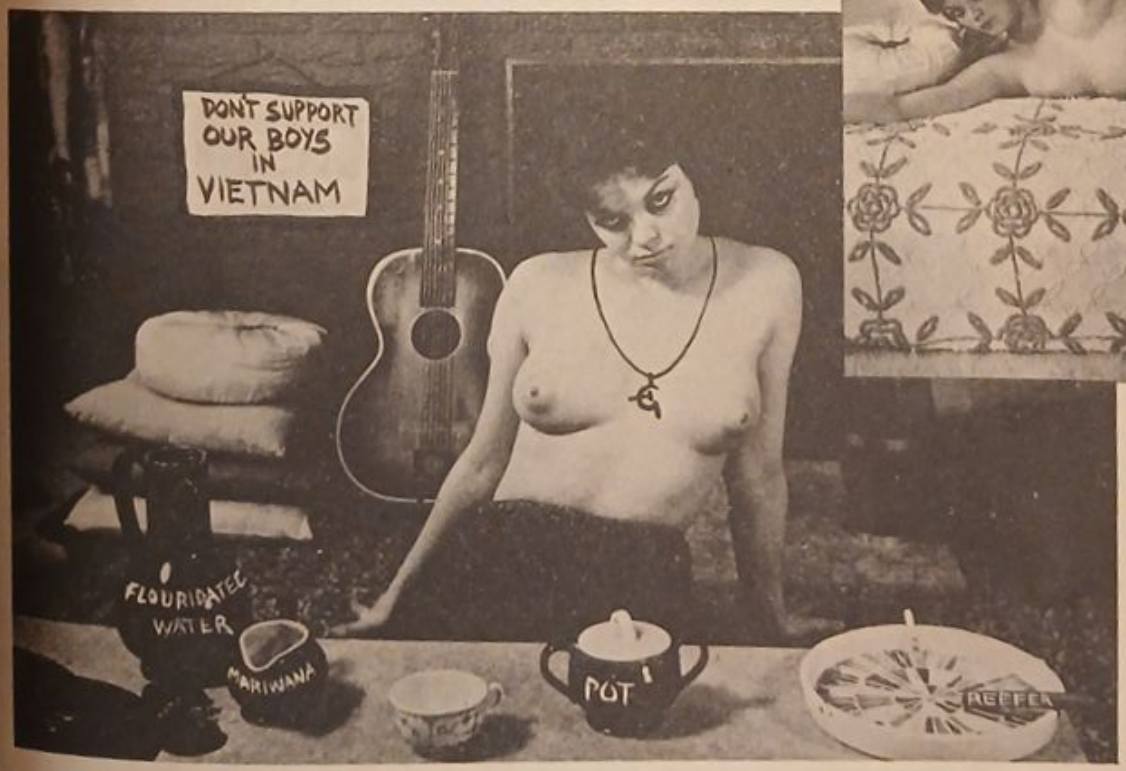
"Hey! Get a load of those tits!"

Gloria Dufay is a carrot-topped card-carrying Communist who wants to make more than just her hair red. A babe of a baby-sitter, glorious Gloria teaches her kids to use drugs, spit on the flag and be disrespectful to their parents.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY NO. 37

"PARTY GIRL"

Glamorous Gloria's favorite hobby is getting "high" on "goofballs" and composing peacenik anti-war songs. Giggles Gloria, "They're really good for spreading treason and getting away with it."



"No bra for me!" squeals this curvy Commie. "I also believe in free love, nobody having private property, people of different races marrying each other, shooting our President and nobody bothering to build a bomb shelter." □

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CHARLIE MANSON: NEGRO-HATER GONE WRONG
How one man's well-founded fears of black revolt led him down a street marked "Danger!"

HELL'S ANGELS: FRIEND OR FOE?
Are these motorcycle nomads dangerous outlaws or just regular fellas out for a lark? Hopeful new evidence from Altamont.

HIPPIE GIRLS ARE THE CURSE OF CAPITALISM
. . . say call girls who complain that "groupies" and other spread-around-for-free type chicks are undermining free enterprise.

LOVE SECRETS OF THE KLANSMEN
A leading psychologist reveals that white racists are better in the bunk.

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She was firm, ripe and luscious, and he was healthy, hung and horny. They did it.

THE GREAT INCOME TAX SCANDAL
How the IRS is "withholding" from your paycheck money that *you will never see!*

REAL BALLS FASHION SURVEY
TEN HEALTHY HE-MEN HUSBANDS ATTACK "LIBERATED" FASHIONS
The "dare to bare" casual look will never replace torpedo bras, black net stockings, garter belts and stiletto heels!

DOCTORS SHOW MARIJUANA CAUSES COMMUNISM
A crack team of eminent medical researchers have uncovered a direct link between Acapulco Gold and Kremlin Red.

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Pick up any newspaper and scan the headlines:

- **Thrill-crazed hippies, driven mad by dope, smut and Red agitators, dynamite office buildings and fire bomb department stores!**
- **Sex criminals and deviates roam the streets while the police look on helplessly, their hands tied by the Supreme Court!**
- **Weird psychopaths lie in wait for the unwary with sniper-scopes and high-powered rifles!**
- **Marauding mobs of hopped-up "have-nots" defy the law, terrorizing anyone who doesn't meet their ruthless demands!**

Then ask yourself: "Is leaving the protection of my home worth the risk?" Who might be *lurking outside your door* at this very moment: A junkie? A rapist? A negro? A former mental patient released too soon? Why expose yourself to needless danger when, in only 15 minutes a day, you can FINISH YOUR LIFE AT HOME! For mere dollars per week, the Safer Living Institute will provide all the adventure, the surprise, the heartaches, the joys, the setbacks, the triumphs and the jus'-plain-fun of life itself! You'll get every bit as much out of living as the next guy and probably more because he stands a good chance of being *gunned down in the street!*

Here is just one of the exciting events you can enjoy in the comfort and security of your own armchair:

A Trip Around the World (free from dysentery, skyjackers or nasty French waiters)

As an SLI subscriber, you get:

1 silk handkerchief tailor-made to your measurements in Hong Kong!

1 towel "stolen" from the Tel Aviv Hilton-Sheraton!

1 45rpm record of a Venetian gondolier singing *Nel Blu dipinto di Blu . . .*

20 exotic postcards to send to your friends complete with authentic foreign stamps!

1 Cinzano ashtray!

14 colorful anecdotes such as how you bargained for a shawl in a Damascus bazaar and even the Arabs were impressed with your shrewdness; how you have to learn to ignore the beggars in Calcutta even though your heart goes out to them; how clean Germany is and the remarkable recovery they've made after the war in relation to Italy; and how the first thing you did when you got back to the old U.S. of A. was rush right out and get a hamburger!

1 shawl from Damascus!

1 lace tablecloth from Brussels!

1 wine skin!

75 genuine View-master slides of everything from the Great Buddha of Kamakura to the little Greek street urchin who told you how "Someday I go America and be cowboy!"

12 back issues of *Holiday* magazine!

1 bottle of My Sin perfume by Lanvin "smuggled" past customs!

plus

Souvenirs! Luggage labels! Receipts! Timetables! Decals!

plus

Much, much more!

Choose from over 200 SLI events including: *Buying a New Car, A Visit to Disneyland, A Day at the Beach, Camping Out, Playing Softball, A Vacation in Florida, Acting in a Play, Shopping at Bloomingdale's, Going Out on a Date, Attending a Flower Show,* and many others, even *A Two-Year Tour in Vietnam!*

Read this typical letter from a grateful SLI subscriber:

> . . . decent folks are afraid to walk the streets. Things have gotten so bad that I won't set foot outside the house. Thank God for SLI!
>
> George Kochler
> Bethesda, Maryland

So, if you're fed up with running scared, do as thousands have done and fill out this coupon!

The Safer Living Institute, Dept. N, P.O. Box 727, Pasadena, Calif. 50102

I'm sick and tired of living in abject fear! Please rush me my FREE booklet on how I can FINISH MY LIFE AT HOME!

Print Name ..... Age .....

Address ..... Apt. No. .....

City & State ..... ZIP .....

Mail Today! Tomorrow May be Too Late!

I'D SAY THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF ORGANIZED CRIMERS! (A SMALL PERCENTAGE OF WHOM COULD BE OF ITALIAN DESCENT)
G-MAN
GINO'S
23

Illustration by Rick Meyerowitz

The Myth of the Mafia

by Christopher Rush

As you grow older, you experience the "exploded myth phenomenon" repeatedly. Personally, the first one I suffered was the classic "Santa Claus is bullshit" trauma. I brought this on myself when my mother dragged me along on her annual Christmas shopping odyssey. I observed several Santas, and being a swift 7-year-old, I quickly realized that Santa couldn't be white, black, freckled and a midget all at once. My *Golden Book of Reproduction* blew the whole Easter-Bunny-and-the-eggs bit, and the Tooth Fairy story was shattered when Krafft-Ebing informed me that fairies were not hung up *that* part of the human anatomy. Now they say that organized crime, better known as the Mafia, is a myth! When I heard that, I decided that this time I would do a little exploration. I wanted to see how these fantasies get started and grow in strength until they are accepted as solid truth.

This current myth of the Mafia has been attacked in two ways. First, it is said that there is no true organization of bad guys, and second, that the concept of this alleged organization as a predominantly Italian one, known as the Mafia or Cosa Nostra, is false. I am an observant person and luckily of Italian descent, so I think I am well equipped for a logical assessment of the situation. I remember, as a child back in my old neighborhood, that there were two basic types of kids: The good kids, like me, who wanted to go to college, and the hoods, who wanted to go to Mafia. My semi-friend Guido Baccala was the hood type.

Physically awesome, he was built somewhat like a refrigerator, and when he opened his mouth, a small light went on. He wore the standard black leather jacket, with 200 pounds of thumbtacks in it, and Marquis De Sade stomping boots. He achieved self-expression and uniqueness by adorning his chest with a tattoo of J. Edgar Hoover and Elliot Ness committing an unnatural act. Guido got into trouble at an early age when he was thrown out of third grade for mugging a mounted policeman and raping his horse. To him,the Mafia was the General Motors of crime, and he hoped for an executive position someday. His leadership qualities were apparent: He was the head of a fierce street gang called the Algonquin Groinsmashers. Ever since he assumed control by eating their old leader, the Smashers had grown to become the most successful gang in Brooklyn, dominating the counterfeit baseball card racket and stealing a megaton of hub caps annually. I think the existence of this rancid little group of young thuglings says something about the ability of these types to organize.

(continued)

(continued)

It was Guido who pointed out to me the unusually profitable candy store his uncle ran. I had to admit that a hundred grand a year was pretty good for a corner candy store, no matter how fast the Chiclets and Baby Ruths were moving. My violence-prone friend suggested it had something to do with the 35 telephones and the racing sheet in the back room. At first, I thought his uncle had a dial tone fetish, but then it began to dawn on me that he must have a tie-in with something stronger and more profitable than the Knights of Columbus. Eventually, Guido got a knife-throwing scholarship to an out-of-town college — way out of town; Sicily, to be exact.

And there was the hot dog man, who was just like any other hot dog man with his little wagon, except that he had a really lousy memory because his pockets were full of slips of paper with names and addresses on them. He really impressed me since some of the names were Thundercloud and Lightning Bolt, and so he was the only guy I knew who had real Indian friends. He also had a $10,000 Ferrari. That's a lot of sauerkraut. The only other shady recollection from my youth was of our neighborhood's equivalent of the Household Finance Company. His name was Happy Al, and he would lend anybody any amount of money with no collateral. He charged 72 per cent interest compounded hourly and had a pet gorilla that he had trained to use a sledgehammer for collection purposes.

I have to admit that personal observations like these, made in my own small sphere, definitely limit my perspective. However, I am an avid newspaper reader, and if there's one thing the papers are overflowing with, it's crime and corruption. There are always stories of highways and bridges being built out of substandard materials, like oatmeal, and of "underworld" figures bribing government officials to make it possible. Now, I assume these officials are not in an income bracket that would allow them to be bribed with a couple of tickets to *Hello, Dolly!* Since this kind of double-dealing has happened so many times, I would also assume that the necessary money cannot be acquired by an occasional purse-snatching or the rifling of a gumball machine. Then, of course, there are the "key witness" stories. The headline in a Sunday paper reads: "KEY WITNESS TO TESTIFY AGAINST CRIME SYNDICATE." The story in Monday's paper runs something like this: "The body of the key witness was found in Greenland today. The victim seems to have been bludgeoned to death with a lead-filled pepperoni." I think this sort of thing may point to some kind of organization.

Hollywood movies have played up this angle to the point of exaggeration. In scene one, we see a skinny, rodent-like character named Weasel. WEASEL: *"I'm gonna spill my guts out to the Feds, Rocco! The booze, the broads, the bingo — everything!"* Rocco gives Weasel a look that would peel paint off a wall and bites his cigar in half. FEDERAL AGENT: *"Don't worry, Weasel, we'll give you round-the-clock protection."* In scene two, we see the Police Chief talking to the Federal Agent. POLICE CHIEF: *"We don't know how it happened. He fell 15 stories, right through the pavement. Poor Weasel really did spill his guts."* FEDERAL AGENT: *"That's really weird, since we were keeping him in the basement."*

I've read many news stories about alleged crime syndicate involvement with New York's waterfront, and I saw them beat hell out of Marlon Brando, but recently there have been articles about strange happenings at Kennedy International Airport. It seems that six or seven million dollars worth of pilferage has been discovered. Now, that's not like a few guys stealing paper clips from the office. I can't picture a handful of unrelated, dishonest workers hiding a tractor or a couple of crates of ball bearings underneath their overalls, either. The last thing stolen was a shipment on its way to a zoo, consisting of a Bengal tiger, two giraffes and an albino hippopotamus. These are not the kind of items a thief can easily convert into cash or have "fenced." So, again, some hasty individuals are pointing their fingers at organized crime. Another interesting thing that occurred to me was the fact that the police are constantly classifying murders as the work of "professional killers"; especially when the bullet-riddled bodies have union labels on them. Who furnishes professional killers? Maybe Hertz has a rent-a-killer sideline. And there's the story an oversexed traveling salesman told me. It was about prostitutes in fifteen different states having serial numbers tattooed on the soles of their feet. This is the kind of thing that keeps the silly Mafia myth alive and kicking.

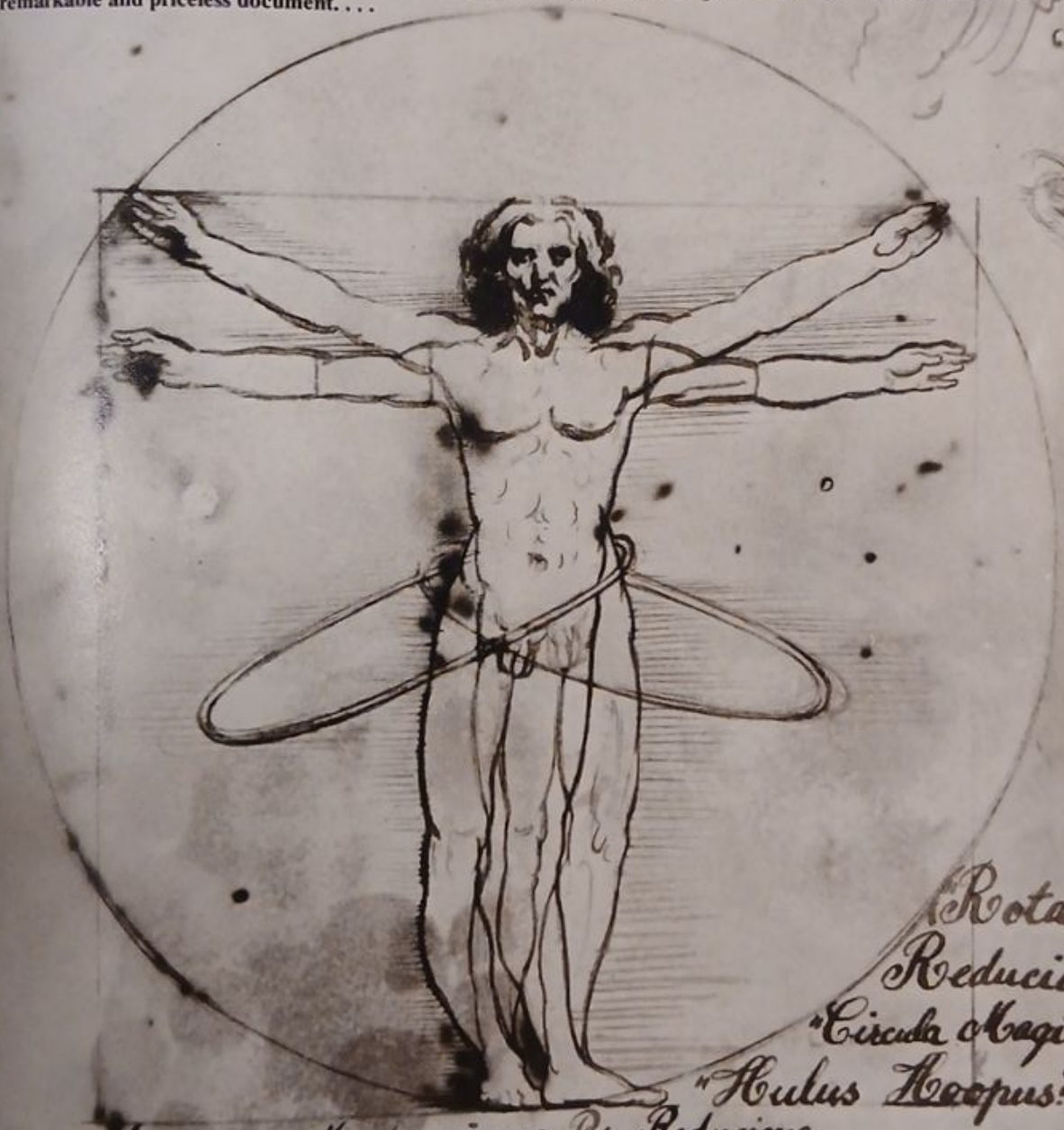
There is also the question of common knowledge. By common knowledge, I mean things everybody knows and takes for granted, like "butter is good for a burnt finger," "lions bite," etc. I recently moved into a new neighborhood and questioned some of my neighbors about the Mafia's influence in the area. I received answers like: "That restaurant is run by them for sure. The waiters all have shoulder holsters"; "the bowling alley has been run by them for years"; and "there's a rumor they have a piece of the new Synagogue, and the supermarket is Mafioso all the way." All of these statements were made as if they were common knowledge, and since they have reached that level of acceptance among the local people, I feel they are of some value. Of course, in some cases they may have jumped to conclusions. Just because the six check-out boys at the supermarket are 300-pound ex-wrestlers who walk on their knuckles and there's a body in the frozen food counter with a sign on it that says, SHOPLIFTERS WILL BE PROSECUTED, that's no reason to pin it all on the Mafia.

There is no doubt that the subject of organized crime has been a bit overplayed in some areas, thanks to Hollywood, newspaper sensationalism and human nature. There are also some cretinish individuals who will inevitably use the logic of their faulty frontal lobes to degrade all Italians. Recently, Italian-Americans in New York City reacted to this kind of generalized prejudice. Stores and businesses were closed in honor of "Italian Unity Day," and a demonstration was held, one in which I participated. However, it did strike me as a little odd that Chinese laundries and Jewish delicatessens were also closed for the occasion, and I am fairly certain that there are parts of town where it would be unwise to ridicule Al Capone publicly. But if the whole Mafia thing *is* a myth, I wish someone would tell poor old Joe Valachi, because it's no fun living in a bunker under Mt. Rushmore, even if the FBI did give him a Ping-Pong table. □

The Undiscovered Notebook of Leonardo Da Vinci

compiled by Doug Kenney reconstructed by Daniel Maffia

Scientist, painter, engineer, architect – Leonardo Da Vinci was undoubtedly the greatest thinker of Western Civilization. Although born in 1454, his voluminous notebooks predicted not only the airplane and helicopter but many other modern day miracles. Thinkers through the ages have gleaned from these notebooks great insights ("Gravity is what makes birds fall down when they have heart attacks"), as well as a wealth of fascinating biographical data ("Four pairs stretch tights . . . six doublets . . . no starch . . ."). Thus, the *National Lampoon* is honored to be able to present portions of one of Da Vinci's notebooks that has never been discovered. We hope that you will be as awed as we were at the genius and vision revealed in this remarkable and priceless document. . . .



Gigante inventione
pro la guera contra
le castello del principes maligno.
Caesare Borgia offerte me
17,000,000 lire!

Una signale instrumenta a proyetta a me una signale della policia

Mia altra identito vero secretissim

Una Methodica Travale a Venere e Mars

Una "Volante Pizza"
come una engina
operatione
"anti-graviteria"!
Travele de Milano a Roma
in cinquanta minutti!
Non jammi de traffica!

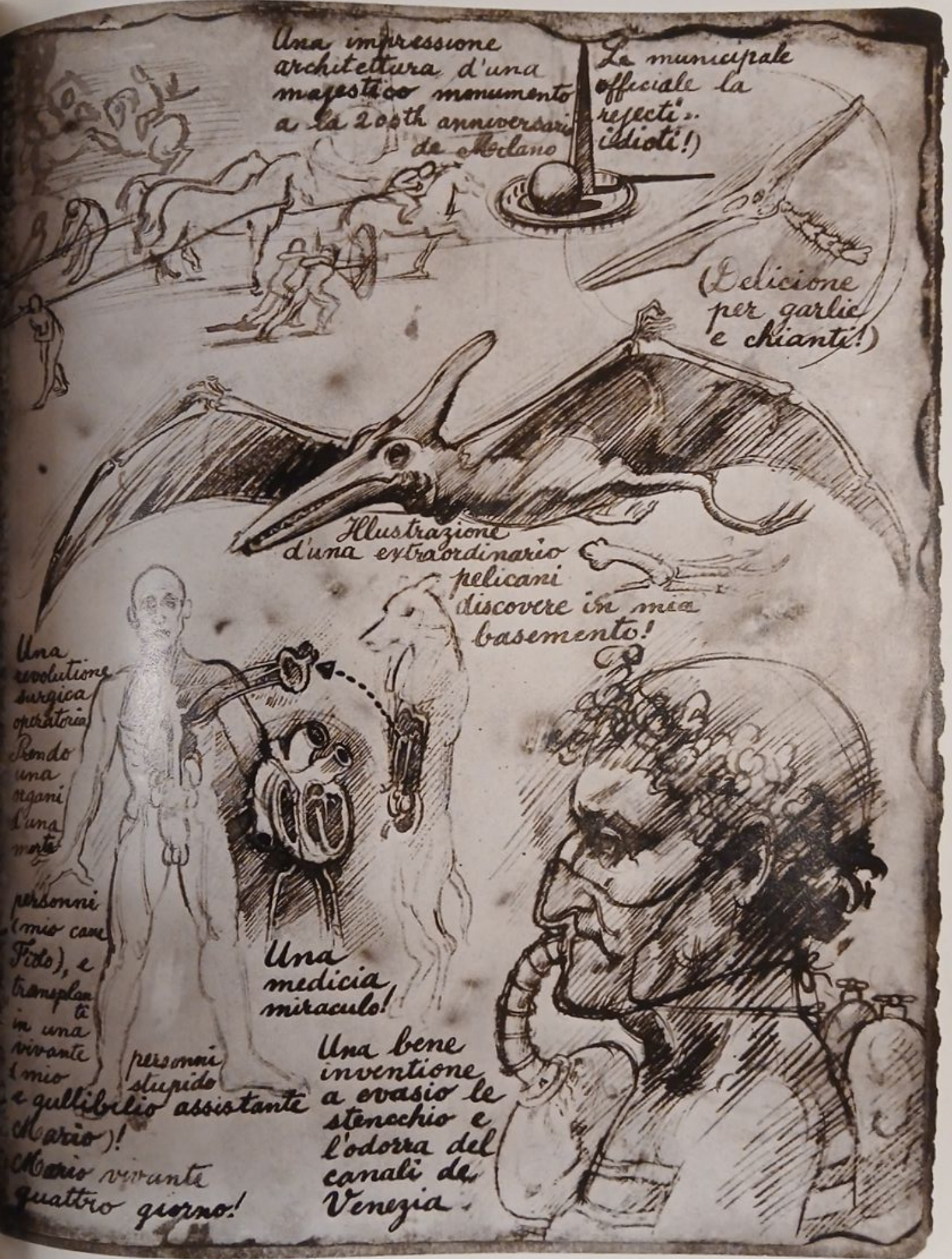
unsuspecta victima

rara e magisterioso vegetaria della "Novo Mundo"!
Per mio amico
Christopho Columbo.
Nomine "Maria Giana"?
Simile arregano, si?
Che non arregano, ha, ha.

Una devicio joculare!
Le "Poo-poo Cushione"
Quando una unsuspecta victima
seda sopra le
Poo-poo Cushione
il produce uno suono
molto embarassimo...
braaaaazzzzzzzzzzz
Tutti personi smicceri!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Si?

poo-poo cushione

ha ha ha


Una impressione architettura d'una majestico monumento a la 200th anniversario de Milano
La municipale officiale la rejecti.. idioti!)
(Delicione per garlic e chianti!)
Illustrazione d'una extraordinario pelicani discovere in mia basemento!
Una revolutione surgica operatoria Rendo una organi d'una morte
personni (mio cane Fido), e transplanti in una vivante (mio e gullibilio Mario)!
Mario vivante quattro giorno!
personnai stupido assistante
Una medicia miraculo!
Una bene inventione a evasio le stenochio e l'odorra del canali de Venezia.

Una "Aqua Pistola" ... direction
acqua
Per bambinos. Tutti bene per ecstinguo incendio.
Criggaria
acqua
La Grappa Dispensione
Inserte le cinqua lire, la grappa meccanismo retourna una grappa (Scribe una lettera a Isabella concerna uno franchiso in Spagna.
Grappa
Cinqua Lire
COCA
COCA
Cola
Allegro con brio
Solo Mio
La Personalle Vibratoria
Una Christamasco presente per Il Papa Innocenti VIII

Communicatione
Megatelephone Expressio
Megatelephone Audio
Una elegante e satirico monumenta a la militaria Italiano.. Ha! Ha!
L'equito travalle rapido... in reverso.. ha! ha!)
TRUE
Pro Signor Walter Raleigh e suo "Cobakko"
Una Pronto Stilletto" per l'espionagia agenti.
D'uno suggestione de Signora Lucretia Borgia.
Amici! Desirado una pronto copulatione? Megatelephone: RE naissance 8-5669 (requesto per Mona)

999.99
REDDY WHIP
POP TARTS

Michael O'Donoghue's
The way to become

The Censorless Woman

By "F"

The first book that shows a woman how to tear off her PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER and expose the SPICY FRENCH POSTCARD underneath

Chapter 1 — DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE OLD AND UGLY! LIVE LIFE NOW WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG AND UGLY!

Quite frankly, I'm not gorgeous.

I am, believe it or not, plain and dumpy with smallish breasts, chunky thighs, clunky gears, varicose veins, stretch marks, webbed fingers, braces (on my teeth and right leg), a harelip and a glass eye. My left leg was amputated slightly below the knee. My pacemaker is rusty. I have Rossbach's disease.

And yet, the world's most scrumptious lovers throw themselves at my foot. I've turned down marriage proposals from a Greek shipping magnate who, on the rebound, settled for the wife of an ex-President (you'd recognize her name immediately), a charming motel manager, a suave harmonica virtuoso, a fascinating real estate dealer, a good-looking tax consultant, a distinguished notary public, a trim recreation director, a handsome pharmacist, a seductive "invisible" reweaver, a groovy computer programmer, a personable football team, a dapper X-ray technician, and more movie stars than I have unsightly brown moles.

What is my secret? Why am I so sought after? How is it men beat a path to my door?

Because they know that I'll do *anything*.

ANYTHING!

YOU NAME IT, I'LL DO IT!!!

Chapter 2 — CONFUCIUS SAY "GIRL WHO DO EVERYTHING UNDER SUN GET EVERYTHING SUNBURNED!"

There are three ways to get the world to beat a path to your door. The first, of course, is to build a better mousetrap. The second is to build a better path. And the third is to breed a *worse mouse*. It is this Worse Mouse Method that we will explore in the upcoming chapters.

Let's face facts. We gals don't all look like stewardesses, who are, admittedly, the apex of grace, style, beauty and all that is dear to American womanhood (and American men!). But, by employing the Worse Mouse Method, that is to say, by doing things no stewardess would dream of, such things as:

The Kinky Caterpillar
The Trembling Banana
The Honolulu Honkoff (Basic and Advanced)
The Mexican Moonjob
and
The Embrace of the Bent Badger

(to name but a few of the amazing techniques and positions you'll find detailed in Chapter 11), men will actually choose you over a stewardess. Incredible as it may sound, men will *kick a stewardess out of bed* in favor of a slinky, wicked and provocative Censorless Woman every time. Uhmmmmmm.

Chapter 3 — THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH YOUR STOMACH!

Do you remember the first meat loaf you cooked? It turned out pretty crummy, didn't it? You had to practice to learn how to make a really great meat loaf. The same thing with Salisbury steak. Or macaroni and cheese. It took time to develop your culinary skills. Well, it's the same way with sex. Unless you practice, unless you take the time to develop the necessary skills, then taking you to bed is like fucking a soggy meat loaf. Ugh.

Here are a few Censorless exercises guaranteed to turn any Plain Jane into a seething tempestuous sexpot:

Exercise One: Remove all your clothes. Then crouch on the floor and try to pick up a marble with your tongue. Don't expect success right away. But stay with it. You'll need an agile tongue for The Peeping Leech (minutely described in Chapter 11). Start off v-e-r-y slowly with just one marble the first day, two marbles the second, and so on, until, in scant weeks, you'll be lapping up aggies like a starving anteater.

Exercise Two: Remove all your clothes. Then hop up and down on *one* foot. This may seem a trifle ridiculous now, but you'll understand the importance when you attempt The Candy Barr Bounce and The Manitoba Muffin Rub (which Chapter 11 covers so graphically).

(continued)

Illustration by Sagaba

(continued)

Exercise Three: Remove all your clothes. Then pick up marbles with your tongue while hopping up and down on one foot. This exercise will prove invaluable when you come to The Ginza Strip Zipper Ripper (more about *that* in Chapter 11).

Exercise Four: Sit on a marshmallow.

Chapter 4 — HAVE YOU BEEN WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTON?

Now, it is possible that the neighbors, when they notice you sporting open-tip bras, groping bellboys, buying rubber novelties and luring strange men with a husky "Hi ya, tiger! Wanna get your ashes hauled?", may start to talk. Some might even go so far as to engage in mudslinging, shouting "Guttersnipe!", "Round heels!" and "V-girl!" when you walk by.

Pay them no mind.

Every great inventor, every great explorer, has had to put up with the cruel jibes of a few narrow-minded bluenoses. They mocked Marconi. They maligned Vasco da Gama. And you've discovered something niftier than the radio or an all-water route to India. You've discovered big old Mister Orgasm. Uhmmmmhmmm.

Chapter 5 — PUT OUT THE WELCOME MATTRESS!

Many women are lonely just because they don't know how to meet men. They waste precious hours hanging around singles pubs or attending aprés ski mixers only to go home each night to an empty bed.

And yet, the problem is so easily remedied:

Simply pick up a bright red lipstick (or shocking pink), proceed to the men's room of the local bus station and scrawl on the wall, "GET YOUR ROCKS OFF WITH [your name and phone number]!".

Alice, an unattractive, middle-aged friend of mine, tried this technique and her phone didn't stop ringing for a week. In fact, many of the phone calls themselves provided more thrills than her husband had given her in the last 10 years.

Chapter 6 — AND THEN THERE WAS THE QUEER AUSTRALIAN WHO WANTED TO BE IN SIDNEY!

Once you get a guy in the sack, you have to keep him there, so here are Six Wonderful Ways to Whip Your Guy into an Erotic Frenzy (without actually using a riding crop):

1. Put a Pop-Tart in your panties (if your man likes to raid the icebox in the wee hours, why not stuff a snack in your underwear and, while he's rummaging around in there, who knows? . . .)
2. Titillate your mate by reading aloud from racy novels (*By Love Possessed; Mandingo; The Prize; The Chapman Report; Youngblood Hawke; Every Night, Josephine;* et cetera . . .)
3. Do it with a paper bag over your head (everybody talks about it but nobody ever does it).
4. Do it in kooky places — phone booths, rabbit hutches, Morris Minors, formal gardens, Automats, confessionals, abandoned filling stations (perfect for Flogging the Frog, as you'll see in Chapter 11), under trains, high atop the Woolworth Building, in closets full of warm tapioca, et cetera . . .).
5. Tattoo a smutty joke on your tummy and tattoo the punchline you-know-where (Q: Why do mice have such small balls? A: Because very few mice know how to dance!)
6. This idea is so important that I'm giving it a chapter of its own so read on to experience the raw joys and naked ecstasy of —

Chapter 7 — UNNATURAL ACT 1, OB-SCENE 4!

Doing it *with the lights on!*

Did I shock you? Surprisingly enough, that's nothing compared to The Varnished Turk of Chapter 11. If you truly desire to become a Censorless Woman, you must chase away those prudish, middle-class hangups. Besides, there are three absolutely zingy reasons for not making yum-yum in the dark:

1. It's popular with the jet set.
2. It's easier to find the Pop-Tarts.
3. Your fella will love you for it.

Consider the case of Phil, the husband of Midge, an unattractive, middle-aged housewife. Wearing only a pair of soiled support hosiery, Phil likes to sit in a tub of creamed onions while Midge flails him with a knotted extension cord and screams: "SELF-POLLUTION IS THE DEVIL'S PHONE BOOTH!"

Out of the ordinary? Definitely.

Sick, nauseating and repulsive? Never.

Phil and Midge have worked out their sexual fantasies, sharing a closeness and open understanding that few couples ever know. If you find their activities offensive, then perhaps you'd better take a long, hard look at yourself. Perhaps you're some kind of weird stick-in-the-mud.

Chapter 8 — WAS YOUR MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN OR JAPAN?

Statistics tell us that most divorces are the direct result of ho-hum sex. After then honeymoon is over, bedroom boredom sets in until what was once a savage delight becomes as banal and tedious as a TV dinner. All that is needed to perk up your marriage, however, is a little imagination.

Drawn from my circle of unattractive, middle-aged friends, here are two examples of how ordinary housewives solved their marital difficulties:

When her spouse went off on a two-week business trip to St. Paul, Karen,

"Ah, Monroe, nice of you to drop by. Can I get you a drink?"

owning huge helpings of SpaghettiOs nd Mallomars plus gallons of Johnnie Walker Red, managed to put on a quick 70 pounds. When hubby returned, she reeted him at the door made up as a apanese sumo wrestler complete with a eaming bowl of Chun King shrimp ow mein. It really turned his head round. And, needless to say, it saved eir marriage.

Peggy began to suspect the worst hen her husband claimed, night after ght for three years, that he had to ork late at the office. Since her husand was a professional jockey, her ars appeared to be somewhat justified. aking the bull by the horns, Peggy rprised him one evening by plastering e bedroom ceiling with *Playboy* foldouts, cutting holes in his boxer shorts, nd (hold on to your hat) *getting a ew cut*! Talk about "turned on"! He as so excited, they didn't get out of e sack for a week.

hapter 9 — NOW YOU CAN TALK ENGLISH AND FRENCH AT THE SAME TIME!

famous French courtesan was asked hat one key piece of advice she would ive a girl who wanted to follow in her ootsteps. Without hesitation, she relied, "Be a garbage mouth!"

Oh, golly. Did I shock you again? ou'll thank me for my candor once ou realize that "naughty talk" is all art of becoming the Censorless Woman, adding new feathers to the wings of liss. At the "moment of truth," Edith, et another unattractive, middle-aged ousewife, drives her boyfriend wild by utting her lips to his ear and softly whisering, "Kitty litter!" Ohmmmmmmmmm.

Try murmuring a few of the following o your sweetheart and see what happens:

number one
boobies
barf
homo
Trojan
number two
pasties
Pap Test
Pop-Tart

Keep telling yourself that these words re not filthy and disgusting when used n context. They are the language of ove.

Chapter 10 — THE FALSIE SALESMAN IS JUST ANOTHER FULLER BUST MAN!

Sooner or later, you'll have to decide whether or not you want to be involved with bra-swapping. You may already have strong opinions on the subject, but I advise you not to make up your mind until you've heard both sides.

Here is what one leading psychologist has to say:

"I see no reason why consenting adults should not engage in bra-swapping, provided they love one another. As far as I can determine, it does no tangible harm and, in more than a few cases, has actually served to cement a relationship."

However, another leading psychologist writes:

"I believe Syria is on the right track. There, anyone caught bra-swaping has his hands cut off."

Think it over carefully. If you're relatively stable and guilt-free, perhaps you'll want to give it a go. In any case, bra-swapping will be all the more fun once you've mastered The Roaring Rimshot, The 3-Way Valise, and Phoning the Czar, all of which you'll find in the very next chapter.

Chapter 11 —

Publisher's Note: After running an extensive in-depth public opinion poll, we regret to inform the reader that we have decided to delete Chapter 11 because it fails to conform to contemporary community standards. And the community we polled was Tijuana!

Doctors, interns and serious students of sexology, however, can obtain the deleted material by writing Vile Stewart Publishing Inc., Box N-11, 43rd Street Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10026. Enclose $25 for handling and postage.

☐ Yes, I am over 21.

☐ I would like to receive the Deluxe Edition, which includes over 50 unretouched photos, many of which reveal astounding things if held to the light. To cover the additional handling and postage, I am enclosing an extra ten dollars ($10).

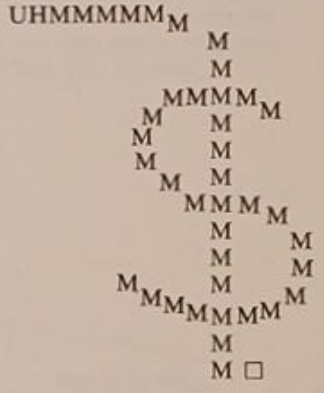
Order now and we'll also send a FREE issue of *Vulcan*, the official rubber fetishist quarterly. No salesman will call.

Chapter 12 — THE SPANISH FLY IN THE OINTMENT!

You're probably wondering why I've told you these fantastic secrets, secrets which take chippies and streetwalkers years to learn, secrets such as The Smoker Smooch, The Yokohama Yodel and The Frayed Shoelace Trick (see Chapter 11).

The reason is obvious. This skimpy book, which took me almost three hours to write, will rake in millions. All over the Midwest, frowzy females, in a pathetic attempt to spice up their drab little lives, will cash in their egg money to buy *The Censorless Woman*. At $6 a throw, I'm going to make a bundle.

And then I can buy all the beach boys I want.



As California goes, so goes the nation . . .

THE PIED PIPER OF BURBANK

by Sean Kelly and
Michel Choquette

(A warped recollection of the poem by Robert Browning).

I.

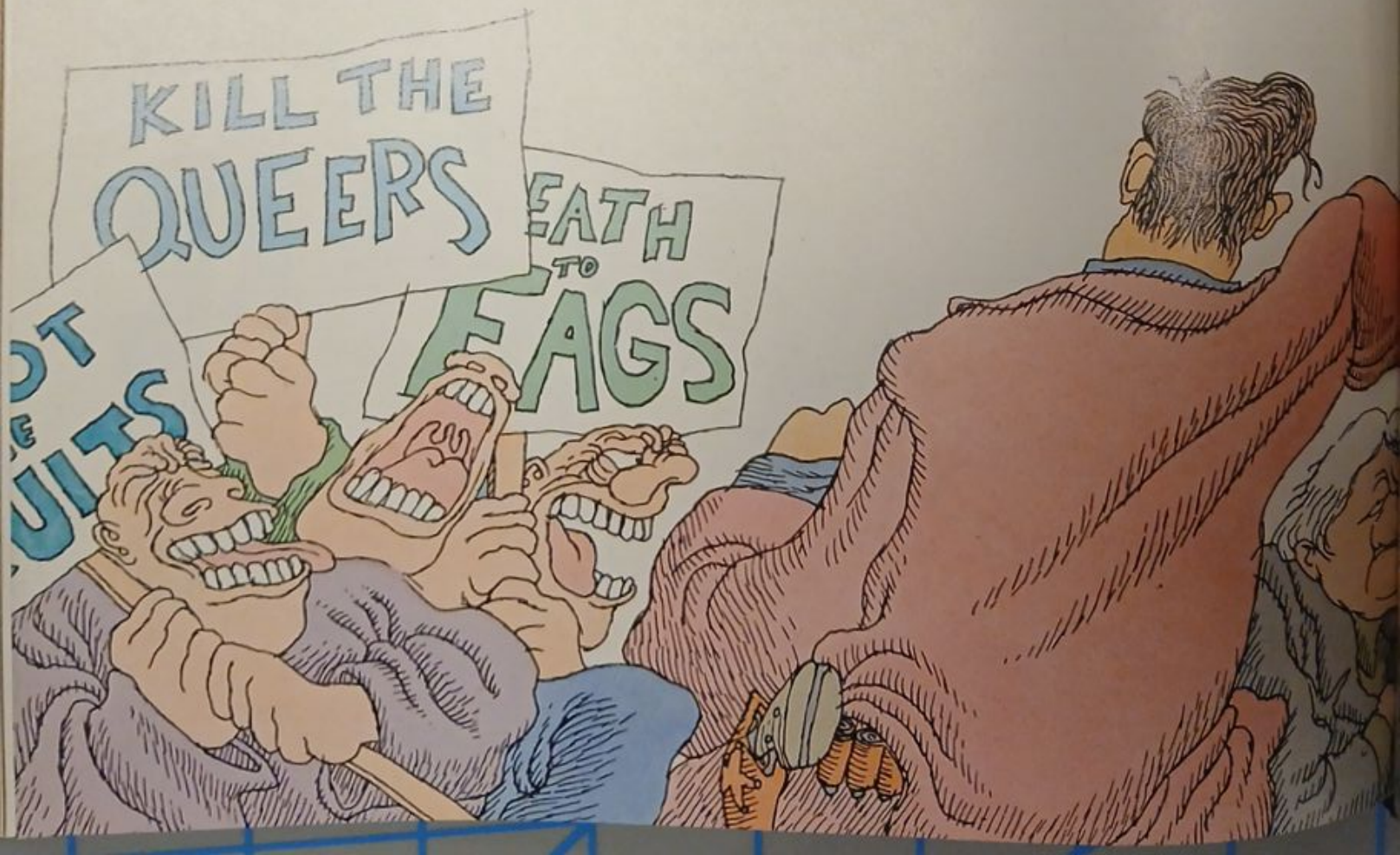
Remember California,
Just west of Carson City?
The blue Pacific, wild and great,
Has washed the gilt from the Golden Gate,
But not the guilt from that sinful State,
As you'll hear in my ditty.
To see the morals of mankind
Most decadently undermined
By perverts was a pity.

II.

Fags!
They edited the fashion mags,
Had strangleholds on arts and letters,
Wrote TV dramas, ads and gags,
Enslaved the State in their fuchsia fetters;
Designed and sold outrageous rags,
With matching hats and evening bags,
And astronomical price tags,
Exploiting the passion
Of ladies for fashion,
To finance campy drag queen jags.

III.

Until the day when all the local
Folk cried, "Time for the death row, rack, lash!
The silent majority's finally vocal,
And calls for the hour of the hetero backlash!
To think we elected you, cinema straight-man,
A stick-to-your-mate, Commie-hate, church and state man!
Do something extreme now, before it's too late, man!
We can't tell our hippie-haired sons from our daughters,
There's dope in the air and fluoride in the waters,
Our wives are in trousers, and as for our sons,
They're handing out flowers and boycotting guns!
Hell, we'll vote Democrat if a decent one runs!"
The Governor, at this declaration
Quaked, with a mighty consternation.



IV.

The caucus met in despair. Out
The window the mad mob chanted.
Bald councillors tore their hair out,
The Governor raved and ranted,
And all were galvanized with mortal
Fear by a rap at the chamber portal.

V.

"Yes?" said the Governor, fixing a grin,
And a cool and curious man stepped in.
His costume was in doubtful taste;
His shirt was open to the waist,
His pants were tight around the hips,
His boots were pointed at the tips,
A strange smile flickered on his lips;
In short, he was a striking sight,
So handsome he could pass for white.

VI.

He advanced to the council table;
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All living creatures beneath the sun
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm.
I marshal suicide parades,
And I'm called," he said, "the Queen of Spades."
And here they noticed around his throat
The type of cordless microphone
That deejays use to do a remote
(Or nightclub singers, like Vic Damone).
"Yes, I'm the one who was effectual
In driving every intellectual
Out of Idaho. I'm the pixie
Who led the Democrats out of Dixie.
I've worked as an exterminator
In Warsaw, Moscow, and some time later
I rid Greek generals of some pests.
If I rid you of what infests
Your State, will you give me a thousand dollars?"
"A *hundred* thousand!" the Governor hollers.

VII.

Into the street stepped the Queen of Spades,
And, winking, flipped the hand-mike switch;
Launched into *Humperdinck* Serenades,
And a batch of Steve 'n' Eydie kitsch,
Building to one of his surefire bits
A medley of Streisand hits.
And as he trilled in a sweet falsetto,
A tremor rose in the great gay ghetto,
And the tremor grew to a tiptoe stamping,
The lisp of leather and silk hips vamping,
As into the streets the fags came, camping.
Some abandoned Phys. Ed. classes,

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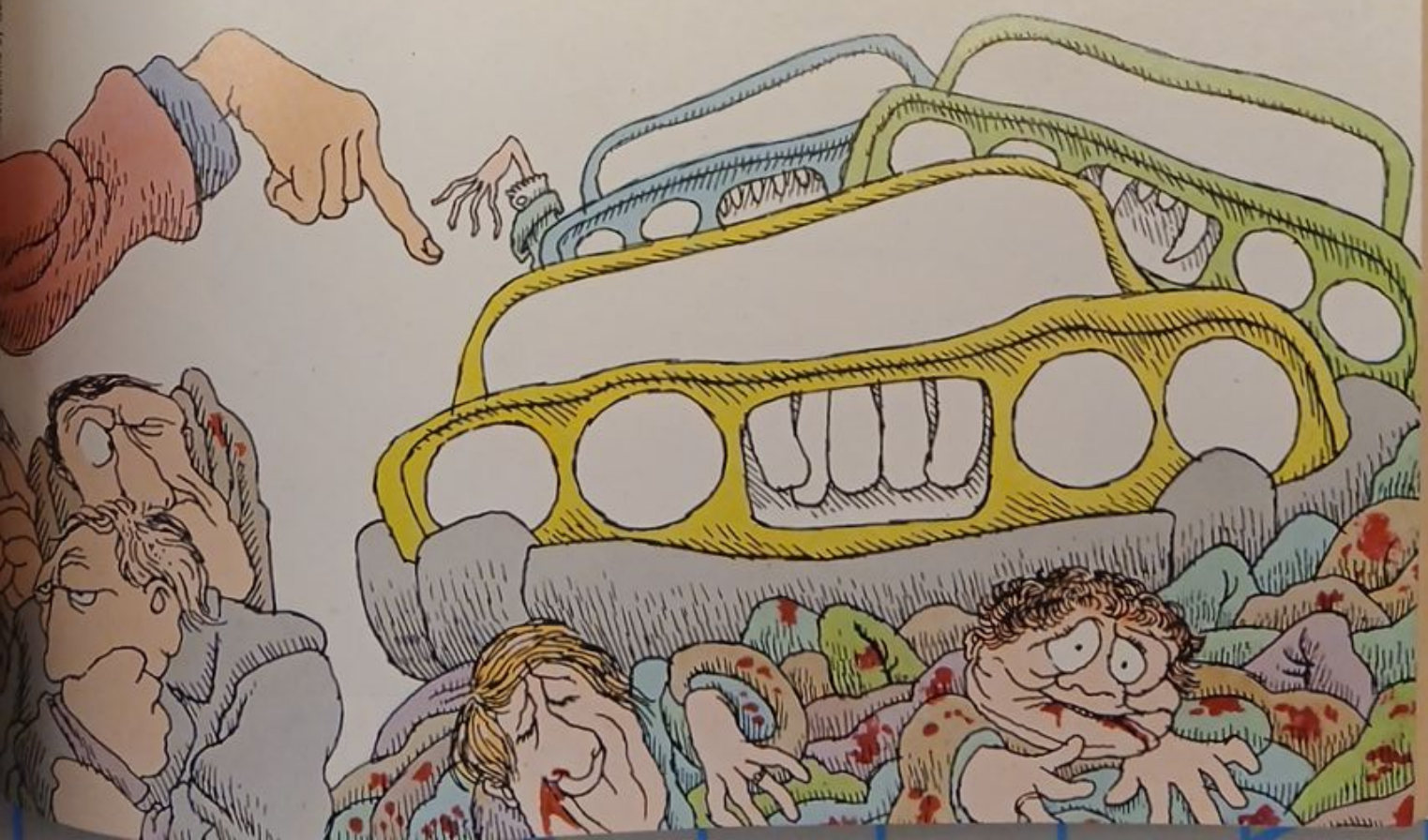


(continued)

Setting hair or saying masses,
Shattered window-display glasses
Where they had been placing "Simply
Perfect prints for plain or posh rooms,"
To giggle in the streets with pimply
Sailor boys from bus-stop washrooms.
Rough-trade masseurs lumbered, wincing
In the sunlight. Strutting, mincing,
Screaming pink-haired faggots danced
To the Spade Queen's song, and the crowd advanced
To the Freeway, in one of its wildest hours.
It mowed them down like a field of flowers.

One fag survived, shaken and scarred,
And sold his memoirs to *Avant Garde*,
Which read: "I heard *The Impossible Dream*,
And the hissing whisper of sauna steam,
And a blond Boy Scout's half-frightened scream,
In a land of whips and whipping cream;
And the murmur of surf on a sun-bleached beach,
And a Princess phone within easy reach,
Tinkling with dates and friendly hellos
From pouting lads and husky fellows;
And Tiffany lampshades and hiphugger jeans . . .
I found myself starting to drool at the cry
Of 'Gay Liberation and Long Live the Queens!
The world has turned into the pool at the Y!
So pitch in! Switch in! Stop your bitchin'!
Suddenly the country's itchin'
For the very thing we're rich in!
Fairies in gardens and kitsch in the kitchen!"
And Mom was the only girl in town,
Waiting for me in her wedding gown . . .
. . . Then the Freeway traffic came roaring down."

VIII.

The citizens cheered, although some found it odd
That the school board and half the morality squad
Had followed the singer. The Governor said:
"If it weren't so subversive, I'd paint the town red!
Let's ban beads and bangles, and shirts without collars,
And peace signs and incense," (applause, lusty cheers)
"And blockade the border to keep out the queers!"
(Hysterical cheering!) "And . . ." Now who appears
But the singer, with "First, my thousand dollars!"

IX.

"A thousand dollars!" the Governor scoffed;
His councillors shifted their feet and coughed.
That kind of money, they knew, would pay
For a Tijuana holiday,
Which the tired Governor clearly deserved,
After the strenuous term he'd served.
"You sing like an angel," the Governor said,
"But not even you can awaken the dead.
So I guess," he concluded, as calm as a clam,
"Our business was finished in that traffic jam.
An unwritten contract ain't worth a sweet damn,
And if you aren't certain of that, *I am*.
I appointed the judges. But listen here, Sam —
Here's ten bucks for your trouble. Now take it and scram."

X.

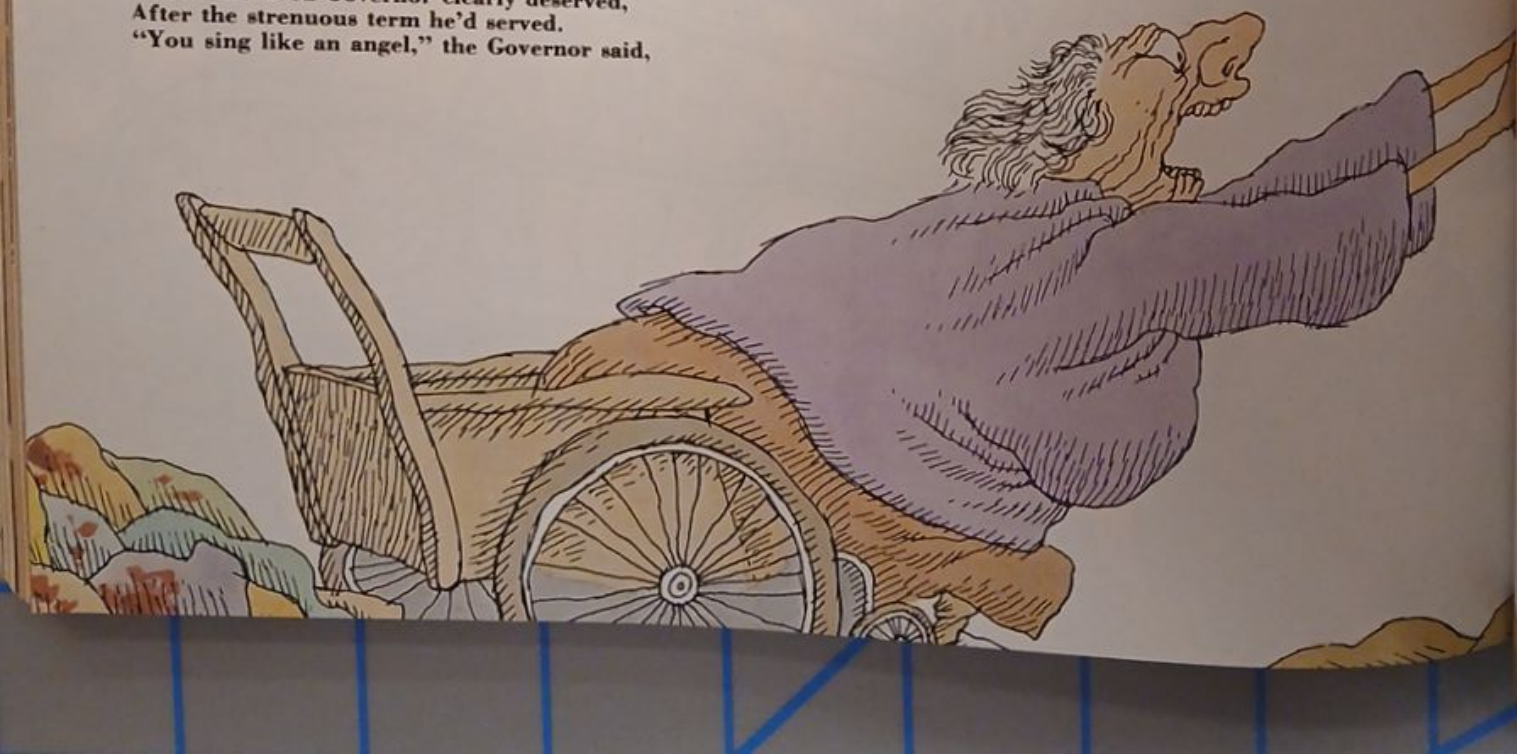
The Spade Queen grinned and he said, "Shee-it!
Just gimme the bread, man, and I'll split.
I gotta play another gig
In the Gaza Strip tonight. But dig:
The cats who jive me, very soon
Find I can blow a different tune."

XI.

"I'll bust you for singing without a permit,"
The Governor said. "That's a two year term. It
Isn't my habit to be insulted
By street musicians. Now, I've consulted
The Union, and they and I agree
There's no way you can collect your fee."

XII.

The Black Man took to the street again,
And went into action
With a Hendrix *Experience*, and then
Some Jagger *Satisfaction*.
He Cocker croaked and Morrison moaned,
Heavy as Led and Slyly Stoned,



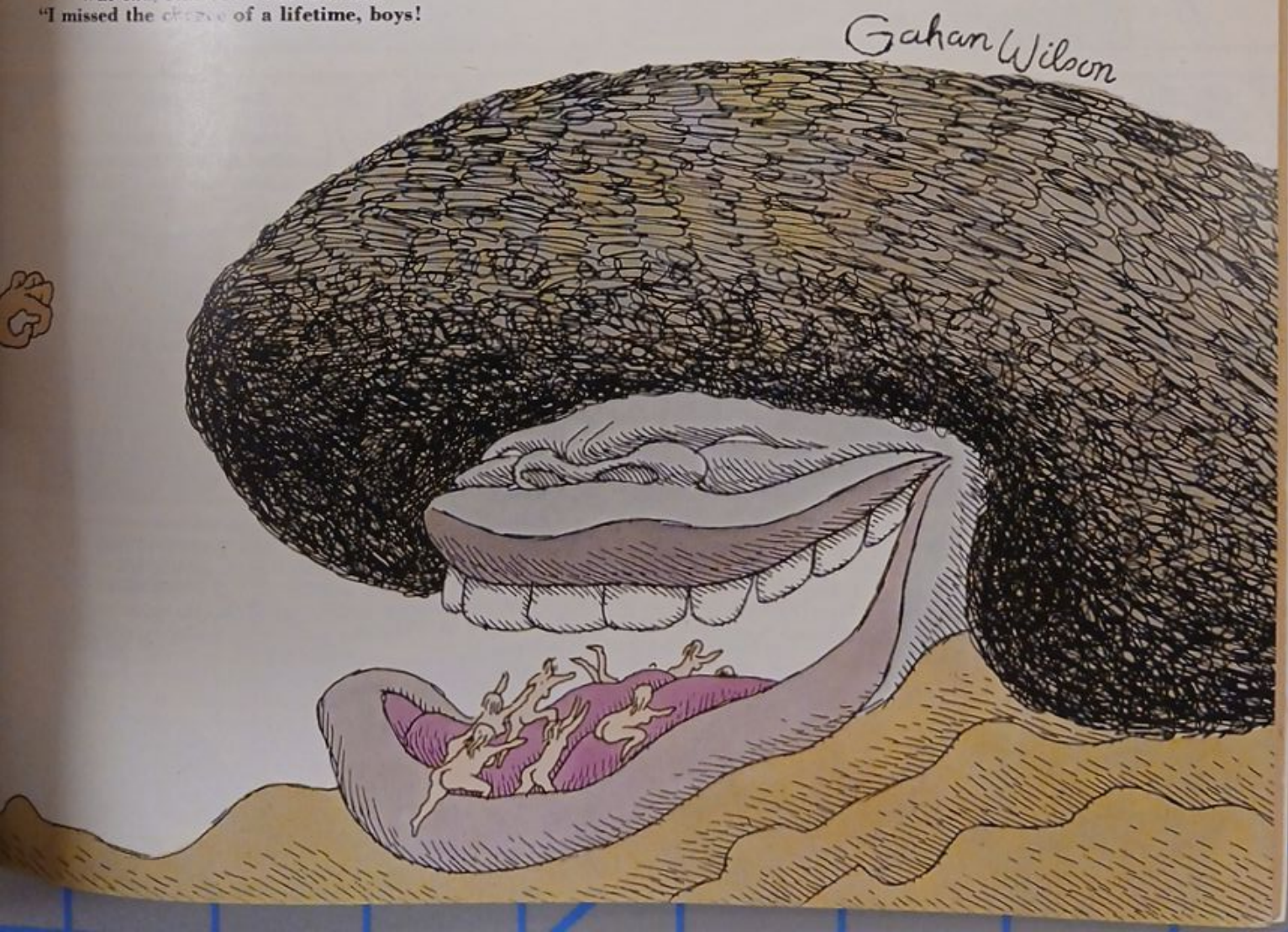
Ripped off a riff and started growling
Dirty electronic blues.
There was a creaking that seemed like a squeaking
That grew to a shrill nerve-shredding shrieking,
The sound of ten thousand females, freaking,
The screech of she-cats, the scream of diesels,
And, like chickens wailing at farmyard weasels,
Out came the women, howling.
Schoolgirls, grand dames, nuns and matrons,
Beatle fans and opera patrons,
Wives and daughters making whoopee,
Every one an instant groupie.

XIII.

The Governor gasped and his councillors stared
At the swivel-hipped, liver-lipped, fuzzy-haired
Rocker who had begun to lead
The screaming feminine stampede.
They stood in a wet-palm, trembling-knee way
As the mob moved slowly toward the Freeway.
And then, as if he'd been staging a hoax,
He turned the crowd toward Sherman Oaks.
"It's such a relief to see he's moral,"
The men breathed. "When he gets to Laurel
Canyon, he'll be mollified."
But, lo, when he reached the Canyon side,
The ground gaped wide as a governor's grin,
And the Queen — now King — of Spades stepped in;
And the women followed without a halt
Into the San Andreas Fault.
And when all had disappeared from sight,
The earth gave a shudder and slammed up tight.
Did I say all? No! One was lame —
Her electric wheelchair shorted out —
And in after years, the poor old dame
Was sad, and often snorted out:
"I missed the chance of a lifetime, boys!
For I was promised juicy joys —
Flowers and candy and thrills past hoping for:
Being the Mama the whole Gang's groping for,
And Queen of the Prom, and Toast of the Corps,
And head of the line at the dressing-room door;
Champagne on a yacht off the Isle of Capri,
A handsome gynecologist in love with only me,
And movie starlets white with rage because I'm so good-looking,
And neighbors green with envy when they hear about my cooking;
A millionaire husband and babies with fannies
Disposably diapered by trusty old nannies,
And wall-to-wall everything just to play footsie on
With a man I can look up to from the pedestal he puts me on;
No scruples, no split ends, no stretch-marks or pimples,
Just heroes with war wounds and beach boys with dimples —
And as I saw a vision in the San Andreas deeps
of Daddy, big and strong as God, in love with me for keeps,
The music faded back to feedback buzz,
And the crevice closed, and there I was,
Old and ugly, and lame and gray,
The only woman in L.A."

XIV.

I fear, sweet sirs opposed to crime
And vice and anarchy, the time
For piper-paying is coming soon.
Remember, then, who called the tune. □



IT'S A NICE IDEA, JIM, BUT IT'S NOT FOR US! FRANKLY, YOU WRITE LIKE A MORON!
THAT'S THE THIRD REJECTION THIS WEEK! I WONDER...
HARPER'S, THE ATLANTIC, AND NOW THIS! I MUST BE DOING SOMETHING WRONG!
THE New Yorker
THAT EVENING...
DON'T FORGET, DEAR, WE'VE GOT A DINNER DATE WITH BILL AND NANCY TONIGHT!
AW, HONEY, I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS 4,000 WORD PIECE ON THE NEW BREED OF MAILMAN FOR ESQUIRE!
OH, WHY BOTHER? YOU NEVER SELL ANY OF IT!
SHE'S RIGHT!
OK, LET'S GO!
SAY, BILL AND NANCY SURE HAVE A SWELL PLACE HERE! I WONDER WHERE HE GETS THE MONEY?
OH, BILL IS A STAFF WRITER FOR COMMENTARY!
LEDA
LEVEL WITH ME, BILL, HOW'D YOU CRACK THE WRITING MARKET?
EASIER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK! WITH MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE'S HOW TO WRITE GOOD, I LEARNED ALL THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE!
GOLDEN KEY AWARD
SILVER PENCIL PRIZE
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!
MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!
OH, JIM IS SUCH A DOLT! HE COULDN'T WRITE HIS WAY OUT OF A GLAD BAG!
LATER...
IT'S GREAT, JIM! I ESPECIALLY LIKED THE PART WHERE EVERY-ONE GETS RUN OVER BY A TRUCK!
I OWE IT ALL TO MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE!

MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE SAYS:
LET ME SHOW YOU
HOW TO WRITE GOOD!

"If I could not earn a penny from my writing, I would earn my livelihood at something else and continue to write at night."

— Irving Wallace

"Financial success is not the only reward of good writing. It brings to the writer rich inner satisfactions as well."

— Elliot Foster
Director of Admissions
Famous Writers School

INTRODUCTION

A long time ago, when I was just starting out, I had the good fortune to meet the great Willa Cather. With all the audacity of youth, I asked her what advice she would give the would-be-writer and she replied:

"My advice to the would-be-writer is that he start slowly, writing short un-demanding things, things such as telegrams, flip-books, crank letters, signature scarves, spot quizzes, capsule summaries, fortune cookies and errata. Then, when he feels he's ready, move up to the more challenging items such as mandates, objective correlatives, passion plays, pointless diatribes, minor classics, manifestos, mezzotints, oxymora, exposés, broadsides and papal bulls.

And above all, never forget that the pen is mightier than the plowshare. By this I mean that writing, all in all, is a hell of a lot more fun than farming. For one thing, writers seldom, if ever, have to get up at five o'clock in the morning and shovel manure. As far as I'm concerned, that gives them the edge right there."

She went on to tell me many things, both wonderful and wise, probing the secrets of her craft, showing how to weave a net of words and capture the fleeting stuff of life. Unfortunately, I've forgotten every bit of it.

I do recall, however, her answer when I asked "If you could only give me one rule to follow, what would it be?" She paused, looked down for a moment, and finally said, "Never wear brown shoes with a blue suit."

There's very little I could add to that except to say "Go to it and good luck."

Lesson 1 – The Grabber

The "grabber" is the initial sentence of a novel or short story designed to jolt the reader out of his complacency and arouse his curiosity, forcing him to press onward. For example:

"It's no good, Alex," she rejoined. "Even if I did love you, my father would never let me marry an alligator."

The reader is immediately bombarded with questions, questions such as: "Why won't her father let her marry an alligator?", "How come she doesn't love him?" and "Can she learn to love him in time?" The reader's interest has been "grabbed"!

Just so they'll be no misunderstanding about grabbers, I've listed a few more below:

"I'm afraid you're too late," sneered Zoltan. "The fireplace has already flown south for the winter!"

Sylvia lay sick among the silverware . . .

"Chinese vegetables mean more to me than you do, my dear," Charles remarked to his wife, adding injury to insult by lodging a grapefruit knife in her neck.

One morning Egor Samba awoke from uneasy dreams to find himself transformed into a gigantic Volkswagen.

"I have in my hands," Professor Willowbee exclaimed, clutching a sheaf of papers in his trembling fingers and pacing in circles about the carpet while I stood at the window, barely able to make out the Capitol dome through the thick, churning fog that rolled in off the Potomac, wondering to myself what matter could possibly be so urgent as to bring the distinguished historian bursting into my State Department office at this unseemly hour, "definitive proof that Abraham Lincoln was a homo!"

These are just a handful of the possible grabbers. Needless to say, there are thousands of others, but if you fail to think of them, feel free to use any or all of these.

Lesson 2 – The Ending

All too often, the budding author finds that his tale has run its course and yet he sees no way to satisfactorily end it, or, in literary parlance, "wrap it up." Observe how easily I resolve this problem:

Suddenly, everyone was run over by a truck.

—the end—

If the story happens to be set in England, use the same ending, slightly modified:

Suddenly, everyone was run over by a lorry.

—the end—

If set in France:

(continued)

(continued)

Soudainement, tout le monde était écrasé par un camion.

—finis—

You'll be surprised at how many different settings and situations this ending applies to. For instance, if you were writing a story about ants, it would end "Suddenly, everyone was run over by a centipede." In fact, this is the only ending you ever need use.*

*Warning — If you are writing a story about trucks, do *not* have the trucks run over by a truck. Have the trucks run over by a *mammoth* truck.

Lesson 3 — Choosing a Title

A friend of mine recently had a bunch of articles rejected by the *Reader's Digest* and, unable to understand why, he turned to me for advice. I spotted the problem at a glance. His titles were all wrong. By calling his pieces such things as "Unwed Mothers — A Head Start on Life," "Cancer — The Incurable Disease," "A Leading Psychologist Explains Why There Should Be More Violence on Television," "Dognappers I Have Known and Loved," "My Baby Was Born Dead and I Couldn't Care Less" and "Pleasantville — Last of the Wide-Open Towns," he had seriously misjudged his market. To steer him straight, I drew up this list of all-purpose, surefire titles:

_____ at the Crossroads
The Case for _____
The Role of _____
Coping with Changing _____
A Realistic Look at _____
The _____ Experience
Bridging the _____ Gap
A _____ for All Seasons

Simply fill in the blanks with the topic of your choice and, if that doesn't work, you can always resort to the one title that never fails:

South America, the Sleeping Giant on Our Doorstep

Lesson 4 — Exposition

Perhaps the most difficult technique for the fledgling writer to master is the proper treatment of exposition. Yet watch the sly, subtle way I "set the scene" of my smash play, *The Last to Know*, with a minimum of words and effort:

(The curtain opens on a tastefully appointed dining room, the table ringed by men in tuxedos and women in costly gowns. There is a knock at the door.)

Lord Overbrooke: (opening the door) Oh, come in, Lydia. Allow me to introduce my dinner guests to you.

This is Cheryl Heatherton, the madcap soybean heiress whose zany antics actually mask a heart broken by her inability to meaningfully communicate with her father, E. J. Heatherton, seated to her left, who is too caught up in the heady world of high finance to sit down and have a quiet chat with his own daughter, unwanted to begin with, disposing of his paternal obligations by giving her everything, everything but love, that is.

Next to them sits Geoffrey Drake, a seemingly successful merchant banker trapped in an unfortunate marriage with a woman half his age, who wistfully looks back upon his days as the raffish Group Captain of an R.A.F. bomber squadron that flew eighty-one missions over Berlin, his tortured psyche refusing to admit, despite frequent nightmares in which, dripping with sweat, he wakes screaming, "Pull it up! Pull it up, I say! I can't hold her any longer! We're losing altitude! We're going down! Jerry at three o'clock! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaggghh!", that his cowardice and his cowardice alone was responsible for the loss of his crew and "Digger," the little Manchester terrier who was their mascot.

The empty chair to his right was vacated just five minutes ago by Geoffrey's stunning wife, twenty-three year-old, golden-tressed Edwina Drake, who, claiming a severe migraine, begged to be excused that she might return home and rest, whereas, in reality, she is, at this moment, speeding to the arms of another man, convinced that if she can steal a little happiness now, it doesn't matter who she hurts later on.

The elderly servant preparing the Caviar *en Socle* is Andrew who's been with my family for over forty years although he hasn't received a salary for the last two, even going so far as to loan me his life's savings to cover my spiraling gambling debts but it's only a matter of time before I am exposed as a penniless fraud and high society turns its back on me.

The dark woman opposite me is Yvonne de Zenobia, the fading Mexican film star, who speaks of her last movie as though it was shot only yesterday, unwilling to face the fact that she hasn't been before the cameras in nearly fifteen years; unwilling to confess that her life has been little more than a tarnished dream.

As for her companion, Desmond Trelawney, he is an unmitigated scoundrel about whom the less said, the better.

And, of course, you know your father, the ruthless war profiteer, and your hopelessly alcoholic mother, who never quite escaped her checkered past, realizing, all too late that despite her jewels and limousines, she was still just a taxi-dancer who belonged to any man for a drink and a few cigarettes.

Please take a seat. We were just talking about you.

This example demonstrates everything you'll ever need to know about exposition. Study it carefully.

With one stroke, the reader has been made to feel not only that his education was second-rate, but that you are getting far more out of life than he. This is precisely why this device is best used in memoirs, whose sole purpose is to make the reader feel that you have lived life to the fullest, while his existence, in comparison, has been meaningless and shabby. . . .

Lesson 5 — Finding the Raw Material

As any professional writer will tell you, the richest source of material is one's relatives, one's neighbors and,

"That's a terribly tacky uniform. You look like you've gained weight . . . my, how you've aged . . . I understand your brother is making a lot of money . . ."

more often than not, total strangers. A day doesn't go by without at least one person, upon learning that I'm a professional writer, offering me some terrific idea for a story. And I'm sure it will come as no shock when I say that most of the ideas are pretty damn good!

Only last week, a pipe-fitter of my acquaintance came up with a surprise ending guaranteed to unnerve the most jaded reader. What you do is tell this really weird story that keeps on getting weirder and weirder until, just when the reader is muttering, "How in the heck is he going to get himself out of this one? He's really painted himself into a corner!", you spring the "mind-blower": "But then he woke up. It had all been a dream!" (which I, professional writer that I am, honed down to: "But then the alarm clock rang. It had all been a dream!") And this came from a common, run-of-the-mill pipe-fitter! For free!

Cabdrivers, another great wealth of material, will often remark, "Boy, lemme tell ya'! Some of the characters I get in this cab would fill a book! Real kooks, ya' know what I mean?" And then, without my having to coax even the slightest, they tell me about them, and they *would* fill a book. Perhaps two or three books. In addition, if you're at all interested in social science, cabdrivers are able to provide countless examples of the failures of the welfare state.

To illustrate just how valid these unsolicited suggestions can be, I shall print a few lines from a recently completed play inspired by my aunt, who had the idea as far back as when she was attending grade school. It's called *If an Old House Could Talk, What Tales It Would Tell* :

> The Floor: Do you remember the time the middle-aged lady who always wore the stiletto heels tripped over an extension cord while running to answer the phone and spilled the Ovaltine all over me and they spent the next 20 minutes mopping it up?
> The Wall: No.

Of course, I can't print too much here because I don't want to spoil the ending (although I will give you a hint: it involves a truck . . .), I just wanted to show you how much the world would have missed had I rejected my aunt's suggestion out of hand simply because she is not a professional writer like myself.

Lesson 6 – Quoting Other Authors

If placed in a situation where you must quote another author, always write "[sic]" after any word that may be misspelled or looks the least bit questionable in any way. If there are no misspellings or curious words, toss in a few "[sic]"s just to break up the flow. By doing this, you will appear to be knowledgeable and "on your toes," while the one quoted will seem suspect and vaguely discredited. . . . Two examples will suffice:

> "O Sleepless as the river under thee,
> Vaulting the sea, the prairies' dreaming sod,
> Unto us lowiest sometime sweep, descend
> And of the curveship [sic] lend a myth to God."
>
> — Hart Crane

> "Beauty is but a flowre [sic],
> Which wrinckles [sic] will devoure [sic],
> Brightnesse [sic] falls from the ayre [sic],
> Queenes [sic] have died yong [sic] and faire [sic],
> Dust hath closde [sic] *Helens* [sic] eye [sic].
> I am sick [sic], I must dye [sic]:
> Lord, have mercy on us."
>
> — Thomas Nashe

Note how only one small "[sic]" makes Crane's entire stanza seem trivial and worthless, which, in his case, takes less doing than most. Nashe, on the other hand, has been rendered virtually unreadable. Anyone having to choose between you and Nashe would pick you every time! And, when it's all said and done, isn't that the name of the game?

Lesson 7 – Making the Reader Feel Inadequate

Without question, the surest way to make a reader feel inadequate is through casual erudition, and there is no better way to achieve casual erudition than by putting the punchline of an anecdote in a little-spoken foreign language. Here's a sample:

> One crisp October morning, while taking my usual stroll down the Kurfürsten-strasse, I spied my old friend Casimir Malevitch, the renowed Suprematist painter, sitting on a bench. Noting that he had a banana in his ear, I said to him, "Excuse me, Casimir, but I believe you have a banana in your ear."
>
> "What?" he asked.
>
> Moving closer and speaking quite distinctly, I repeated my previous observation, saying, "I said 'You have a banana in your ear!' "
>
> "What's that you say?" came the reply.
>
> By now I was a trifle piqued at this awkward situation and, seeking to make myself plain, once and for all, I fairly screamed, "I SAID THAT YOU HAVE A BANANA IN YOUR EAR, YOU DOLT!!!"
>
> Imagine my chagrin when Casimir looked at me blankly and quipped, "১৯৩২ বেড়েই চল্লো এবং পররাজ্যছা প্রোসডেন্ট রুজে ১৯৩৭) কিংগ, বাতে বির, শ্যাত"
>
> Oh, what a laugh we had over that one.

Lesson 8 – Covering the News

Have you ever wondered how reporters are able to turn out a dozen or so news articles day after day, year after year, and still keep their copy so fresh, so vital, so alive? It's because they know The Ten Magic Phrases of Journalism, key constructions with which one can express *every known human emotion*! As one might suppose, The Phrases, dis-

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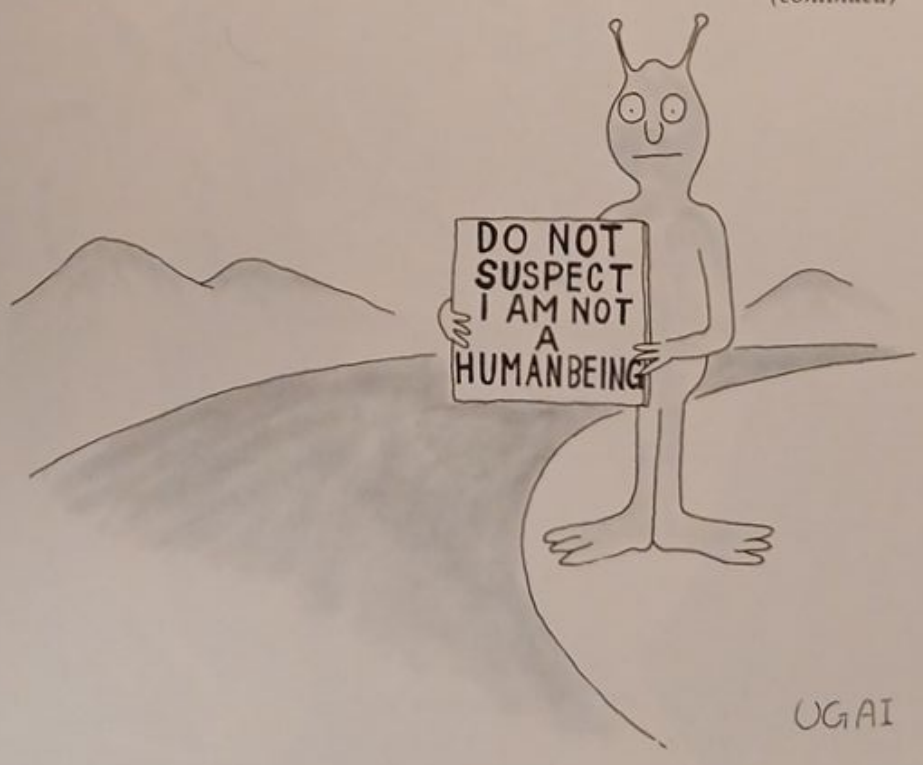


3. *"You're looking good, babe!"*

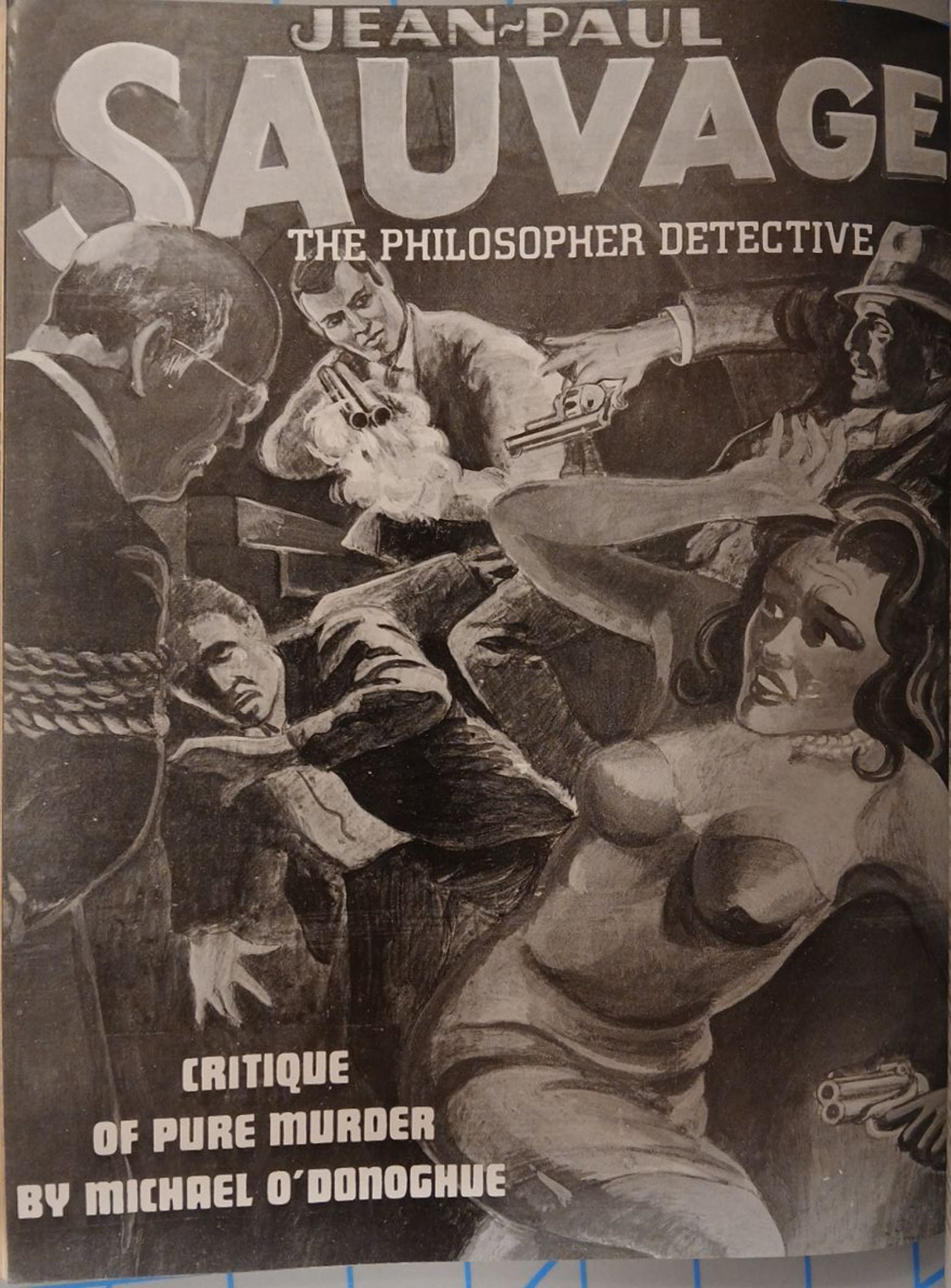
2. *"You're lined up nicely!"*

1. *"Stand by!"*

photos by Bob Pike

4. *"Beautiful! Hold that attitude!"*

5. *"Rendezvous and docking completed!"*


JEAN-PAUL
SAUVAGE
THE PHILOSOPHER DETECTIVE
CRITIQUE
OF PURE MURDER
BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

1

It all began on a wet Paris afternoon in 1948. I was huddled over my Olympia, putting the final touches on a small monograph concerning certain neglected aspects of the Leibniz-Wolffian school's influence on *Die Krisis der europäischen Wissensch und die transzendent Phänomenologie* when she walked in — blonde, beautiful and stacked. She wasn't the dame in the mind of God, but she'd do until one came along.

"What's your problem, sweetheart?" I asked, lighting up a Gitane.

"Are you Jean-Paul Sauvage, the 'Philosopher Detective'?"

"That's what it says on the door."

She hesitated momentarily, and when she continued, her ice-blue eyes were clouded.

"My father said if I ever needed help, I should contact you, Mr. Sauvage. And . . . and now he's missing. I want you to find him."

"Who's missing, doll?"

"Doctor Witticus von Etzdorf."

I felt like I'd been hit with all 46 volumes of the Collected Works of Saint-Simon. I'd studied under old Prof. von Etzdorf back in my student days at Würtemberg. A brilliant philosopher, he had lived as a recluse since the death of his wife over 20 years before. Besides his daughter, I was the only other person to ever get close to him.

"You must be Athene."

She nodded. Only the Professor would hang a nutty moniker like that on a classy broad like this.

"What makes you think your old man's missing?"

"I went up to Heidelberg to visit him yesterday and he wasn't in his rooms. The bed hadn't been slept in. And his copy of *Critique of Pure Reason* was on his desk. He never goes anywhere without it. I'm worried, Mr. Sauvage."

She was wearing a nice perfume. The scent was mimosa. It brought back memories of a sabbatical on Mýkonos with a sexy little Spinoza scholar named Yvette.

"I wouldn't worry, glamour puss. He's probably just visiting a friend but, if it will make you feel any better, I'll drive up to Heidelberg and nose around."

"There's something else you should know. Daddy had been invited by the Logical Positivists to speak on Hegel at the University of Vienna the day after tomorrow."

"I know. I was planning to attend. Do you have the keys to his place?"

She reached into her coat and took out the keys and a well-thumbed edition of *The Story of Philosophy*.

"What are you doing with that?" I asked.

"Just boning up for Daddy's lecture. Phone me when you find out anything."

Hours after she'd gone, I could still smell the mimosa.

2

I drove to Heidelberg that evening. The Professor lived on a quiet side street off the Korn Mardt. When I'd climbed the stairs, I was surprised to find the door to his apartment ajar. Then I made my first mistake. I kicked open the door and strolled in. A guy was standing by the desk. I couldn't tell much about him because he was shining a flashlight in my eyes. I knew one thing for certain, though. He wasn't looking for an honest man.

Before I could move, somebody slugged me from behind and everything went as dark as Plato's Cave. When I regained consciousness, that is to say "consciousness" defined, in the manner of Locke or Reid, as "the reflective apprehension of the mind of its own process," I discovered that the thugs had hightailed it.

The place looked like a torpedo had tied a pineapple to it. Drawers were overturned. Papers lay strewn about the floor. And, judging by the way the sofa was sliced up, I had a feeling that whoever sapped me didn't find what they were looking for. I stumbled to my feet and, as I turned to leave, I spotted a ticket stub near the door. It was for the Bolshoi Ballet. I had an idea. After 10 minutes, I finally found the phone under a pile of old issues of the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* and called Athene. Her voice was silky with sleep.

"Sorry to disturb your shut-eye, toots, but did your old man ever go in for ballet?"

"Not that I know of. What's the angle?"

"Probably nothing. I'm just playing a screwy hunch. Go back to your beauty sleep, baby. I'll call you if anything breaks."

I locked the place up and checked into a cheap hotel. In the morning, I had a lump the size of a philosophers' stone on the back of my noodle. I dressed quickly, downed a fast cup of joe, and walked out to my car. Somebody called my name before I reached it. He was a short, plain man wearing a tan trench coat. The only thing that might distinguish him from a thousand other mugs was the snub-nosed Smith and Wesson he poked in my throat.

"O.K., shamus. Listen and listen good. I'm gonna —"

"Excuse me for interrupting, but I believe you just said, 'Listen "good".' Precisely how do you associate ethics, specifically morally praiseworthy character, action or motive with a simple sensory experience? Or perhaps you were speaking axiologically, in which case I am forced to inquire as to whether this goodness is intrinsic or extrinsic. If extrinsic, or 'instrumental,' then it must derive its being from —"

"Cut the gab, bright eyes. One false move outta you and I'll blow your head off."

"But how are we to determine the 'falsity' of any move when moves *per se* cannot be characterized as either true *or* false? On a correspondence theory of truth, truth or falsity is properly ascribed to a proposition if, and only if, the fact to which the proposition refers is actually the case. And on what grounds are we to judge the purported 'falsity' of any move which I might undertake? An action may be effective or ineffective, salutary or infelicitous, meritorious or blameworthy, wise or foolish. In none of these cases, however long and arduously may you try to do so, is it possible to secure a unique identifying reference — an *a priori* condition of the ascription of the truth or falsity — to an appropriate empirical proposition."

"How's that again?"

"Let me illustrate my point," I re-

(continued)

(continued)

plied, knocking the revolver aside and kneeing him in the groin. He crumpled to the pavement. I kicked him a few times in the kisser until he stopped moaning.

There wasn't much in his pockets — a few rubles, a switchblade that wasn't quite as big as the Sword of Damocles, a driver's license made out to Gregor Alexeyevich Reznichenko, and a Heidelberg Public Library card. I stuffed everything in my pockets, including the heater. The library card looked interesting. Gregor wasn't my idea of a bookworm. I decided to check it out.

3

The librarian was young and pretty. Her hair was the color of a fire burning out of control. I showed her the card and requested a list of the books borrowed on it.

She shook her head and snapped, "No dice, sport. It's against the rules."

I dropped a wad of marks on the counter.

"I make my own rules, sister. Now, spill it."

She shoved the bills in her purse and looked me coolly in the eyes. I couldn't help wondering how a gal with a swell chassis like hers ended up here.

"I'll see what I can do."

She came back a few minutes later with a list of titles. Gregor had taken out 26 books last week. Twenty-two were about Hegel. Four were by von Etzdorf.

"Thanks, red. Maybe I can do you a favor sometime."

She touched my hand lightly and said, "You just might, at that."

As I was leaving, a thin, sallow-faced man motioned me to sit down across from him. Normally, I don't talk to strangers, but the 9mm Mauser he was pointing at my heart made the offer irresistible. I'd been waiting for him to make his play. He'd been shagging me ever since I left the hotel.

"Any funny business, gumshoe, and I'll drill you so full of holes, you won't cast a shadow."

"Then, at least, I needn't worry about blocking the sun," I countered, leaning back in the chair.

He flashed a cold, even smile.

"Smart guy, huh? I like smart guys. Get one thing straight, buster. I mean business. You got till I count ten to fork over whatever the jane slipped you. Then I blast you. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . ."

"Doubtless, you are under the misapprehension that when you pull that trigger, the bullet will be fired into my heart, thus bumping me off. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth. According to Zeno of Elea's Fifth Paradox, before a body in motion, in this case, your bullet, can reach a given point, in this case, my heart, it must first travel half of the distance. But before it can traverse the half of the distance, it must first traverse the quarter of the distance, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Hence, that a body may pass from one point to another, it must traverse an infinite number of divisions. But an infinite distance cannot be traversed in a finite time. Consequently, the goal can never be reached."

"You mean I can't blast you?" he cried, suspiciously eyeing his roscoe.

"Exactly. So long, pal."

I left the library, ducked around the corner, and waited. The gunsel came out about the time I finished my third cigarette. After tossing his Mauser in a trash can, he started walking north. Hanging back about 15 feet, I trailed him through the twisting, cobblestoned streets until he reached the Pink Zither, a seedy cocktail lounge near the Jettenbühl. He was about to enter when he spotted me.

"Hey! You're following me."

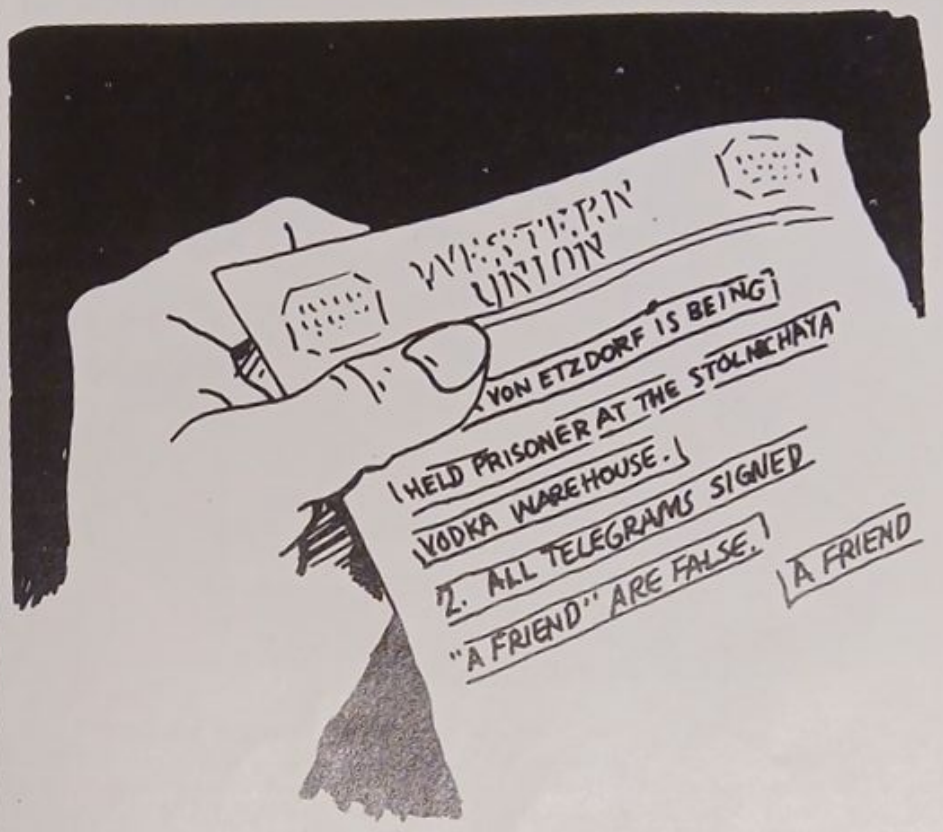
"You've made yet another fallacious assumption," I replied, stopping to tie a shoelace. "You are confusing things-as-they-appear-to-be with things-as-they-*are*. Let us call our mutual point of departure, Point A, and the exact spatio-

temporal coordinates of our present respective locations, Point B. The fact that we have both moved from Point A to Point B cannot be said to entail that I was following you, namely having your person as the specific objective of my wanderings. It may well be the case that I am going to veer off in some other direction at the very next instant.

"Secondly, 'following' presupposes that a body is in a state of motion, and since I am unquestionably at a state of rest, it is therefore logically impossible that I should be engaged in that activity of which you are accusing me.

"Thirdly, I should also point out that by turning toward me to accuse me of following you, you are, in fact, patently disproving your claim that I am following you for, by definition, I cannot be following you if I am not behind you and, as you can perceive, that is clearly the case.

"And, finally, even if I were behind you, it might well be that it is you who are following me, albeit from a great distance."



"Gosh. I'm sorry, mister. I thought you was following me."

He entered the bar and I grabbed a hack back to the hotel. It was all beginning to fall into place.

A telegram was waiting for me:

1. DOCTOR VON ETZDORF IS BEING HELD PRISONER AT THE STOLICHNAYA VODKA WAREHOUSE.
2. ALL TELEGRAMS SIGNED "A FRIEND" ARE FALSE.

A FRIEND

It was an odd telegram. I didn't know quite what to make of it.

4

I waited until nightfall to drive out to the warehouse. As I neared the building, I cut the motor and coasted to a stop in an alley. Even from there I could make out the lighted window in the basement. Moving like a gray cat, I inched my way along the wall toward the window. It took me almost an hour to reach it. I could see the Professor inside. His hands were tied and Gregor stood over him with a shotgun. I was about to jimmy the glass when I felt the cold muzzle of a Luger in my back and a voice growled, "I wouldn't try anything if I were you, Mr. Sauvage."

I turned slowly and observed, "But then, of course, you aren't me, are you? And yet, many Oriental philosophers, including such venerable sages as Ch'eng I-ch'uan and Chu Hsi, believe that all men are One, identical with the Absolute or Great Ultimate, unified in —"

"Save your breath, hotshot, or that big trap of yours is gonna buy you a ride in the meat wagon." The speaker was a Russian colonel, flanked by two lugs packing grease-guns. I played my final card.

"Are you aware that you just expressed an *argumentum ad baculum*, that is to say, an argument deriving its strength from appeal to human timidity and fear?"

"Toss him in with Witticus!" the Colonel barked to his henchmen. "If he says anything to you, brain him!"

Minutes later, I was bound hand and foot. The Professor lay across from me.

"What's the scoop, Prof?"

"I've worked out a flawless refutation of Hegel which I planned to reveal tomorrow at my Vienna lecture. As you know, Hegelianism forms much of the foundation of the Marxist-Leninist dialectic. It follows that when I refute Hegel, I will also topple the entire Communist political system. This prompted the Reds to kidnap me and hold me here while they substitute a double for me in Vienna who will deliver a speech refuting Hegel but who will do so in such an inept fashion that he will be hooted by the assemblage and I, subsequently, will be discredited."

"I've got a plan. First, we've got to

(continued)

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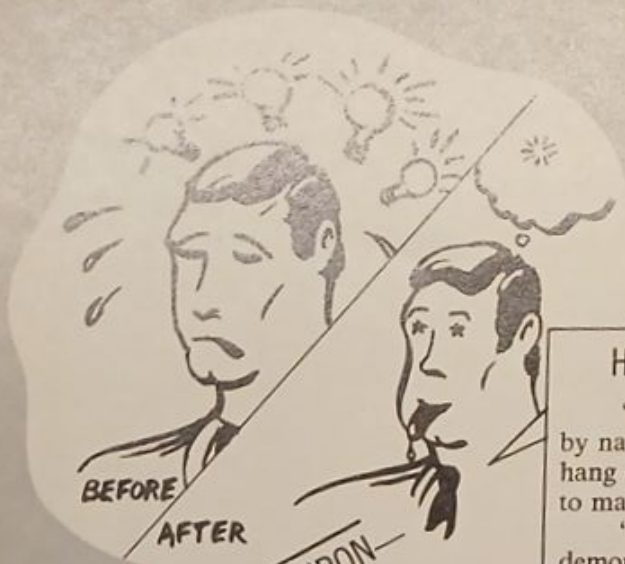

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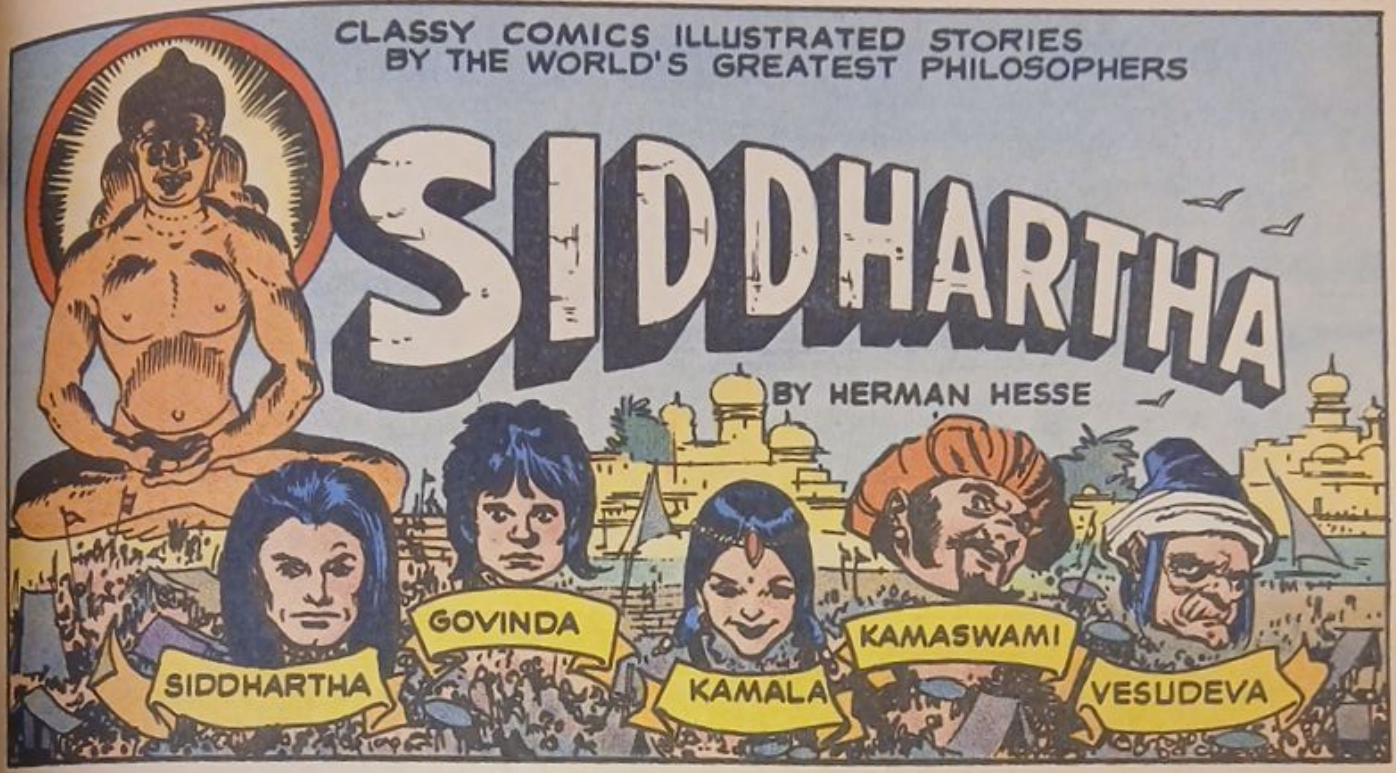
BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHILOSOPHERS

SIDDHARTHA

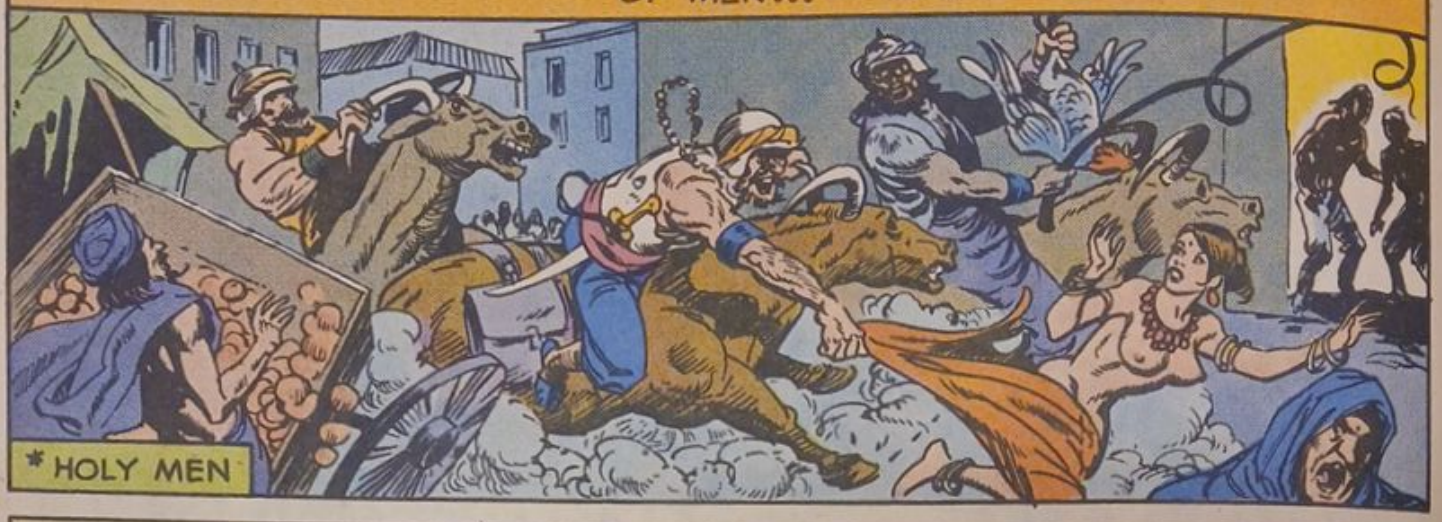
BY HERMAN HESSE



IN THE SUNSHINE BY THE RIVER BANKS, IN THE SHADE OF THE SALLOW WOOD. SIDDHARTHA, THE HANDSOME BRAHMIN'S SON, GREW UP WITH HIS FRIEND GOVINDA...

ALREADY, TOO, SIDDHARTHA MASTERED MANY VERSES OF THE HOLY BOOKS, ABOVE ALL THE UPANISHADS OF SAMA-VEDA,* AND HE COULD PRONOUNCE THE SACRED "OM"! BUT SIDDHARTHA WAS NOT HAPPY, AND THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT GREW WITHIN HIM.

ONE DAY, SOME SAMANAS* PASSED THROUGH SIDDHARTHA'S TOWN. THESE DUSTY AND SCARRED WANDERERS SEEMED TO BE LEAN JACKALS IN A WORLD OF MEN...



* HOLY MEN

SIDDHARTHA AND FAITHFUL GOVINDA LEFT THEIR HOMES THAT NIGHT AND FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS THEY SHARED THE LIFE OF THE SAMANAS, LEARNING THEIR WAYS...

BUT SIDDHARTHA WAS YET UNSATISFIED. HE FOLLOWED THE RUMOR OF THE APPEARANCE OF A HOLY MAN CALLED GAUTAMA. FINALLY, SIDDHARTHA AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION FOUND HIM PREACHING IN A SMALL VILLAGE.

SIDDHARTHA AND GOVINDA LISTENED WELL TO THE BUDDHA'S TEACHINGS -- THE FOUR WAYS, THE EIGHTFOLD PATHS -- BUT ONLY GOVINDA CAME FORWARD TO BE HIS DISCIPLE. FOR SIDDHARTHA, THE PARTING LAY HEAVY IN HIS HEART...

AFTER SIDDHARTHA HAD TRAVELED ALONE FOR MANY HOURS, HE THOUGHT, "I WILL NO LONGER TRY TO ESCAPE FROM SIDDHARTHA. I WILL NO LONGER DEVOTE MY THOUGHTS TO **ATMAN***, NOR STUDY **YOGA-VEDA****, NOR **ARTHARVA-VEDA***** NOR ANY OTHER TEACHING. I WILL BE MY OWN PUPIL. I WILL LEARN FROM SIDDHARTHA!"

*holy teaching
**holy teaching
***holy teaching

AS SIDDHARTHA CROSSED A RIVER, AN OLD FERRYMAN TOLD SIDDHARTHA THAT THE RIVER WOULD TEACH HIM MANY THINGS, SHOULD HE BUT LISTEN...

YOU WILL HEAR THE RIVER, MY SON. ON PAGE FOUR TO BE EXACT...

FERRY CROSSING
SINGLE BULLOCK 5 RUPEES
DOUBLE-YOKE 10 RUPEES

OUTSIDE THE TOWN, THE WANDERER MET A TRAIN OF SERVANTS BEARING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. KAMALA, SHE WAS CALLED, A WEALTHY AND SOUGHT AFTER COURTESAN.*

SINGLE BULLOCK 5 RUPEES
DOUBLE-YOKE 10 RUPEES

*a personable or outgoing girl

THE SAME NIGHT, SIDDHARTHA COMBED HIS HAIR AND OILED HIS BODY, AND THEN SOUGHT KAMALA, WHO TAUGHT HIM MANY THINGS...

BUT-- BUT--
OM!
AIEEE!
OUCH!
YIPE!
OOOOMMMM!
AAAAAAH!
OMIGOD!

THE NEXT DAY, KAMALA SENT SIDDHARTHA TO KAMASWAMI, A RICH BUT INDOLENT MERCHANT FROM WHOM SIDDHARTHA LEARNED THE SECRETS OF BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS...

NOW, SIDDHARTHA, SUPPOSE THAT JAIPUR IS RICH IN FIGS AND REQUIRES BULLOCKS, WHILE RANGOON HAS MANY BULLOCKS BUT LACKS SUFFICIENT FIGS...

AS THE TIME PASSED, SIDDHARTHA LEARNED ALSO THE PLEASURES OF FINE CLOTHES, RARE DELICACIES* AND OTHER DELIGHTS OF THE WORLD...

*THINGS GOOD TO EAT

BUT THOUGH SIDDHARTHA PLAYED THESE GAMES WELL, HIS FACE GRADUALLY ASSUMED THE EXPRESSION OF SOUL SICKNESS COMMON TO THE RICH...

SIDDHARTHA LEFT HIS RICH GARMENTS AND WORLDLY PLEASURES THAT NIGHT AND RETURNED TO THE RIVER, IN WHOSE DEPTHS THE OLD FERRYMAN SAID THE LIVES OF ALL MEN, FROM BIRTH TO DEATH, MIGHT BE READ...

IN THE DAYS THAT PASSED, SIDDHARTHA LEARNED TO LISTEN TO THE RIVER, AND THE RIVER TOLD SIDDHARTHA MANY THINGS...

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THE FORMULA FOR THE VOLUME OF A SPHERE IS $\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$.

AS THE YEARS PASSED, SIDDHARTHA REALIZED HE MUST STRIVE DOWNWARD, TO SEEK THE DEPTHS OF THE RIVER'S TRUTH...

... FOR, AS THE FERRYMAN VESUDEVA PROMISED IT WAS THERE THAT SIDDHARTHA FOUND, AT LONG LAST, HIS GOAL.

IN THE SILENCE OF THE COOL OF THE DAY, SIDDHARTHA FINALLY DISCOVERED THE END OF HIS SEARCH...

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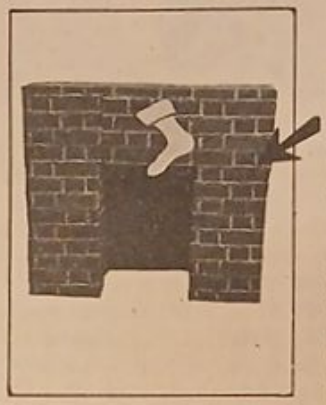

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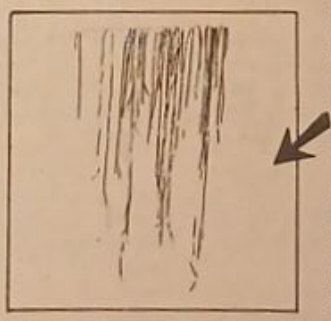

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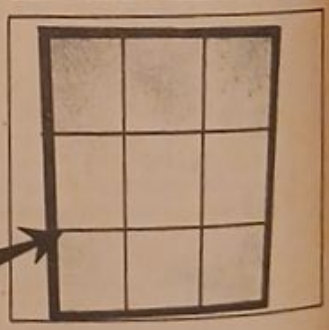

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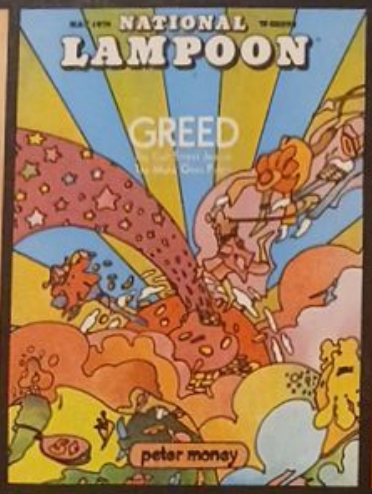
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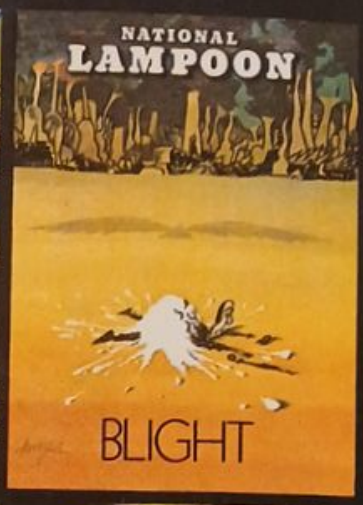
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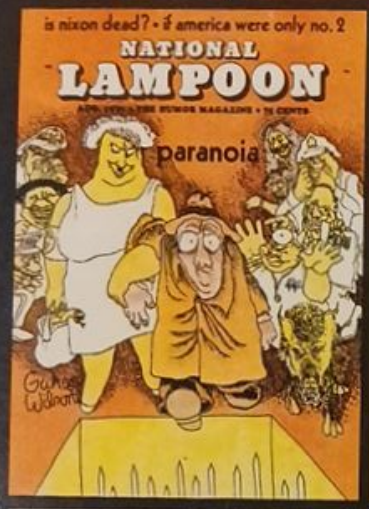
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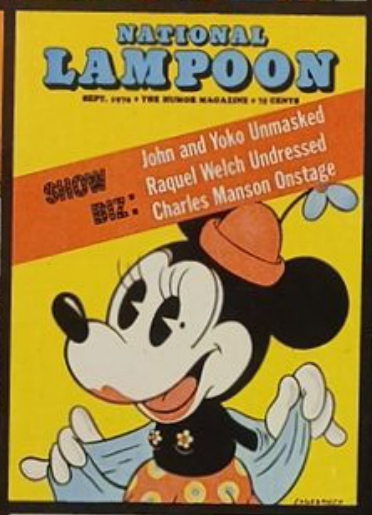
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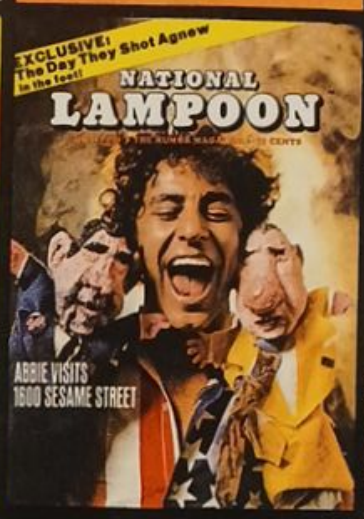
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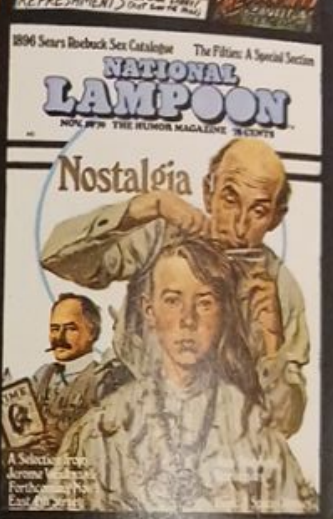
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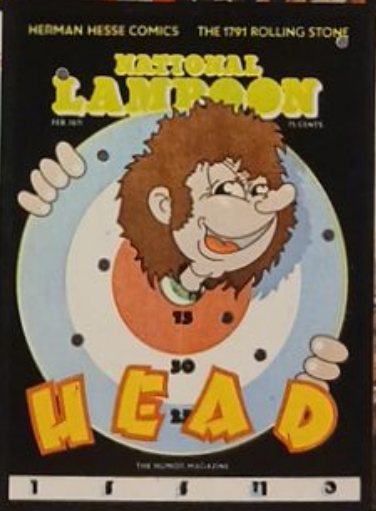
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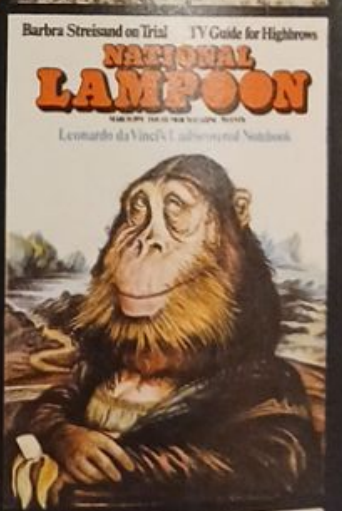
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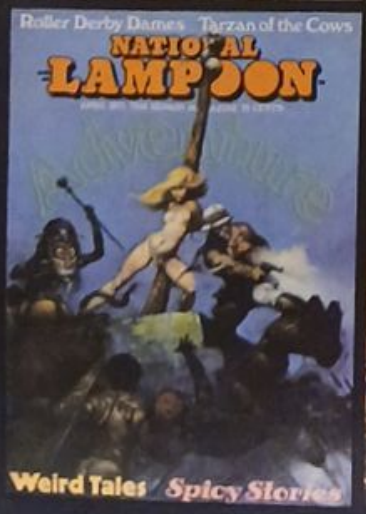
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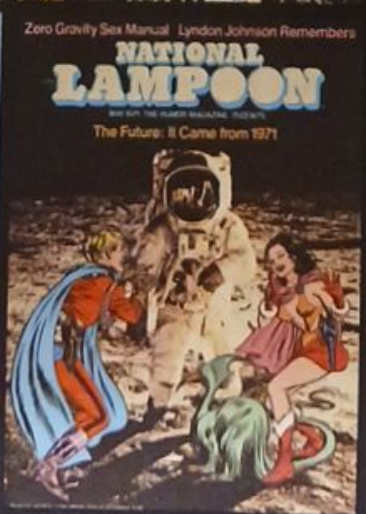
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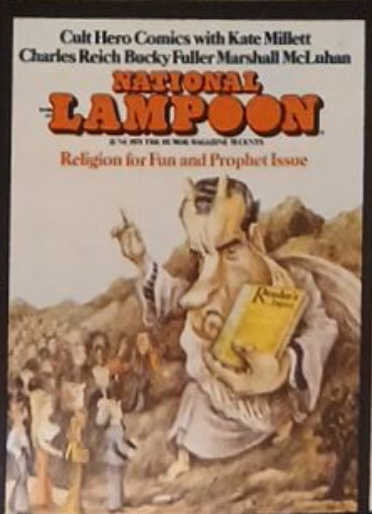
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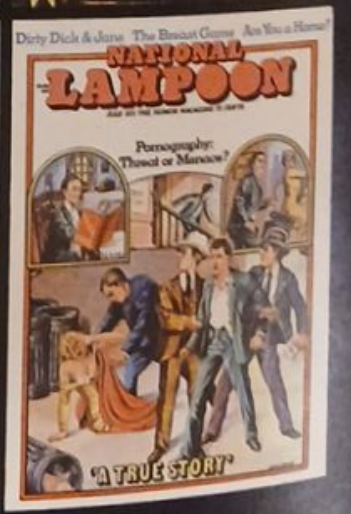
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